

# WHY CARY GRANT IS HARD TO GET MODERN SCREEN

MARCH

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CENTS

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CIRCULATION  
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"More pleasure, more smoking... all in  
one grand, mild cigarette... Camel!"

MRS. MALCOLM E. McALPIN  
SOCIALLY PROMINENT SPORTSWOMAN



Above, Mrs. Malcolm E. McAlpin wearing the colorful braided wool jacket. A great lover of winter sports—and *distinctly* an expert—Mrs. McAlpin is a familiar figure in Sun Valley. And in her own New Jersey country home, "Benalpin," she leads an active life year 'round. Ice-skating, bob-sledding, swimming—she enjoys them all.

"After hours of fun outdoors," she says, "I love to sit back comfortably—smoking Camels. I get *more pleasure* out of Camel's cool, delicate taste. And with Camels, I never tire of smoking. They're slower-burning, you know — *so much milder*. As for any effect upon my throat, there simply isn't any—with Camels!"

*A few of the many distinguished women who prefer the  
cigarette of slow-burning costlier tobaccos — Camel*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia • MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, Los Angeles  
MRS. GAIL BORDEN, Chicago • MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston  
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, Jr., Philadelphia  
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In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower than any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**



**MORE  
MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND  
FLAVOR WITH  
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS**

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• Very young and very feminine—a crisp navy taffeta pinafore frock with white organdy guimpe.

**Her Pinafore Frock said "Linger"  
but her Lovely Smile added "For Keeps"!**



**Your smile is your own priceless "exclusive"—  
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!**

**A**DRESS straight out of Vogue or a hat from Harper's glamorous pages can give a girl the proper start. But there's nothing like a lovely smile to complete the journey—straight into a man's heart.

For not even a "sixth sense" in style can win for the girl who lets her smile become dull and lifeless... who doesn't take proper care of her teeth and gums... who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf out of her book—and profit from it! For your smile is *you*—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms!

**Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"**

If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—see your dentist! It may mean nothing seri-

ous—but find out. Very likely, his verdict will be that your gums need exercise—need the chewing that soft foods deny them. Like many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

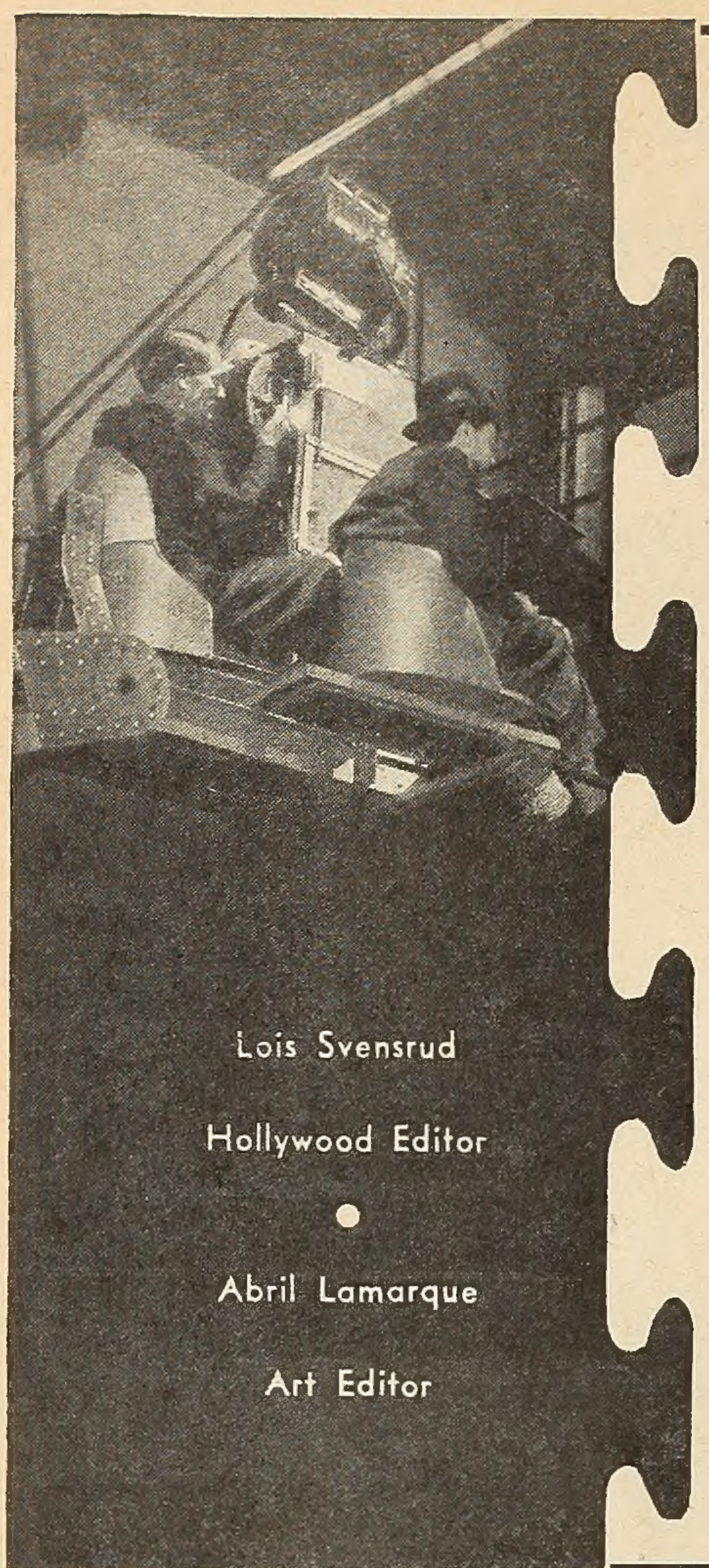
For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that wonderful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage. It is pleasant proof of circulation awakening in the gum tissues—stimulating gums—helping to make them firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. See what Ipana and massage can do to add more lustre, more charm to your smile!



**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**





Lois Svensrud

Hollywood Editor

Abril Lamarque

Art Editor

# MODERN SCREEN

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## Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

"YOUR SKIN GETS EXTRA DRY  
IN WINTER —  
NEEDS EXTRA SOFTENING"



## WANT THRILL-SOFT HANDS?

**N**O matter how tough the weather or how hard you work, you can have the soft hands that thrill a man. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to ease away chapping—help tone down redness. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Coaxes back the softness that cold weather and indoor heat take away! A grand powder base, too—not sticky. Contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢... **TRY Hinds Hand Cream. NEW!** Quick-softening, fragrant, not sticky. In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.



Wednesday Night's Fun Night with  
**BURNS AND ALLEN**  
GRACIE SAYS: "I USE HINDS, TOO!"  
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast  
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station

Chapping • Dryness  
Rough skin, elbows, arms  
Weathered skin  
Hangnails • Calloused heels  
Powder base • Body-rub  
After-shaving lotion

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Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.



MODERN SCREEN

# FRED ASTAIRE ELEANOR POWELL

IN  
"BROADWAY  
MELODY  
OF 1940"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DANCERS IN THE  
WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW!



with  
GEORGE MURPHY • FRANK MORGAN  
IAN HUNTER • FLORENCE RICE  
LYNNE CARVER

Screen Play by Leon Gordon and George  
Oppenheimer • Lyrics and Music by Cole Porter  
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG  
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





There's no danger of little  
Miss Weidler's dramatic  
success going to her head—  
at least not at home

When Virginia dawdles over drying the dishes, her brothers soon snap her to. "Cut out that movie stuff! Come out from behind those eye-lashes. We know you!" they scoff.

Always conscious of her duty as an actress, Virginia's never satisfied with herself. Below, a scene from "Young Tom Edison" in which she plays Mickey Rooney's sister.



## A BERNHARDT IN PIGTAILS

BY DICK PINE

MRS. WEIDLER has taken charge of her youngest daughter's interviews ever since a certain interviewer asked Virginia what she wanted most to do, and Virginia answered, "I want to finish this mystery story," pointing to the book at her side. And so I was grateful for the presence of the gracious, cultivated woman who helped me through my ordeal, and steered me away from equally bromidic questions.

Oh, yes, it was an ordeal. I regarded the little mopet with apprehension, not knowing whether to pat her on the head, or offer her a lollipop. I don't know about children. Virginia is about four feet four inches tall, looks about eight or nine, and weighs sixty pounds. She

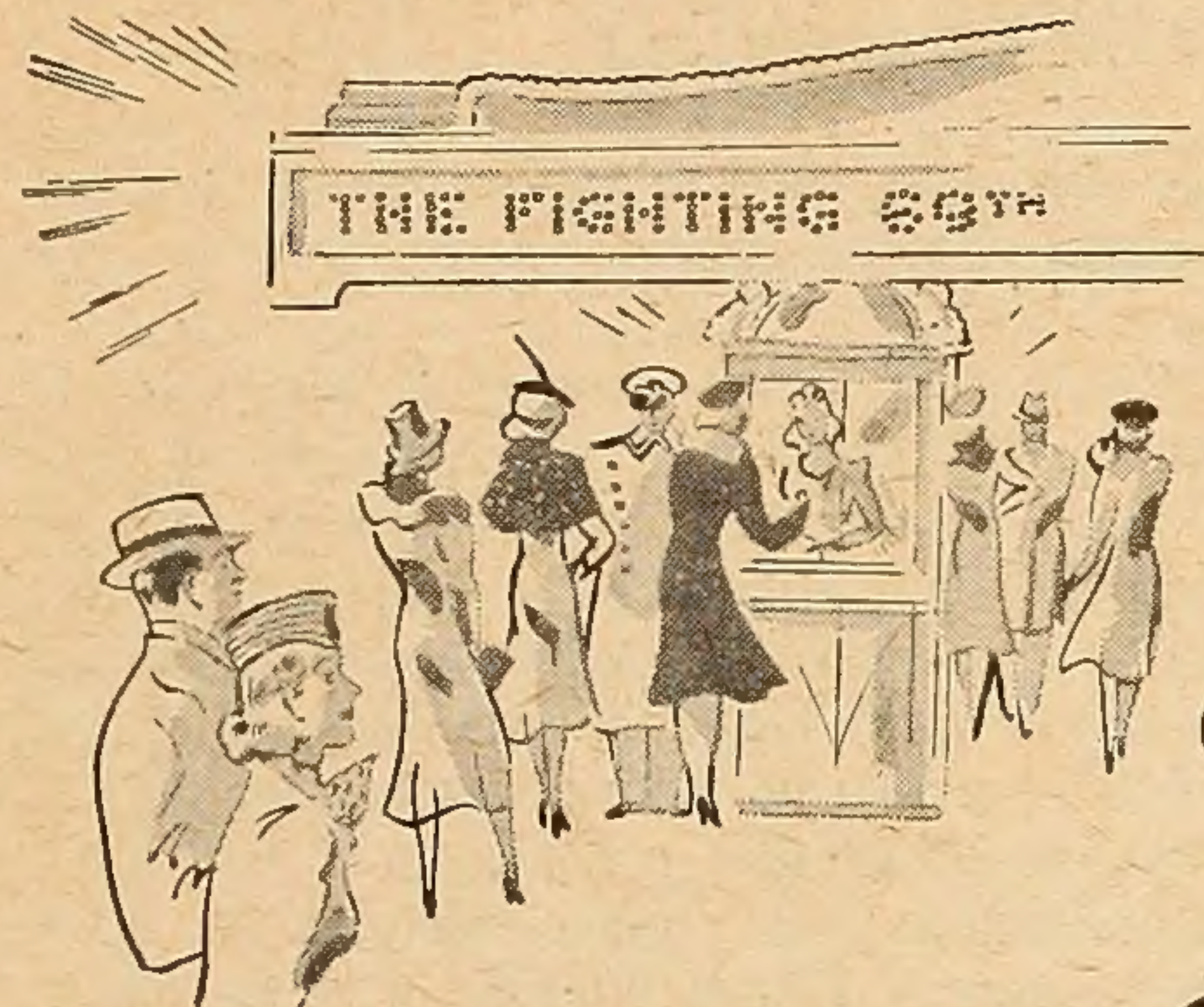
was wearing a print dress with pantallettes (she said those things were pantallettes) and she had solemn eyes and looped up pigtails. She had just come from a scene with Mickey Rooney in "Young Tom Edison," in which she portrays Edison's little sister, Tannie. She shook hands, dutifully, and said politely that she was glad to see me. And I was glad I hadn't patted her, or produced a lollipop, for I found out that she is very touchy about her age. Whether asked or not (I didn't ask her) she tells one, emphatically, that she is *twelve*, and it won't be too soon for her when she can admit that she's thirteen! I suppose the little lady will outgrow this unique trait, some day. After all, it has been known.

We regarded each other in silence, until I remembered that I had to give Modern Screen readers some idea of Virginia Weidler, and had better get on with it. So I bleated something about did she go to school, and did she like it. She replied patiently (it seemed to me) that she attended the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer school, and that she hated lessons. Whereupon, I beamed on her, approvingly, and it isn't often I beam upon children. She almost beamed back at me. She twinkled, anyhow. I believe Virginia and I could get along very well together. I began to think of what else to ask her. I discarded the old, "What do you want to do when you grow up?" as too juvenile a cliché, (Continued on page 80)



# One Day Soon

they'll all be saying



"LET'S GO SEE



# THE FIGHTING 69TH"



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'! Because if ever a movie *moved* this is the one! There've been exciting films before—but not *this* kind of excitement! You've <sup>HA HA</sup>laughed loudly and long in the theatre before, but never louder nor longer than this time. And there will be a teardrop too... but the kind of tears that bring cheers when it's over!

Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' and see grand screen stars like JIMMY ☆ CAGNEY and PAT ☆ O'BRIEN and GEORGE ☆ BRENT give to their parts from their hearts; for of all the roles they've portrayed, of these they'll be proudest ever!



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' because 'The Fighting 69th' brings you history's heroes—the story of their glory, which, once seen, no girl can help but cherish.

JAMES CAGNEY • PAT O'BRIEN  
GEORGE BRENT

in 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'

with

JEFFREY LYNN • ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH  
DENNIS MORGAN • DICK FORAN  
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS  
HENRY O'NEILL • JOHN LITEL

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr.,  
and Dean Franklin • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture





# MOVIE REVIEWS By Lois Svensrud



## ★★★★ Gone With the Wind

This is a picture of such magnificence and breath-taking beauty that it must be seen—and lived—to be truly appreciated.

The picture opens on the gracious and lovely world of the Old South before the Civil War. Then follow the horrors of the war and the struggles of the heart-broken survivors to build a new life out of the wreckage. Throughout this sequence of events runs the story of the most fascinating group of individuals ever imagined—Scarlett O'Hara, Rhett Butler, Ashley and Melanie Wilkes, Mammy, Aunt Pittypat and the many others you met in Margaret Mitchell's novel.

Vivien Leigh is a superb Scarlett, leaving no doubt as to her talent and overwhelming beauty. Clark Gable is magnificent in the role of Rhett Butler. Olivia de Havilland gives a beautiful and flawless performance as the loving Melanie, while Leslie Howard makes the character of Ashley Wilkes completely believable. Bidding fair to steal every scene in which she appears is Hattie McDaniels as Mammy. Harry Davenport, Ona Munson, Laura Hope Crews, besides the numerous others of the cast, deserve countless laurels. Laurels, too, are due the exquisite Technicolor, remarkable photography, music and screen play. Directed by Victor Fleming.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

(More about Vivien Leigh on page 90)



## ★★★ The Light That Failed

This Rudyard Kipling classic is brought to the screen with a strict adherence to British characterization and mood. The splendid presentation of its dynamic chain of tragic events is an artistic triumph.

Ronald Colman is splendid as the war correspondent who becomes a painter. Though he is surrounded by a cast of real actors, never, for a moment, does he let his audience forget the pathetic plight of a man so strong, so full of the lust for life, doomed to total blindness and a tragic end. Ida Lupino as the shallow and tempestuous model gives the best portrayal of her career. When she gashes the final and greatest painting of the near-blind artist, you hate and condemn her, but you understand her. Walter Huston and Dudley Digges do some fine acting as Colman's loyal friends, and the new British import, Muriel Angelus, deserves praise for her handling of the difficult role of Maisie.

For an absorbing evening with familiar characters from a great book, we recommend "The Light That Failed." Hollywood has not meddled with the story; you'll find it true to the tale you remember. Produced and directed by William Wellman.—*Paramount*.

(Ronald Colman's biography on page 90)



## ★★★ Swanee River

A beautiful picture, the Technicolor "Swanee River" will be enjoyed by every audience. The story is a fascinating one, recounting the life of the great early-American composer, Stephen Foster. The characterization of Stephen Foster has been entrusted to Don Ameche and in this reviewer's opinion it is his finest portrayal to date. At all times, one is in full sympathy with the man who was destined for fame and fortune but whose personal weaknesses hindered his greatest development, as well as his happiness and that of his family. In the role of Mrs. Stephen Foster, Andrea Leeds gives a surprisingly appealing and competent account of herself. She is lovely to look at in the crinolines and bonnets of the pre-Civil War period.

Stephen Foster's immortal melodies, "My Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River" and "Old Black Joe," are a vital part of the picture. Al Jolson is excellent as the minstrel king who puts over many of the songs. Felix Bressart gives a meritorious performance and the Hall Johnson Choir adds a great thrill to the picture. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—*Twentieth Century-Fox*.

(Additional data on Andrea Leeds on page 90)



## ★★★ Balalaika

When Nelson Eddy, a prince and leader of the Cossacks, swaggers into the Cafe Balalaika, he finds the girl who is destined to change his life. She's Ilona Massey, formerly of the State Opera in Vienna, making her stellar debut as the cafe singer of "Balalaika."

Primarily a musical film, the story is of secondary importance. Eddy's rendition of the "Volga Boatman" and "Silent Night, Holy Night" are well worth the price of admission. As for Ilona Massey, she's a genuine treat. She sings, she acts, and there are few who can surpass her in looks.

In the supporting roles, Charlie Ruggles, Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill, C. Aubrey Smith and Joyce Compton contribute top performances. Concert pianist Dalies Frantz, cast as a brother to Ilona Massey, merits praise for both his dramatic and musical talent. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

## ★★★ Everything Happens at Night

Sonja Henie's skating takes a back seat this time while her dramatic ability has a little heavier workout than usual, and the result is a short-changed feeling since the little Henie is, after all, tops on skates.

The story is a rather frothy version of a cops-and-robbers thriller with the setting in Switzerland. Robert Cummings and Ray Milland are reporters for rival newspapers sent to a little Swiss town to search for a famed scientist believed by the world to be dead. Both reporters fall for Sonja, who turns out to be the missing man's daughter, and each tries to outwit the other in getting both the girl and the story.

There's one skating sequence that is one of the most beautiful numbers ever performed by the skating star; she waltzes, tangos and rhumbas on skates. Effective supporting roles are offered by Maurice Moscovitch, Leonid Kinsky, Alan Dinehart, Fritz Feld and others. Directed by Irving Cummings.—20th Century-Fox.



Before beginning work on "Three Cheers For The Irish," Rosemary Lane took off for New York. Clothes, not beaux, was the reason she gave.

# No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum



## Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day so surely guards your charm?

**S**HE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset... as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't *all* girls play safe with Mum—*every single day*?

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is *past*... but Mum *prevents* odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the *hours to come*.

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

**QUICK!** A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh!

**HARMLESS!** Apply Mum *after* dressing... fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to *any* dress. Safe for skin, too.

**LASTING!** Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. And Mum does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be wise in business... be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum *every day*.

### WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS



#### Important to You —

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION





# HOW THE TELEPHONES ARE RINGING

—to tell of Tampax!



**NO WONDER** Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of the new *Super Tampax* size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is not conscious of it, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form; no disposal problems.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! Comfortable, efficient, compact to carry in your purse.

Three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters: Introductory size 20¢; but large economy package saves up to 25%.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED MM-30-A  
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## ★★★ The Great Victor Herbert

Just as the Victor Herbert musical gems brought success to many a newcomer when the great composer lived, so today Mary Martin, Susanna Foster and Allan Jones have the same good fortune in "The Great Victor Herbert."

Although not a newcomer to movies, Allan Jones is splendid in the role of the matinee idol. When the story opens he is the reigning star of the Victor Herbert operettas. He discovers the ambitious Mary Martin and makes her a star. Her popularity surpasses his and he gradually fades from public favor. The picture has many surprises, the greatest being the beauty and talent of Mary Martin. But sharing her success is fifteen-year-old Susanna Foster, who soars to a B flat above high C with the greatest of ease, and also proves she can act.

Since the story is not intended as a biography, Walter Connolly's role—that of Victor Herbert—is a small one. Lee Bowman, John Garrick, Judith Barrett and Jerome Cowan are the supporting players. Produced and directed by Andrew L. Stone.—Paramount.

## ★★★ Gulliver's Travels

The famous story of Gulliver's adventures becomes doubly enjoyable when brought to the screen by animators Max and Dave Fleischer. Though this full-length picturization is bound to be compared with its predecessor, "Snow White," it should be pointed out that every care has been taken to make it different in as many respects as possible. True, there's a romance between the enchanting Lilliputian princess and a handsome prince from Blefusco, but there the similarity ends.

Jonathan Swift's story of the shipwrecked sailor, Gulliver, who finds himself in the realm of little people, is delightfully presented. There's a timely message in the story, too, as the amiable Gulliver draws attention to the stupidity and folly of people going to war to settle their squabbles. In this particular case, the Lilliputians and the Blefuscos declare war because the two kings can't reach a friendly understanding on the particular song to be sung at the wedding of their respective daughter and son. The character of Gabby, the night-watchman and busy-body of Lilliput, is particularly amusing and enjoyable.

"Gulliver's Travels" is a colorful and imaginative picture which the young are certain to enjoy.—Paramount.

## ★★★ Four Wives

A sequel to "Four Daughters," this picture shows the four girls finally settled down to domesticity, though not without some complications. For instance, sister Rosemary Lane is after her man—Eddie Albert, who plays the role of a young doctor. But the good doctor isn't too anxious to forsake all others and the combined efforts of the whole family are needed to bring him in line. Then Priscilla Lane has her troubles. Though she is all set to marry Jeffrey Lynn, the ill-fated Mickey Borden continues to haunt her.

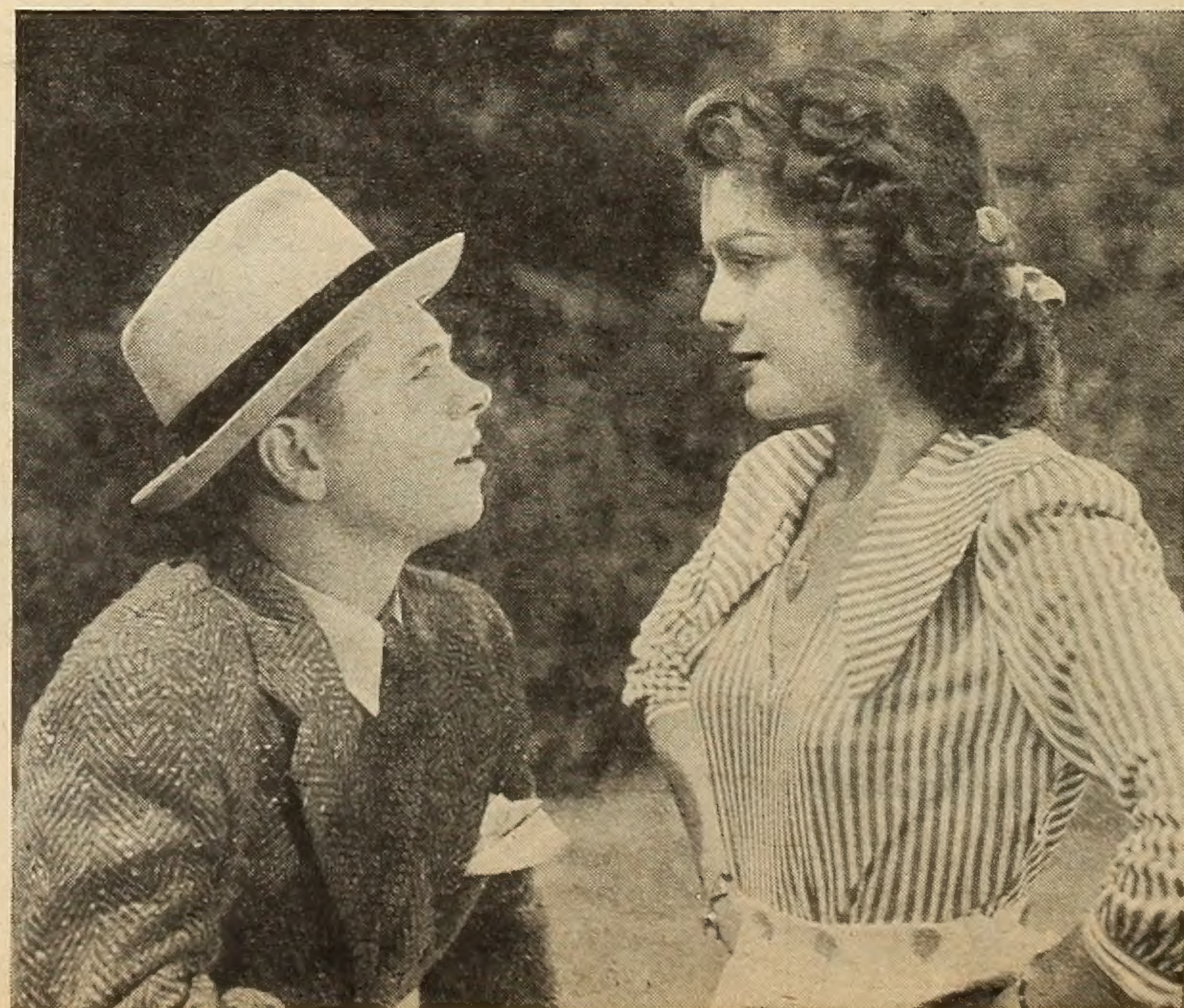
The three Lane sisters and Gale Page do very well with their roles as the Lemp daughters. May Robson, as always, gives an excellent characterization as the soft-hearted, sharp-tongued aunt. Frank McHugh and Dick Foran are again the husbands of Lola and Gale, and Claude Rains is the girls' father. We think you'll have lots of fun seeing this group together once more. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—Warner Brothers.

## ★★★ Charlie McCarthy, Detective

Charlie McCarthy, as slaphappy a sleuth as ever prowled through a mystery, will delight his legion of fans in this melodrama. It's pure hokum, pulled in the inimitable Edgar Bergen style, and as such, is pleasing entertainment.

Charlie further enchants his audience by singing for the first time on the screen. Dressed as Sherlock Holmes, he renders "I'm Charlie McCarthy, Detective" in fine style. His closest competitor in the acting field is his dimwitted country cousin, Mortimer Snerd, who pops up much too frequently to please Charlie. There's a romantic twist to the picture which motivates Charlie's detective duties, and these roles are well handled by Constance Moore, Robert Cummings and John Sutton.

Cops and robbers assignments are taken by Louis Calhern, Harold Huber and Warren Hymer, and good sympathetic work is credited to Samuel S. Hinds, Ray Turner and Edgar Kennedy. Produced and directed by Frank Tuttle.—Universal.



That Casanova of Carvel, irresistible Mickey Rooney, is a sorry man when girl friend, Ann Rutherford, discovers he's been two or three-timing her in their newest screen adventure, "Judge Hardy and Son."



### ★★★ The Hunchback of Notre Dame

If you are looking for excitement some evening, take in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The picture teems with the grossest cruelties, miseries and horrors that have ever been screened. Masterly direction, however, has made the period it deals with a vivid and unforgettable spectacle. The ignorance and ugliness is sharply contrasted against the background of the great Notre Dame cathedral, and there are moments of exquisite beauty in the characterization of Esmeralda, by Maureen O'Hara.

Remarkable, too, are the magnificent mob scenes and the hordes of characters taking part in them, since every one of them is a credit to the painstaking efforts of the casting department and the detailed directorial efforts. As the Hunchback, Charles Laughton is as repulsive as the combined efforts of his own artistry and that of make-up man, Perc Westmore, can make him; Walter Hampden is superb in the role of the Archbishop; Harry Davenport, as King Louis XI gives an outstanding account of himself; Sir Cedric Hardwicke is a convincing high justice, and Edmond O'Brien's characterization of the poet was capably handled. Directed by William Dieterle.—RKO.

### ★★★ Judge Hardy and Son

The Hardy family returns to the screen in a story that will hold no disappointments for their many fans. Andy (Mickey Rooney) has his usual terrific troubles, and his "man to man" talks with his father (Lewis Stone) are more hilarious than ever. Daughter Cecilia Parker has her share of problems again, with the "kid brother" still the most annoying one. But there is a new and interesting angle to this story which the former Hardy pictures did not have—that of a great sorrow which comes to the family and teaches Andy that all his little grievances and worries are nothing compared to the really important issues in life. This part of the plot concerns itself with the dangerous illness of Mother Hardy (Fay Holden). Even sister and brother call a truce and admit that they really think well of each other.

Of course, Ann Rutherford is in the picture, cuter and prettier'n ever as Polly. Oh yes, and Andy has several other girl friends to complicate his life, too. June Preisser is one and Martha O'Driscoll and Margaret Early are the other "wimmin." Maria Ouspenskaya has much too little to do and Henry Hull, another fine actor, comes off with a very poor role, also. Directed by George B. Seitz.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

### ★★★ Destry Rides Again

You won't go wrong on this picture, for it's uproarious entertainment from first to last. A lawless western town is the background of the story, with Brian Donlevy the ruthless king of the outlaws, and Marlene Dietrich the dance hall queen. Into this explosive situation comes Destry 'James Stewart,' a deputy sheriff determined to bring law and order without toting a gun. He's aided by Wash Dimsdale (Charles Winninger), the town drunkard. The clean-up drive is as bloodcurdling as anything you'll see in many a moon.

The cast is excellent in every respect, with James Stewart doing his best work to date and Marlene Dietrich far sur—  
(Continued on page 16)

## 1940 Debutante Beauty says: "Pond's Rose Shades Give Skin Lovely New Glamour"



### Hard and Shiny

Under bright lights with just a pale powder, even Miss Peggy Anne Huber's dramatic young face would develop hard shadows

### Soft, Romantic

With one of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose shades Peggy Anne has a melting glamour even in harsh light... she can dance without worrying all the time about "shiny nose"

New Rose Shades are "Glare-Proof"... Shine-resistant... reflect only the softer, pinker rays

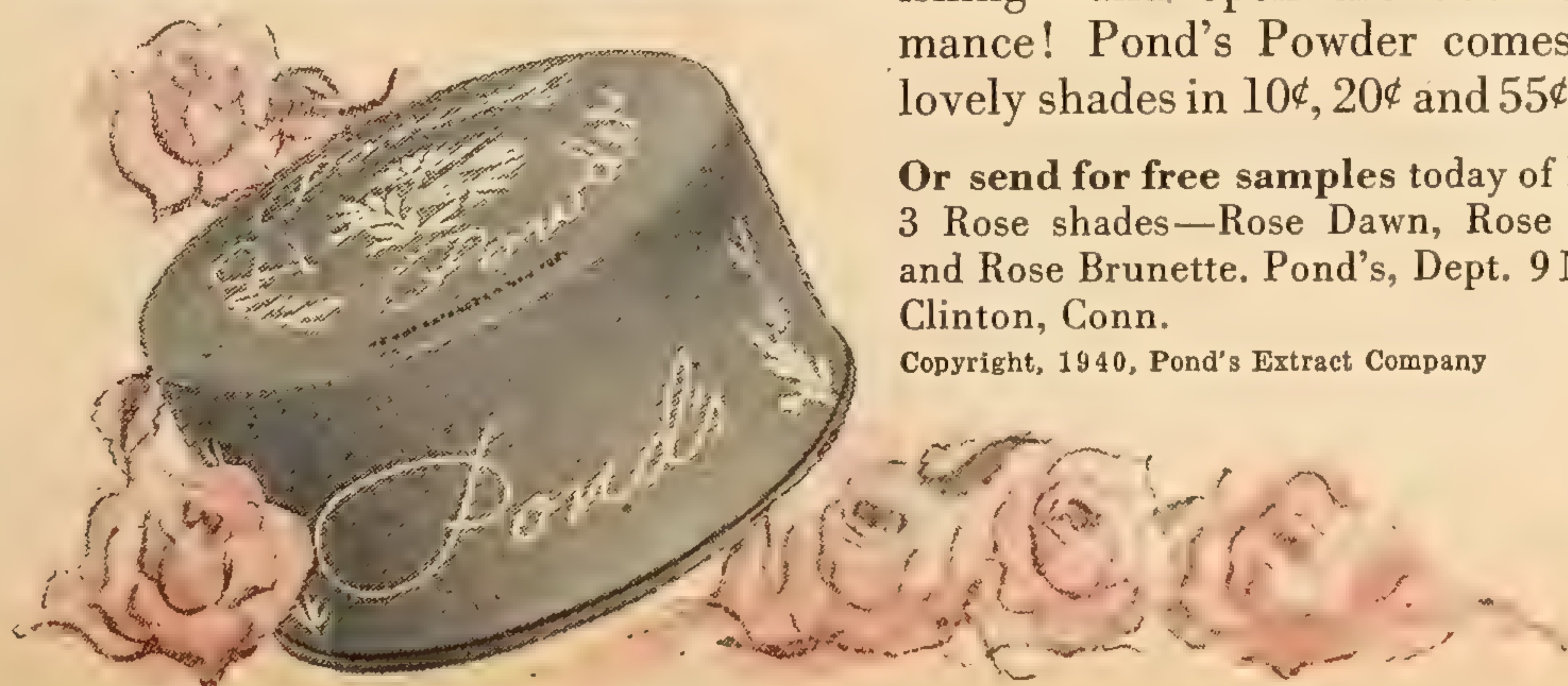
IN THE 1940 GLAMOUR SET, "sensational" is the word for Pond's new Rosy Powders. Debutante "pretties" have learned that even bright night-club lights won't cast hard shadows on their faces—with one of

these new Rose shades that reflect only the softer, pinker rays.

Create your own private "sensation"! Choose the Pond's Rose shade that makes *your* skin look most ravishing—and open the door to romance! Pond's Powder comes in 7 lovely shades in 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢ sizes.

Or send for free samples today of Pond's 3 Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream and Rose Brunette. Pond's, Dept. 9 MS-PC, Clinton, Conn.

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# CHARTING THE STARS

Here it is! The second half of the biographical chart begun in our February issue

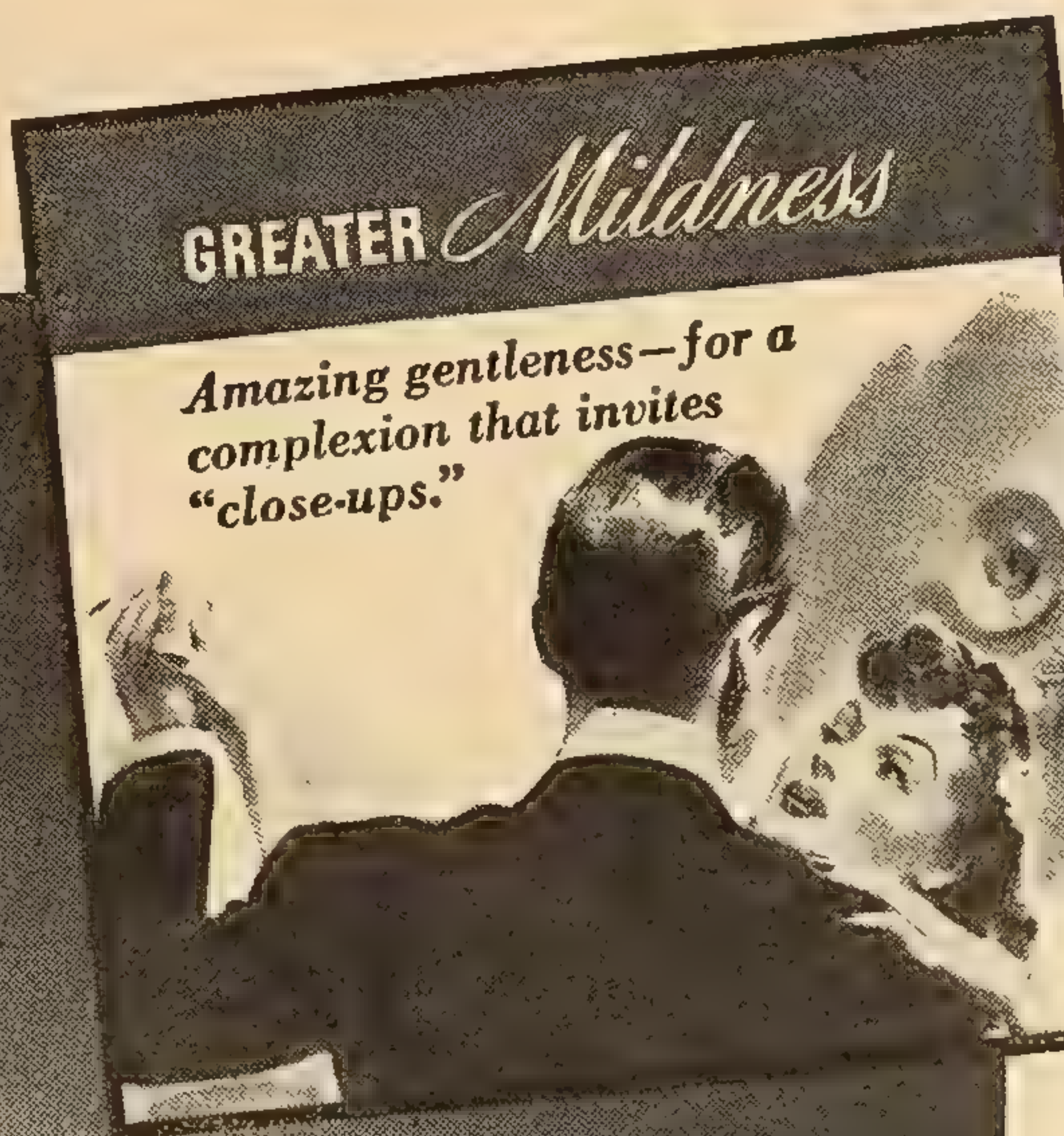
SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Hodges, Joy	Hodges, Frances	Des Moines, Iowa	Jan. 29, 1916	5'4"	110	Green	Brown	High School
Holden, Fay	Hammerston, Fay	Birmingham, England	Sept. 20, 1895	5'3"	120	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Holden, William	Beedle, William	O'Fallon, Illinois	Apr. 17, 1918	6'0"	165	Blue	Brown	Pasadena Jr. College
Holt, Jack	Holt, Charles John	Winchester, Virginia	May 31, 1888	6'0"	180	Brown	Brown	Va. Military Institute
Holt, Tim	Holt, Charles John, Jr.	Beverly Hills, California	Feb. 5, 1920	5'11"	165	Brown	Brown	Culver Military Academy
Hope, Bob	Hope, Lester Townes	London, England	July 9, 1907	5'10"	165	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Hopkins, Miriam	Hopkins, Miriam	Bainbridge, Georgia	Oct. 18, 1902	5'3"	102	Blue	Blonde	Syracuse University
Hopper, DeWolf	Hopper, Wm. DeWolf	New York, New York	Jan. 26, 1915	6'3"	185	Green	Brown	Private School
Horton, Edward E.	Horton, Edward E.	Brooklyn, New York	Mar. 18, 1899	6'0"	190	Hazel	Brown	Columbia University
Howard, John	Cox, John	Cleveland, Ohio	Apr. 14, 1913	5'10"	150	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Howard, Leslie	Stainer, Leslie	London, England	Apr. 24, 1893	5'10½"	145	Blue	Blonde	Dulwich College
Hudson, Rochelle	Hudson, Rochelle	Claremore, Oklahoma	Mar. 6, 1916	5'4"	100	Grey	Black	High School
Hull, Henry	Hull, Henry	Louisville, Kentucky	Oct. 3, 1890	6'0"	155	Brown	Brown	Columbia University
Hull, Warren	Hull, Warren	Niagara Falls, Nev' York	Jan. 17, 1903	5'11½"	162	Blue	Brown	University of Rochester
Hunt, Marsha	Hunt, Marsha	Chicago, Illinois	Oct. 17, 1917	5'6"	110	Blue	Brown	Horace Mann School
Hunter, Ian	Hunter, Ian	Cape Town, South Africa	June 13, 1900	6'0"	195	Grey	Brown	St. Andrew's College
Huston, Walter	Huston, Walter	Toronto, Canada	Apr. 6, 1884	6'0"	180	Hazel	Brown	Public School
Jaynes, Betty	Schultz, Betty Jane	Chicago, Illinois	Feb. 12, 1921	5'4"	103	Blue	Blonde	Studio School
Jean, Gloria	Schoonover, Gloria Jean	Buffalo, New York	Apr. 14, 1928	4'10"	70	Blue	Brown	Public School
Jenkins, Allen	McGonegal, Allen	New York, New York	Apr. 9, 1900	5'10½"	150	Brown	Brown	High School
Johnson, Rita	Johnson, Rita	Worcester, Massachusetts	Aug. 13, 1914	5'4"	110	Blue	Blonde	High School
Jones, Allan	Jones, Allan	Scranton, Pennsylvania	Oct. 14, 1914	6'0"	175	Brown	Brown	Syracuse University
Jory, Victor	Jory, Victor	Dawson City, Alaska	Nov. 23, 1902	6'1½"	190	Brown	Black	University of California

(Continued on page 86)



# Now! A Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps—ONLY CAMAY HAS IT!

*Let Camay help you to a Lovelier Skin and a More Radiant Complexion... Look for these Three Beauty Cleansing Advantages in the New Camay!*



We tested Camay against 6 other best-selling toilet soaps and **PROVED** its three amazing advantages. Now Camay actually brings most women a definite promise that its gentle, thorough cleansing will help them to a lovelier, more appealing skin.

**T**HOUSANDS of beautiful women—brides, debutantes, wives and mothers—have thanked Camay for aiding them to a lovelier skin!

And now Camay is actually *improved*! You'll *know* it's different the moment you open a cake. There's a new, delightful, longer-lasting fragrance about it that you'll love.

### **The Promise of a Lovelier Skin!**

Today, Camay's three great, beauty cleansing advantages—more abundant lather in a short time—greater mildness—new, exciting fragrance—all work in harmony to help give you new charm and allure.

Yes—now Camay actually brings most women a definite promise that its gentle, thorough cleansing will help

them to have a lovelier skin and a more radiant complexion.

### **Try Improved Camay, NOW!**

Start enjoying the advantages of new Camay right away. Not until you try it on your own skin (a 3-cake trial will do) can you realize what a wonderful aid to beauty this new Camay is!

Go to your dealer. Look for Camay in the same yellow and green wrapper. It's cellophane covered for freshness.

Get 3 cakes of Camay. Then give Camay every test you can think of. Note its wonderful, new, longer-lasting fragrance. Feel how your skin responds to its gentle, beauty cleansing care!

**THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY!**

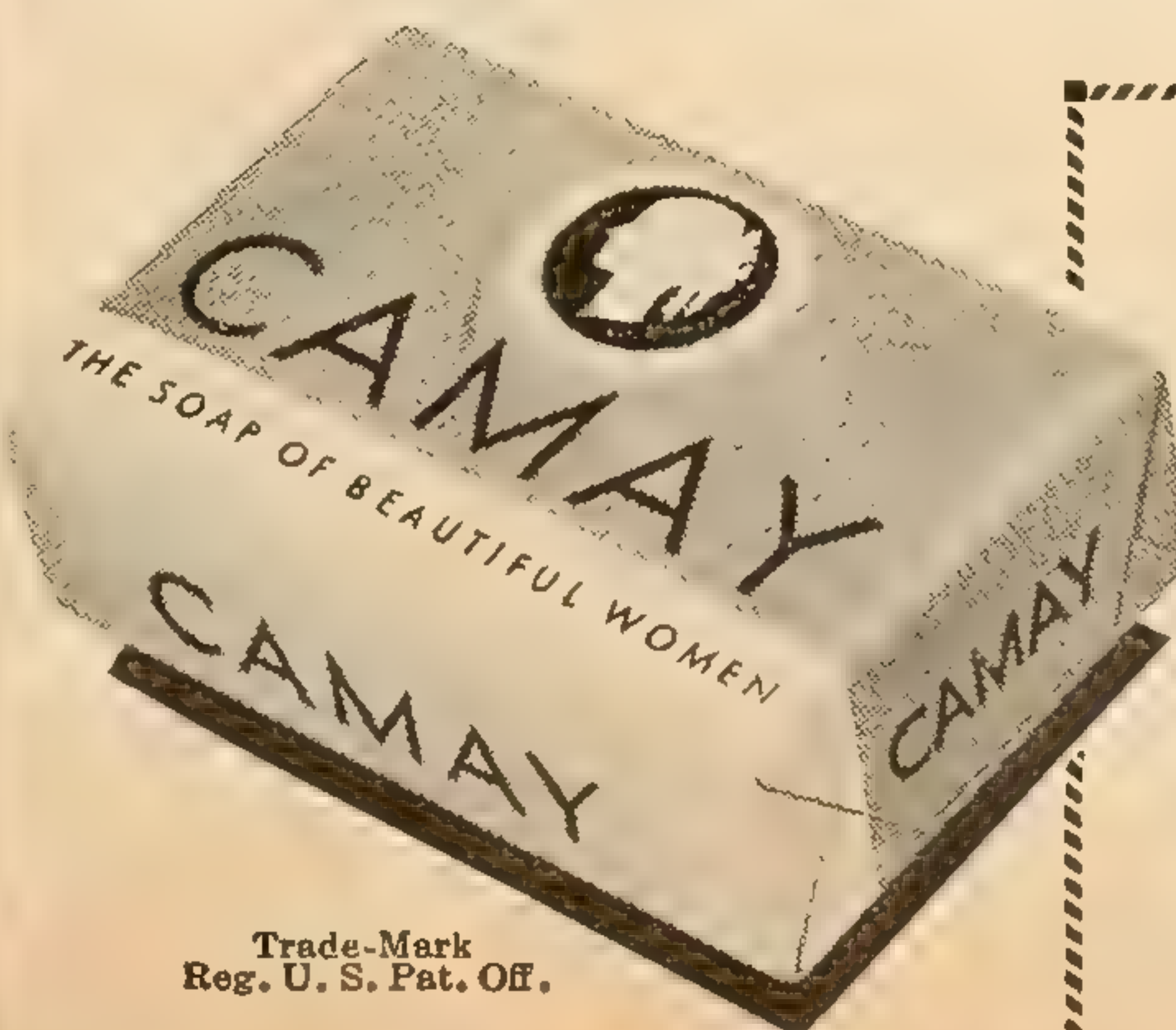
### **"EVER SINCE MY MARRIAGE—!"**

Read this interesting letter from Mrs. Gilbert Berry, Kansas City, Mo.:

Ever since my marriage I've used Camay. Now more than ever, I love new Camay's gentle, rich lather and longer-lasting fragrance. I know now that Camay helps bring out the loveliness of my skin!

(Signed) MADELEINE BERRY  
(Mrs. Gilbert Berry)

November 2, 1939



### **A wonderful, new fragrance that 2 out of 3 women prefer!**

You'll agree with the hundreds of women whom we asked to compare Camay's new fragrance with that of 6 other famous toilet soaps. Approximately 2 out of 3 women voted for Camay's delightful fragrance! It lasts in the cake just as long as there is a bit of soap left!







Right, famous Boston Baked Beans and Brown Bread are only two of the "yummy" suggestions Bette Davis has for you. Above, her "special treat" ready in the kitchen, Bette lights the candles which give that cozy, intimate touch to a Sunday night supper table.

# Bette's NEW ENGLAND FAVORITES



BY MARJORIE DEEN

IT'S FUN asking Bette Davis a question. She always has such a ready answer and is so good at explaining things. For instance, when asked about her preferences in the food line, she replied, "Why not just ask me what part of the country I come from? That will automatically answer your question and at the same time give you a pretty good idea of how I like to have my favorite dishes prepared."

"That is true of most people, I believe," she went on. "We all reflect our early training, in our choice of foods as well as in our other ideas. Now remember, I'm a New Englander. So, although I occasionally take delight in having an East Indian Curry, a Mexican Chili, or a Southern Fried Chicken, still my idea of a perfect dish continues to be—yes, you've guessed it—Boston Baked Beans with Brown Bread."

Bette, I learned, often serves these famous dishes from "down East" at Sunday night supper parties given for a few of her most intimate friends. Complete informality characterizes these gatherings. The simple menu is in keeping with the occasion and the meal is one that the charming hostess can serve herself without bothering to have any servants around.

Besides the beans and brown bread already mentioned, there is always a simple salad, served in individual wooden bowls right along with the main course. Cheese and condiments are on hand so that everyone can help himself. The main course is followed by a rich fruit pie or a hot pudding. In cold weather this would be, quite likely, an apple Brown Betty—rich with raisins in our star's favored version, which is spelled with an "e" to do her honor.

It's easy to see that a meal such as this presents the fewest possible serving difficulties for the hostess. No wonder Bette recommends it so highly. The beans, of course, cook throughout the day and require little or no last-minute attention. The recipe follows. If you haven't planned on having beans, long enough in advance to make a whole day's baking possible, you can still use the popular bean pot, and convince your guests that the beans are home baked, by following the directions for preparing canned beans.

At any rate, chances are you will probably buy the brown

bread—traditional accompaniment of baked beans—in cans. It's so easy to heat and serve, that way.

The salad, in Bette's opinion, should consist of mixed greens with a couple of cooked vegetables added, since there is no other vegetable dish. Beets and peas make a colorful and tasty combination but almost any left-over vegetables may be used. A fine, tangy French dressing, made up in advance but added only at the very last minute, and Bette's individual bowl idea, will assure success for this salad—especially with the menfolk.

The dessert, if it's to be the Brown Betty, can be made up in the morning and re-heated. (Much better served hot, really!)

And there you have it! A meal of New England inspiration, transplanted to California by Bette Davis and now ready to delight the rest of us the country over!

## BOSTON BAKED BEANS

- |                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1 quart pea beans     | ½ cup molasses         |
| ½ pound fat salt pork | 1 teaspoon dry mustard |
| 2 teaspoons salt      | 1 cup boiling water    |

1st step: Wash beans and allow them to soak overnight in cold water to cover. 2nd step: In the morning, drain and cover with fresh water. Cook slowly—just below the boiling point—until skins will burst. (This is determined by taking a few beans on a spoon and blowing on them gently. When skins of these beans will break and curl back, then the rest of the beans are sufficiently cooked.) 3rd step: Fill bean pot with cooked beans. Some people also like to add a small onion, minced fine, at this point. Pour boiling water over the salt pork, scrape the rind until it is white, then score deeply at half-inch intervals. Press pork down into beans so that only the rind is exposed. Combine salt, molasses and mustard. Add the boiling water. Pour this mixture over the beans and add enough water so that beans are just covered. Cover bean pot tightly and bake beans in slow oven (300° F.) for 8 hours. If necessary add a little water (boiling) during baking period so that beans will not get too dry. Uncover pot during last hour to brown the pork. Serve in the pot in which they were cooked.



Delicious dishes to help you  
make your Sunday night sup-  
pers memorable occasions

### VEGETARIAN BEANS

(Excellent for Lenten Fast Days)

After the beans have been soaked overnight (step 1, on opposite page), add 1 cup peanuts tied in a cheesecloth bag. Cook with the beans (step 2) so that the peanut oil will take the place of the fat of the salt pork. Remove peanuts from parboiled beans, proceed with 3rd step, omitting pork and adding an extra teaspoon of salt. Or, if preferred, peanuts may be cooked and baked right in with the beans.

### BAKED CANNED BEANS

(For a "homemade" effect, in a short time)

Mix a large can of beans with 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons molasses, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard. Place in bean pot. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes.

### BROWN BETTE

- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 3 cups sliced apples
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- grated rind of 1 lemon
- 2 cups stale bread crumbs
- ⅓ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup boiling water
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice

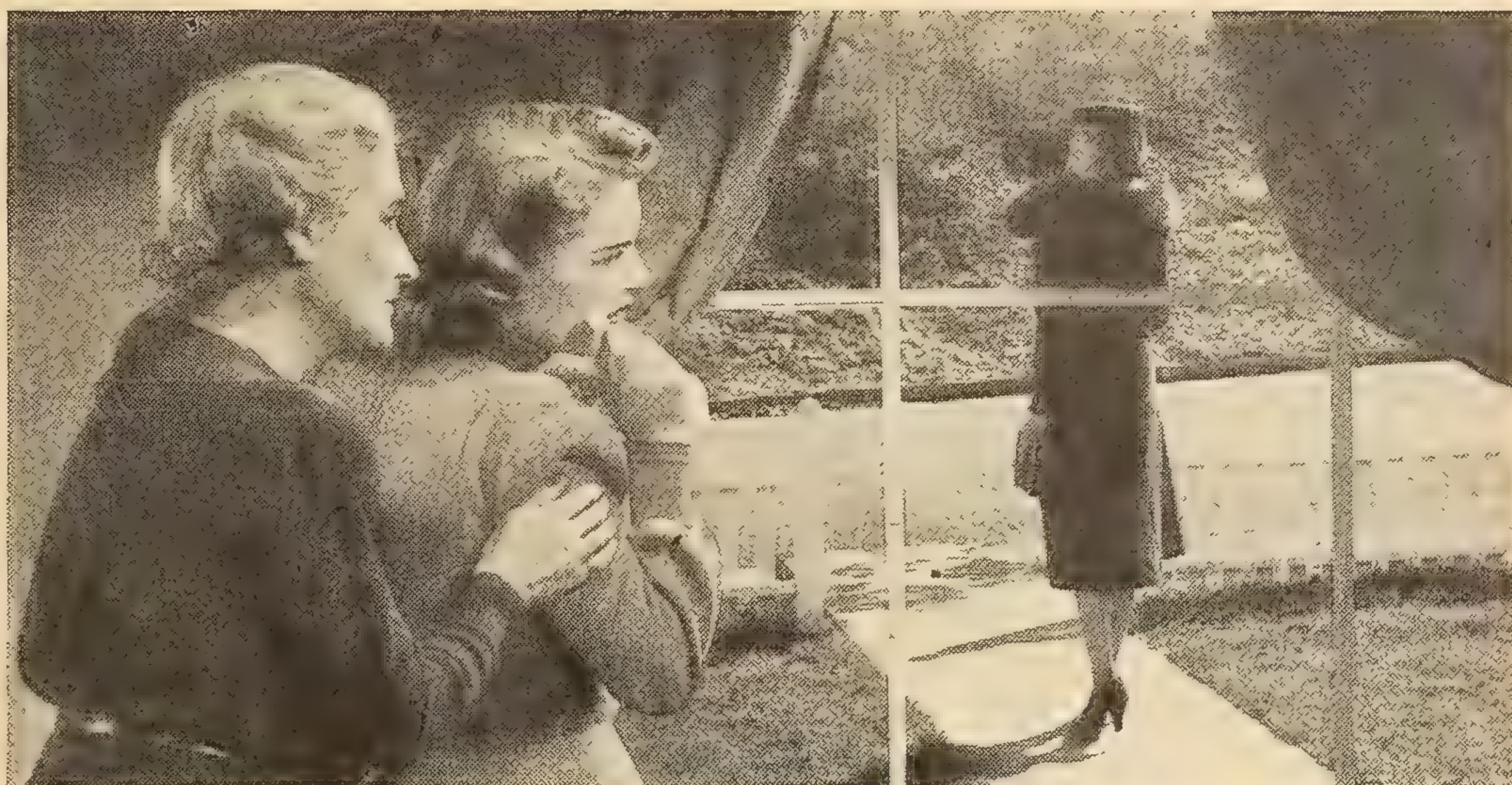
Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and chop. Combine raisins and sliced apples, add brown sugar, salt, cinnamon and rind. Mix together the bread crumbs and granulated sugar. Put one-third of bread mixture in greased baking dish. Top with one-half of the apple mixture. Add half of remaining crumb mixture, then all the remaining apples. Top with remaining crumbs. Melt 3 tablespoons of the butter in the boiling water, add lemon juice and pour over contents of baking dish. Dot with remaining tablespoon of butter. Cover and bake in slow oven (325° F.) 40 minutes. Uncover, raise heat to moderate (375° F.) and continue baking 15-20 minutes longer, or until apples are tender and top of pudding is well browned. Serve hot with Fluffy Lemon Sauce or whipped cream.

### FLUFFY LEMON SAUCE

- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1½ tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Combine cornstarch and sugar. Add boiling water slowly. Cook 15 minutes in top of double boiler over boiling water, stirring constantly until thickened and then, occasionally. Remove from heat. Add butter and lemon juice. Stir until blended. Slowly add hot mixture to stiffly beaten egg white, stirring vigorously. (Continued on page 100)

"I'll be the laughing stock of the town..."



**MARY:** Oh, Mother, why did that snooty Mrs. Palmer have to drop in today! Now it'll be all over town that even my tea napkins look so gray, they aren't fit to be seen!

**MOTHER:** Lucky I dropped in, honey. That soap you're using is so weak-kneed it doesn't get things really clean. Come on—I'll show you how to say goodbye to tattle-tale gray.



**MOTHER:** There! Just hustle home and put Fels-Naptha to work with its richer *golden* soap and busy, dirt-loosening *naptha*. Use the bar or the grand new chips. Either way, your wash will be so sweet and white, you won't recognize it!



**MARY:** Whe-e-e, Mother! I'll say your tip about Fels-Naptha turned the tables! Mrs. Palmer came to tea again and her eyes simply popped when she saw my snowy linens. And she ended by asking Tom and me to a party!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways  
to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

**Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips**—wherever you've been using box-soap. They speed washing machines—because they're **HUSKIER**—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they whip up the creamiest suds ever—because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder!

**Use the Fels-Naptha bar** for bar-soap jobs—and get the *extra* help of richer *golden* soap combined with gentle *naptha*! Together, these two cleaners make the grimeiest, greasiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing! They get clothes so white, they fairly sparkle in the sun!







## DON'T LET YOUR LIPS SAY *Fresh Paint*

**Have Soft, Smooth, Tempting Tangee Lips.** Only in Tangee Lipstick will you find the "magic" Tangee Color Change Principle and the exclusive Tangee smoothness! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips...to the very shade of rose or red most flattering to *you*. Tangee *isn't* "paint"...doesn't coat your lips with heavy, greasy color...won't smear or blur...helps prevent chapping. Try Tangee today and see how much *prettier* and more attractive you look!



**Try Tangee Rouge to Match.** For fascinating, natural-looking color in your cheeks there's nothing like Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme.

**Tangee "Underglow" Powder.** Also contains the famous Tangee Color Principle, to give your skin that delicate rosy "underglow".

WHEN YOU WANT MORE VIVID MAKE-UP, use Theatrical—Tangee's brilliant new red shade.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

### USE THIS VALUABLE COUPON

The George W. Luft Company, 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-up Set" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh  
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

passing anything she has done on the screen. Winninger gives a superb characterization of W. Dimsdale while Brian Donlevy leaves nothing to be desired in his portrayal of the crook de luxe. Mischa Auer, a mad Russian with a frustrated cowboy complex, has many hilarious scenes while Una Merkel, his nagging spouse, does a grand job as usual. Allen Jenkins, Warren Hymer and Billy Gilbert are stand-outs in minor roles. Directed by George Marshall.—*Universal*.

### ★★ Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President

You'll want to meet Joe and Ethel Turp, for two more lovable and warmly human people would be hard to find. When their postman is arrested, the Turps' loyalty is so aroused that they decide to call on the President to plead for a pardon. So you see, there's no stopping this couple.

Ann Sothorn is Mrs. Turp and William Gargan becomes Joe. Both players have only mediocre material with which to make their characterizations hold interest, and they do 100% jobs. Much of the story deals with the past life of Jim, the postman, as recounted by Mr. and Mrs. Turp to the President. As Jim, Walter Brennan shows his usual excellent understanding of a role, while Marsha Hunt deserves considerable credit for the good work she does as Jim's former sweetheart. Lewis Stone gives a completely satisfactory portrayal of the President and Tom Neal and Don Costello contribute some high spots to the picture. Directed by Howard Hawks.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

### ★★ The Cisco Kid and the Lady

Cesar Romero takes up where Warner Baxter left off in the role of the colorful Cisco Kid, and gallops his way into an exceptionally favorable characterization. If the story had measured up to Romero's contribution, "The Cisco Kid and the Lady" would have been a fine show.

Working with Romero in his benevolent bad deeds is the very amusing Chris-Pin Martin, who manages to keep every scene on the funny side. But stealing thunder from both Romero and Martin is an engaging baby named Gloria Ann White. The Cisco Kid and his cohort find baby Gloria alone on the desert after bandits have murdered her father. They take her to town with them, turn her over to Marjorie Weaver's care, then find that they can't stay away from either the baby or Marjorie. The Cisco Kid sees to it that the baby gets back her share of the gold mine stolen by the murdering bandits, then rides off with Chris-Pin to other adventures.

Trailing with him, however, is beautiful Virginia Field. Her clever portrayal of a dance hall queen will no doubt be continued in the next of this series. Other scene stealers are Robert Barrat and Harry Green. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds.—*20th Century-Fox*.

### ★★ Raffles

Theatregoers have been familiar with the story of "Raffles" since the time of the first World War, and except for a new cast this picture does not differ from former screen presentations. However, it has an excellent cast. David Niven is entirely satisfactory in the role of the suave and fearless Raffles who delights in baffling Scotland Yard with his exploits. Undoubtedly, Niven is worth the price of anyone's theatre ticket when he's good and here he is very good, indeed. Olivia de Havilland, sister of Raffles' pal and inevitably Raffles' sweetheart, is lovely to look at and gives a very competent performance.

Dame May Whitty, however, is the real scene-stealer in the picture. When that talented and charming lady is on the screen, every other player fades into the background. Dudley Digges as Inspector Mackenzie provides some high-spots in the entertainment, while E. E. Clive gives a grand account of himself. Directed by Sam Wood.—*Samuel Goldwyn Production for United Artists*.



After her call on the President in "Joe and Ethel Turp," Ann Sothorn visits Africa with John Carroll in their latest—"Congo Maisie."

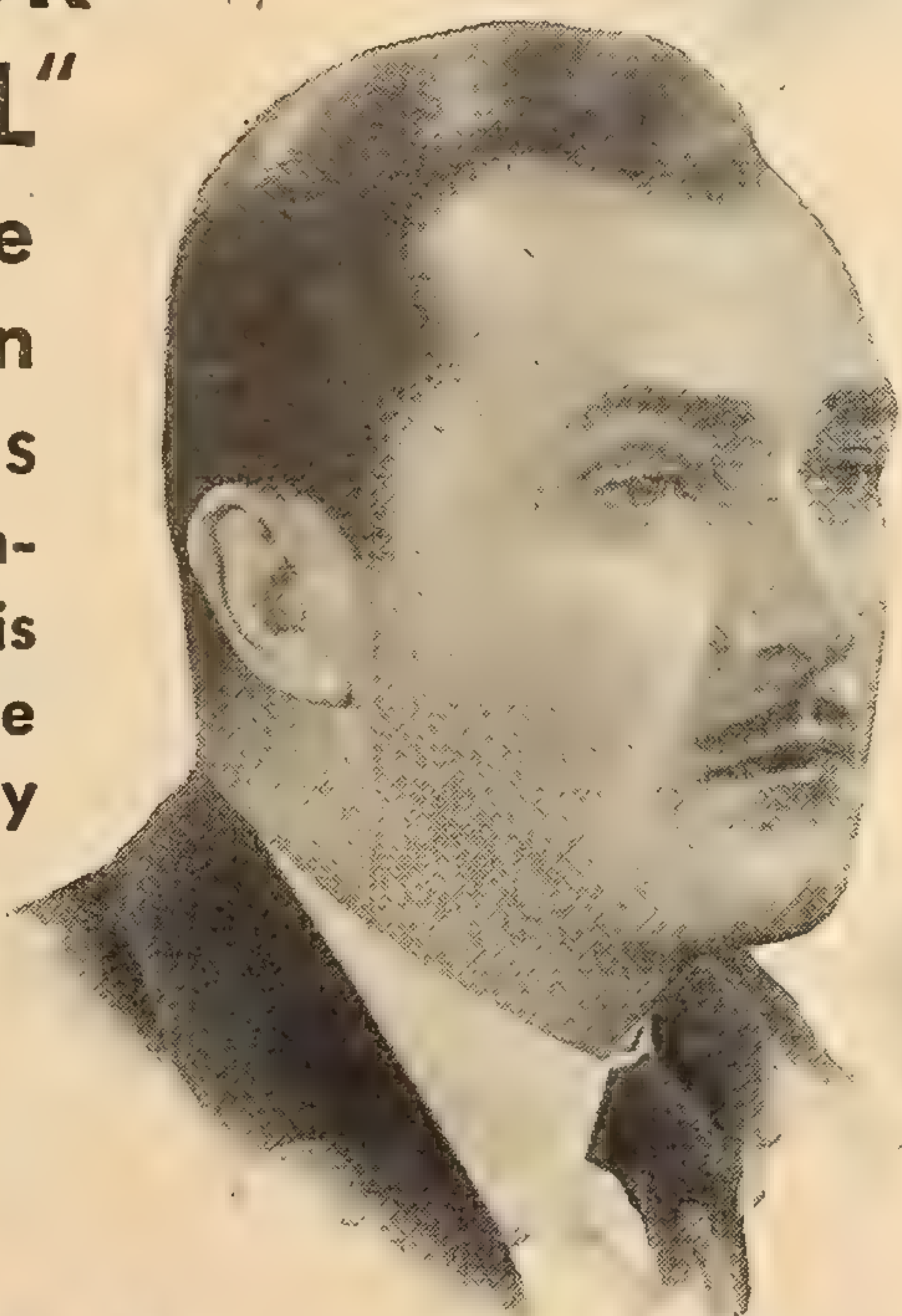


*A Doctor Tells*  
**THE INTIMATE SECRETS  
OF A PRIVATE NURSE**

The first authentic, "inside" revelation of the cloistered, code-bound world of woman's most intimate profession—probing deeply and dramatically the souls of those bitter women who know men too well, yet must somehow find love in the midst of terror, toil and disillusionment.

**THE WORLD-  
FAMOUS AUTHOR  
OF "THE CITADEL"**

Bares the Heartache and Despair of Women the World Calls Callous in a story even more searching and absorbing than his first great success—made trebly vivid and exciting by three brilliant stars.



CAROLE  
**Lombard**  
BRIAN  
**Aherne**  
ANNE  
**Shirley**

**"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT"**

From the Brilliant New Novel by **A. J. CRONIN**

With **JULIEN MITCHELL • ROB'T COOTE**  
**BRENDA FORBES • PETER CUSHING**  
Produced and Directed by **GEORGE STEVENS**

**PANDRO S. BERMAN** In Charge of Production  
Screen Play by **Fred Guiol • P. J. Wolfson • Rowland Leigh**

**RKO RADIO PICTURE**





Twentieth Century-Fox presents  
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of  
**LITTLE OLD NEW YORK**

*A* spirited belle of the brawling waterfront, headlong in love with handsome Robert Fulton, fighting the whole town to win his heart and share his glory... in those boisterous, romantic days when little old New York was new and life was really living!

*Alice Fred Richard*  
**FAYE · MACMURRAY · GREENE**

and  
**BRENDA JOYCE**  
**ANDY DEVINE**  
**HENRY STEPHENSON**  
**FRITZ FELD**

Directed by **HENRY KING**  
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith  
Screen Play by Harry Tugend  
Story by John Balderston  
Based upon play by Rida Johnson Young

Spectacular entertainment from the producer and director of "In Old Chicago",  
"Alexander's Ragtime Band", "Stanley and Livingstone", "Jesse James"!





ROSALIND RUSSELL





CHARLES BOYER





MADELEINE CARROLL





GEORGE RAFT



ONLY RUDYARD KIPLING COULD  
WRITE SUCH A ROMANCE . . .

ONLY RONALD COLMAN COULD  
PLAY SUCH A ROLE!



"Laugh, you little fool,  
laugh...for I'm giving  
you something you've  
never had before . . .  
A soul...on canvas!"

To those who believe in romance, Paramount dedicates this glorious film re-creation of Kipling's never-to-be-forgotten story of Dick Helder, artist, adventurer, gentleman unafraid. For this is romance, the romance of far places, Abu-Hamed, Khartoum, Port Said, London, and of the men who fought for glory beneath the desert sun . . . but more than that . . . the romance of that strange wilderness which is the heart of man.

Ronald Colman's Scottie, Mr. Binkie,  
a severe critic, a loyal friend.

# Ronald Colman

in RUDYARD KIPLING'S

## "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

A Paramount Picture with

**WALTER HUSTON**

Ida Lupino • Muriel Angelus • Dudley Digges

Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

Screen Play by Robert Carson

Based on the Novel by Rudyard Kipling







"The closest I've come to having fun in love scenes," says Fred, "is with Barbara Stanwyck."



"Claudette believes in realism. She likes to be held the way a man really in love with her would hold her."

**IT'S NO FUN**

*Kissing*

And Fred MacMurray should know — he's made love to such glamorous beauties as Colbert, Lombard, Dunne, Bennett and Carroll

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN





Here's the One-Take MacMurray in a clinch with Carole Lombard. This shouldn't be hard to take!

"Madeleine Carroll is" a bit remote between scenes. But she isn't that way when the camera starts turning."

Love scenes, to Irene Dunne, are all in the day's work. Her approach is business-like, says Fred.

**THE GIRL** Fred MacMurray really loves has never seen him make a love scene. He won't let her watch.

She made one of her rare visits to the studio a few months ago, to see a friend. During the visit, she mentioned the fact that she had never been on a set. "What have you been waiting for—an engraved invitation?" demanded the surprised friend. "Come on, I'll take you down to Fred's set." Lillian Lamont MacMurray shook her head. "Any set but that," she said. And she meant it.

Lillian explained, "If, by any chance, he should be doing a love scene, and he found out I was anywhere around—well, he just wouldn't be any good to Paramount for a week. And he'd never forgive me. He knows that I know how self-conscious he is about his movie kisses."

To see Fred on the screen, you would never suspect him of agonizing through his love scenes. He may sometimes build up to the Big Moment, or Clinch (as it is called in Hollywood), with a certain amount of embarrassment, but not always. Whenever the embarrassment does appear, it is entirely in keeping with the character he is playing. And every time the Big Moment does arrive, he looks as if he enjoys taking the heroine—invariably a pretty parcel of femininity—in his arms and kissing her soundly. You wouldn't suspect that his enjoyment is the well-this-is-finally-over kind.

With every new picture, he asks to do the love scenes first. It isn't that he can't wait to do them—that he has a Don Juan or Casanova streak. He has no urge to give an attractive woman ideas about his romantic possibilities on first meeting. He makes the same request even if the lady is an old friend. He wants those scenes over with, finished, out of the way. They haunt him, if they're ahead of him.

This is a strange complex for a top-ranking male star to have. No other Hollywood male, particularly one popular with women, has such an affliction.

Part of Fred's trouble is that he is sadly deficient in actor's ego. Even after five years of fan mail, he doesn't harbor any illusions about his ability to sway the emotions of the opposite sex. "I'm in Hollywood by accident," he says. "A lucky accident. What I don't know about acting would fill a dozen books. I'm just fortunate that the folks like me as I am. My only chance of remaining, as I see it, is to stay natural."

That's what he has against love scenes. They don't let him feel natural.

He grew up in Kankakee, Illinois, and in a small town, everybody knows your business, unless you're on guard to keep it to yourself. Fred, who vaguely resented curiosity about why his mother and father had parted, and how he and his mother managed to get along, became close-mouthed very young. And he also became very un-

demonstrative—the better to keep people at a safe distance.

Six feet three in his teens, he was taller than any of his pals, and towered over girls. He vaguely resented that, too. It made him conspicuous, and this made him uncomfortable. It wasn't any different when he and his saxophone joined the California Collegians, and the leader called on all the boys to do solo stuff. Every time Fred did a bit of soloing, he was so unstrung that the leader couldn't call on him again for three weeks. He's still like that. He has made exactly one personal appearance. But that one, he says with feeling, shortened his life ten years.

When you realize the permanence of Fred's self-consciousness, and the habitual proportions of his reticence, you can begin to appreciate his dread of love scenes. Even though he has been making them for five years, and with actresses whom other men dream of holding in their arms.

**HIS EMBARRASSMENT** isn't as visible on a set as it used to be. He has learned how to cover it up a bit. But it's still there. His approach to love scenes today is still the approach of a normal, natural chap whose mother didn't bring him up to be a co-star of glamour girls.

In this respect, he is unique. He is the one male star capable of giving men who have never acted in their lives an idea of what it's like to get up in front of that camera, with fifty or sixty studio workers watching you, and make love to world-famous beauties. And, incidentally, he can also give the average man an idea of how the beauties react.

Where love-making was concerned, Fred was distinctly an amateur when Paramount pushed him into the role of Claudette Colbert's suitor in "The Gilded Lily." They told him, "You'd better be good, because this is your big chance."

"How would you feel, if you were given an assignment like that, when you had never made love to anybody publicly before?" asks Fred.

"I'll tell you how you'd feel. Scared. Scared stiff. For approximately one-half second, you might feel flattered. It isn't everybody who gets the chance to hold Claudette Colbert close. But the next half-second, you'd feel like the condemned man, just after the hearty meal. Petrified with anticipation. You'd suddenly realize you had just one thing to look ahead to. Your finish."

That's how Fred felt.

"Claudette was small and poised. I was tall and gawky. She knew, from years of acting experience, how to express emotion. I hadn't had any practice whatsoever, with an audience watching me. Up until then, it had all been done with mirrors—and even that made me self-conscious. I was going to stack up as pretty clumsy, compared to other leading men that she'd had. (Continued on page 85)



# DIETRICH

## LURE

You've seen it work on the screen, but now Marlene reveals just what she has

BY IRVING WALLACE



Men have been important in Dietrich's life. Above is Director Josef von Sternberg, whose wife once called Marlene a love-pirate.

DIETRICH was angry.

It wasn't ordinary anger. She didn't throw anything, not even a tantrum. It was like Vesuvius, holding back its rage, seething. It began slowly, Dietrich's anger did, until her eyes sparked and her slender body stiffened.

She puffed her imported cigarette once, twice, quickly, and from behind the smoke screen, let blast:

"You have come here to write a story about how Dietrich has changed. You think, just because I played a tough night-club girl in 'Destry Rides Again,' and because I threw myself into the part and worked hard—that now I am different. Well, I am sick of the nonsense. I'm going to give you something to write—the truth!"

She leaned forward. Strands of hair fell over her eyes. She didn't mind. With great intensity, she spoke:

"I have not changed. Not one single bit! Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't know how. I'm not enough the actress for that. I have not departed from my old roles. My characterization in 'Destry' wasn't so startling and unusual as it's been played up to be. Merely a throw-back to my German film, 'The Blue Angel.'"

"I will be utterly frank with you. Wherever I go, whatever magazine I pick up to read, I learn, 'Dietrich is now different. A new person.' And then I pinch myself, and find I am exactly the same as always, physically and mentally. I think I should know better than anyone alive that I haven't changed. And believe me, I have told writers that, and critics, everyone—but no, they decide that since I sang and brawled in 'Destry,' I must be a new Dietrich. They don't print what I really say. They need an angle for their stories, so they write about the transformed Dietrich."

"Okay," I said. "You haven't changed a bit. But can you account for this—that visitors to your set, during the making of 'Destry,' reported you were friendlier than ever, less temperamental and were trying harder? How come?"

Marlene crushed out her cigarette. "Oh no, no, that's not so. In all the pictures I've made, I've always been the same. Can't people understand one thing—that I am human, that I have good days and bad days? I admit, in the past, there were times when I knew I didn't have good pictures, and I was in a poor temper. When you're disturbed, you can't wear a joking mask. At least I never could. But when I worked in 'Destry,' I liked the script. I knew it was a good show. It put

me in a fine humor, and I felt like laughing and talking. Do you understand?"

Marlene Dietrich paused, came up for air, and then sank back on the sofa with a sigh. I sat a trifle paralyzed and a little jarred. All publicity and gossip, in wake of the sexsational 'Destry' convinced me that a new Dietrich was being born—a Dietrich who, inspired by her bawdy portrait of Frenchy and her own recent American citizenship, had acquired the star-spangled manner—sans makeup, accent, slink and continental mystery.

Ten minutes earlier, I had walked into the living-room of her bungalow, situated in the rear of the Beverly Hills Hotel, certain I would find a Dietrich who had shed her glamour, and who was about as mysterious and exotic as your Aunt Sadie.

I WAS early for the interview. I studied her room. It was bright afternoon, and the sun sent dusky shafts down on an end-table where lay an open German language book and an astrology guide. On the mantelpiece was a cheap two-bit copy of Steinbeck's "Pastures of Heaven," and bookmarked in the center, Hemingway's "Fifth Column and Other Stories." And then Dietrich came into the room.

She didn't have much make-up on, and her copper-colored hair was mussed. She wore wrinkled brown suede trousers topped by a white silk blouse and a yellow sleeveless suede jacket. And I am here to report to all citizens and patriots, that Marlene Dietrich looked like an improved carbon of Venus De Milo. I decided on the spot that she was the only human on earth who could really look glamorous without make-up.

She was the same Dietrich who had come to Hollywood a decade ago for "Morocco," and taught Americans the true meaning of glamour. I knew the lady hadn't changed, and that all the inky-fingered lads were hoaxing the public.

Yes, slowly I began to understand, because Marlene was speaking in such throaty and energetic defense of herself, and with such conviction, I began to see for the first time that maybe—well—maybe everyone had her wrong. That sounds ordinary. And a trifle banal. But it answers a lot of items about Marlene.

I inquired about her future.

"I am signed for two more pictures at Universal," she explained. "I'll take any (Continued on page 68)





Rudolf Sieber, her husband, is a nearly-forgotten man. Religion, it is said, prevents their divorce.

Marlene is as sleek as a thoroughbred today, yet her normal weight is 148 pounds! Brutal dieting results in frequent fainting spells—but that's what makes for the Dietrich glamour.





I'M GOING home for Christmas," the girl in publicity had told Melvyn Douglas. "Saved my vacation. That gives me two whole weeks, with pay, to spend visiting the folks."

"Wish I could get two weeks *without* pay," grumbled Melvyn hopelessly.

And behind that mournful statement lies the fact that he hasn't had a real breathing spell in five years—not since the Douglas stock started leaping up the movie exchange.

Now girls in publicity think in terms of publicity. That's what they're paid for. They pounce on any observation

Mel Douglas has no time for prettying up. It's not unusual to meet him at a Bowl concert or a neighborhood movie clad just as he is here on his own front porch.

more casual than "good morning." The familiar calculating gleam entered this one's eye. "Sounds as if it might make a funny story," said she.

"Excruciating," Douglas agreed.

Which explains why one day I decided to mount the Hollywood hill that leads to the Douglas home. Melvyn's house is large and white and sprawls over the hilltop. There are porches, patios and windows open to the sun. Before it was built, the future householder indicated spots where he wanted walls knocked out to make room for the many windows.

"Look," said the architect finally, "you want the house to stand, don't you?"

"Not if it shuts me in," said Douglas, and knocked out another wall. Five minutes from the center of a mad town, the house gives the impression of living alone with the air and sky, and liking it.

When I walked in, Douglas was in the living-room. The radio was tuned to a news broadcast. War dispatches, horrible, unreal, were coming from the loud-speaker.

"And you want me to babble about vacations or something?" he inquired.

I meekly pointed out that he hadn't stopped making pictures, that therefore he couldn't





logically reject what went with it. Being a just man, he agreed, "If you don't mind waiting till this broadcast is over. It's hard to think of anything else just now. We stayed up listening till four this morning."

It has been charged that Hollywood is aware of world events chiefly as they affect Hollywood's pocketbook, that Hitler and Stalin are important, but less important than last night's preview. If there is truth in the charge, it's a truth with exceptions, one of the more notable exceptions being Mr. Douglas.

The broadcaster said, "Good-by, everybody." Douglas turned the knob and sat down. "Okay. I haven't had a vacation in five years. Kids are going out to be slaughtered, and I haven't had—look, are you sure you want to go on with this?"

"They said it was a funny story," I offered, feeling like Nero while Rome burned. "All about you leaping for Paris, kissing your wife 'hello' and 'good-by,' and catching the next boat back—"

"Oh, that? All right, let's be funny if it kills us. That happened two years ago last summer. Helen was going abroad for some singing engagements. I was working in "Angel."

At noon one day, Ernst Lubitsch, the director, said, "That's all."

"What do you mean, that's all?" asked his leading man

carefully. "Can it be, you won't be needing me anymore?"

"That's all. We're finished."

"Let me get this straight. I'm dismissed. I can go away. I can leave town—"

Lubitsch took his cigar out of his mouth. "Good-by," he said distinctly.

Douglas dashed home. His wife was flying east that afternoon to sail on the *Queen Mary*. She found him in his bedroom, chucking shirts into a suitcase. "I'm going to Europe with you," he announced.

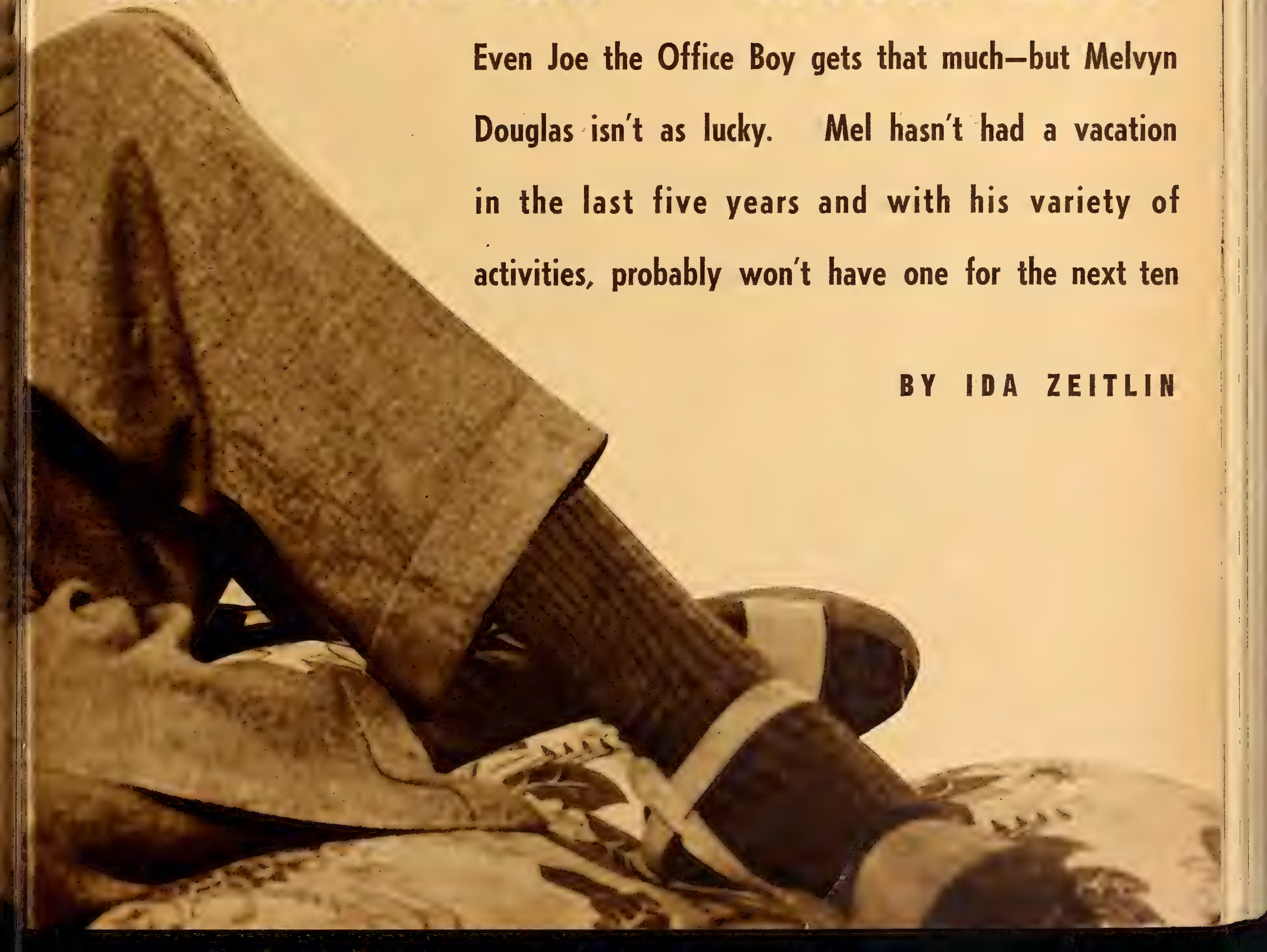
Together they planed to New York and boarded a ship headed for France. A few days later, early in the morning, the ship docked at Cherbourg. In their eagerness to glimpse the foreign shores, they hadn't even dozed the night before. Douglas settled himself for a nap on the train to Paris, but found that he couldn't sleep. His eyes simply wouldn't stay shut.

They reached Paris at two in the afternoon. "Bed," said Helen. "Nothing doing," said her husband. Common sense finally prevailed, and they slept till six. Then they called some friends, dined at one of their favorite restaurants, went to the theatre and stayed up half the night talking. Next day they cut short a visit to the Exposition in order to take a long walk through the city. They met more friends, dined at another of their favorite restaurants, saw another show and didn't go to (Continued on page 98)

# TWO WEEKS — WITH PAY

Even Joe the Office Boy gets that much—but Melvyn Douglas isn't as lucky. Mel hasn't had a vacation in the last five years and with his variety of activities, probably won't have one for the next ten

BY IDA ZEITLIN







## ON LOCATION

with "Virginia City," the newest  
celluloid saga of American history



Above, solemn-faced Director Michael Curtiz lends an ear to chatty leading lady, Miriam Hopkins.



As usual, Humphrey Bogart is the villain in the piece. Above, he and two buddies use their trigger fingers in real badman fashion.



These wide-grinning prairie flowers are Alan Hale, Humphrey Bogart and Randolph Scott.





**THE BROTHERS WARNER** are still building the West. Having placed Dodge City, Kansas, on the map, they are continuing their push to the Pacific with a stop-over at Virginia City, Nevada. Once more, handsome Errol Flynn leads the parade and, proving that sage producers will not let a good cast die, five of his "Dodge City" playmates again stand by his side.

With typical Hollywood casualness, Hungarian Director Michael Curtiz took his company to Arizona for the shooting of this epic of Nevada. It was the largest production unit ever sent out of the film capital and included six passenger buses, ten limousines, twenty trucks and enough horses for a season at Tijuana. Along with the live stock and the motorized brigade went the entire directorial staff, the camera crew, the make-up artists, hairdressers, electricians, carpenters, grips, property men, wardrobe men,

horse wranglers and a couple of hundred extras. Reckoning conservatively, the expense of the location trip ran to approximately \$13,000 a day.

All outdoor scenes were filmed on a Navajo Indian Reservation, about sixty-five miles from the city of Flagstaff, where the company was staying. In order to travel that distance every day and still do a good eight-hour stint for Warner Bros., almost everyone had to roll off his mattress at 5 A.M. Flagstaff is not a latitudinal kin of Los Angeles and the transplanted movie folk, accustomed to caressing warmth, shivered pathetically in the bitter-cold Arizona dawn. Having arrived at the scene of their day's work, they huddled around bonfires while husky men set up the equipment, and awaited Curtiz's "start shooting" call which usually came at the heathenish hour of 8 A.M. These pictures were taken after they had thawed out.



Looks like the old hot seat Randy is giving Alan Hale!



Curtiz literally takes the reins while Miriam and Randy dutifully follow.



Appearing very manly in his Buffalo Bill getup is Mr. Flynn.



Randy Scott strikes a "peace be with you" pose over Bogy and his wife.





BY BETTY COLFAX

TWELVE HUNDRED beloved dolls and several dozen live pets still have their place in the changing scheme of Jane Withers' life. But in her consciousness has awakened the significance of newly important things—the charm of her own perfume cabinet, the art of the hairdresser's salon, the delight of flattering party dresses, the pleasure of skating and dancing and eating ice cream sodas with boys her own age.

The new Jane Withers—three inches taller and twelve pounds lighter than she was a year ago—spread her velvet skirt about her and sat on the edge of a deep divan in her living-room.

With the air of a duchess, she remarked enthusiastically, "I shall go on acting in pictures for years—I hope—and then when I've finished with that, I should like to design costumes and write."

Concerning the writing, a short story is already simmering in the alert Withers mind. She wanted to talk about it. "I believe I shall dictate that to my secretary," she remarked with adult composure.

Jo-Jo, her secretary and friend, beamed acceptance of the probable task. At that, Jane most likely will write the story some day—and sell it, too. She gets what she wants because she makes things happen for herself.

Jane is the important pivot of her own personal world. The California home of the Withers in Westwood Village evolves around her. Her mother, who has been the constant guiding star of her screen career, lives only for Jane. She's with her continuously. Walter Withers sticks to his wholesale furniture business and declines to be known as a movie star's father. But he, like his wife, Jo-Jo and the servants, knows that the most important problem in his home is keeping Jane contented and happy there for the next several years.

Mrs. Withers has two definite hopes for her famous offspring: First, that for a while at least she won't grow any taller than her present five feet, three and a half inches. That would be disconcerting in the present movie plans outlined for Jane. The second is that when Jane really grows up to a marriageable age, she'll wait long enough to be sure of her choice and take someone with whom she can make marriage last a lifetime.

Jane and her family wanted a South American cruise this year. World conditions altered that. So instead, she made a personal appearance tour over the country—earning money, instead of spending it.

A few months ago, Jane appeared as the star attraction of a Food Show in Boston. Twice a day she sang, danced and gave her clever impersonations of other stars. As one of the side events that week, she was the guest of honor at a large gathering of a girls' club in the poorer section of the city. One little girl, a member of the club, had been assigned to make the speech introducing Jane. The

Jane Withers was once known as Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop—but that was before she bounced up and became Movietown's Modern Miracle.



Lost, at the threshold of adolescence: a pudgy, round-faced, baby-banged moppet! What's more, she'll never be found—but in her place is a tall, attractive . . .

# SCHOOL SIREN

youngster stood up, shaking with stage fright. Her eyes bulged in panic. She opened her trembling lips but no words came.

Quickly, Jane rose and put her arm around the other girl. "I think we both want to say the same things," Jane told her in a quiet, friendly voice. "Let's say them together."

Jane, with utter lack of self-consciousness, started talking to the hundreds of girls before her. In the back of the hall, Mrs. Withers and Jo-Jo listened with amazement, tears streaming down their cheeks. Though they've been with her in every step of her success, they've never ceased to wonder at Jane's assurance and poise. They never coach her. They don't even know what she'll say, but they do know it will be good. Jane's never failed them yet.

On the closing night of the Food Show, Jane did her act before 21,000 people. She was calm, self-assured as usual. That was until she started her words of farewell. Then she was a little girl, sad at the thought of parting from anything that had given her delight. Tears were in her eyes, but her thoughts were smoothly expressed. Only those up front could see the tears. But later, in her dressing-room, babyish sobs came and she protested, "I like it here; I don't want to leave."

WITH THE attitude of youth which passes over sad moments quickly, Jane in talking about the Boston visit remembered only the pleasant things. Her very mobile little face reflected her quickly changing moods. Conversation about her career brought to her voice a sureness, an earnestness. And then just when the impression that Jane had outgrown her childhood was complete, she proudly exhibited some dolls newly acquired in New York. She still finds pleasure in little girl things. But on that New York visit she bought compacts for her seven girl friends. A year ago she'd have gone shopping for live turtles or pen-knives.

From dolls and dogs to thoughts of work, the Withers moods flow like quicksilver. With a new Marie Antoinette doll in her hand, she recalled having seen Carmen Miranda in "Streets of Paris." And, as though she were merely repeating a lesson in Spanish, she did an impersonation of the zippy "Souz American" meteor that would make the efforts of older imitators pathetic. She has a gift of mimicry that emphasizes the gestures and affectations of everyone with whom she has worked or whom she has seen. It's only when Jane cleverly assumes the personality of a well-known figure that you realize certain characteristics you hadn't noticed before.

A year ago, a fat little Jane Withers would have bounced into the living-room. Her bangs would have been disarranged, her denim slacks soiled and on her hands and face would have been the marks of playful

pets. Things are different now. She wore a "junior miss" frock of brown velvet skirt and plaid blouse. Her nails were immaculate, her hair softly drawn back from her forehead and waved. There was (sssh!) the faint trace of talcum powder on her nose.

"I've got a new formal," she said casually. The "formal" proved to be a billowing white taffeta skirt with a red velvet military jacket, all trimmed in tiny gold buttons. And low in the back!

That's what her thirteenth birthday and a natural slenderizing process did for Jane. "Stop Red is my favorite color—oh, yes, and I like royal blue, too," she remarked. Jane Withers' getting enthusiastic about clothes is a phenomenon on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot.

Millions of little girls envy Jane Withers. They, and their elders, flock in hordes for a glimpse wherever she appears. Jane has a young idol, too. It's the Princess Elizabeth of England.

"Have you seen her?" Jane asks everybody who has ever been to London. "How does she look in person? What is her voice like? What are her hobbies? I'd give anything just to meet her close up. I want to go to London, especially to see Princess Elizabeth and her sister." Heroine-worship hasn't passed little Miss Withers by.

The peppy little gold mine in the Withers ménage has two more years to go on her seven-year contract. But the plans of the movie makers cover three years beyond that. She has four pictures scheduled for the next few years. She is now making "Shooting High" with Gene Autry. Her most recent release is "High School" in which she plays a freshman.

Jane really is a freshman in her own school. She's the only pupil. Miss Vizard, her teacher, goes where Jane goes—on the set, to her home, on personal appearance tours. While Jane was holidaying in New York she enjoyed the luxury of her morning class in bed. That was because she went to evening performances at the New York theatres. It doesn't happen often. History is her favorite subject. She "eats up" the records of famous women and has a doll for every historical heroine.

Until recently the young star never liked any but swing music. Now her school work includes classical compositions and she's keeping a scrap book of her favorite pieces. She loves the Strauss waltzes, and "Lohengrin" is her best-loved opera. Her instruction also includes sewing and cooking, but Jane's idea of really concocting something delectable is shaking up ice cream sodas behind her newly acquired soda fountain.

The fountain is in the recreation room of Jane's new apartment over the Withers' California ranch house. The charming "diggings" are her parents' concession to the fact that Jane is growing up and needs a place of her own. The house was formerly a (Continued on page 79)



# WHY CARY GRANT IS HARD

WHEN CARY GRANT and Phyllis Brooks called off their wedding plans, the gossips looked wise and said, "We could have told you so. Cary is hard to get."

This was a bit unfair to Phyllis. It carried the implication that, since she was less famous than Cary, she must have been the pursuer and that he must have wearied of being pursued.

The accepted version of how their romance began doesn't encourage such an implication. Phyllis, who used to be a model in New York, had a girl friend of those days visiting her in 1937. The friend assumed that Phyllis knew all the stars and said, "There's one star I'd particularly like to meet—Cary Grant." Phyllis, then playing only small roles, was enjoying her friend's mild awe. She said obligingly, "I'll fix it for you."

At the time, she was going with Michael Brooke, better known as the Earl of Warwick. She thought that he, being English, would know Cary and told him of the spot she was in. Amused, he took the two girls out to the Grant beach house the next Sunday. (It's always "open house" there on Sunday.) The Earl said to Cary, "Of course, you know Phyllis Brooks." Cary, who had never seen her before, took a good look and said warmly, "Hello. How are you?"

Her girl friend, properly impressed and properly grateful for her own introduction to Cary, babbled afterward, "He's even better-looking than on the screen. I'd like to see more of him." Phyllis, who felt much the same way but had no hope of a second meeting, said nothing.

A few evenings later the two girls were at a night club. The other girl soon spotted Cary at a table not too far away. With the courage of the star-stritten, she went over to speak to him. They had several minutes' conversation, which climaxed with Cary's saying, "I'd like to take your friend to the premiere tomorrow night. Think she'd go?"

That must have been a blow to the visitor. But, gamely, she smiled, "I don't know. Why don't you just ask her?"

He did. They went to the opening together. And, after that, they became such constant companions that everybody said it must be love. Everybody, that is, except Cary and Phyllis. They wouldn't talk.

Cary didn't have to talk to convince Hollywood that he had marrying ideas. Why else should he be so attentive to a girl who wasn't a star? Or why should he go so steadily with any girl when, ever since his brief first marriage, he had been so intent on avoiding romantic entanglements? Up to now, he had scattered his dates far and wide and often.

There were those who suspected Phyllis of doing the courting to further her career. These suspicions, however, didn't make sense. Wary Cary is too smart to be anybody's stepping stone. He is too much on his guard to get involved in any situation not of his own choosing.

From the conviction that he had marrying ideas, the gossips graduated to the notion that he had secretly carried them out. He denied this, but he didn't stop dating Phyllis. That looked like a tacit admission that, this time, he wasn't running away from "serious romance" rumors.

Last summer, Phyllis went to England to make a picture. As soon as he finished "In Name Only," he rushed over, in the face of war threats, to show her around. That didn't make him look like the pursued.

He was in such a hurry to join her that columnists, trying hard to out-scoop each other, predicted when and

where wedding bells would ring abroad. The columnists were wrong. One of them confidentially stated that the only reason for the delay was that Cary wanted to be married in America, since he was going to become an American citizen. When he and Phyllis returned, Cary had nothing to say about that, particularly with his native England facing the possibility of needing every man it could muster. But he did tell reporters that he and Phyllis would be married "sometime in the Fall," when picture commitments permitted.

Instead, came Fall, and they called the whole thing off. Neither would tell why.

Then an ironic thing happened. The ex-lovebirds, who had decided they didn't want to see each other any more, had to face the possibility of not being able to avoid each other. Just about the time Cary appeared on the lot to make "My Favorite Wife" with Irene Dunne, RKO signed Phyllis to a contract. Press-agents, having visions of some day writing a story about how the studio had unconsciously play match-maker, asked Phyllis if there wasn't a chance of a reconciliation. She shook her head. She was going to be too busy with her career. She was tired of marking time on the screen.

Proximity has been known to do wondrous things. It may draw Cary and Phyllis together again. And, again, it may not.

Meanwhile, the gossips might consider the possibility that Phyllis, not Cary, might have been the one who broke away. She also has a large supply of independence. She had to have that to appeal to Cary in the first place. People are unconsciously attracted to those in whom they see their own traits reflected.

There is no question about Cary's independence—though it is of a strange sort. It isn't the positive kind. He doesn't go around being the strenuous Free Soul. He is anything but an egotistical blow-hard. He simply makes a point of being elusive.

His artful dodging isn't confined (*Continued on page 73*)

Phyllis Brooks, 25, a one-time photographers' model, was top girl in Cary's life for two fun-filled years. Since they split, both have been making a fine show of not caring.





# TO GET

With women to the right of him and women to the left of him, the elusive Mr. Grant has his own good reasons for going forward alone

BY  
JAMES REID

He's been Wary Cary since his marriage to Virginia Cherrill didn't jell. Their divorce came through several years ago. Can it be that he still bears the scar?



Phyllis' lack of movie success placed her at a constant disadvantage. Gossips frequently inferred that she was pursuing Cary in order to further her own career.



# MASSEY TAKES MANHATTAN

Extra! The tough little  
island falls helplessly before  
Ilona's barrage of charm

BY ROBERT EICHBERG

As though her beauty and  
brains were insufficient, Ilona  
Massey's make-up is packed  
with more honesty than any  
one woman should have.





IT ISN'T often that hard-boiled New York critics and columnists go off the deep end, but that's what they did for the little Hungarian girl who, but a few years ago, was being fired from a job in a Budapest stocking shop as "the world's worst salesgirl." In fact, one writer, who saw her visiting a night club, said, "She looks as though she had just arrived from Fairyland;" another said, "She talks like Garbo," while still a third thought her "as beautiful as Madeleine Carroll, as alluring as Marlene Dietrich."

"Flapdoodle," muttered your reporter. "No one can be *that* wonderful. But maybe—"

Accordingly, at 5:30 one evening, filled with scepticism, he rang the bell of Ilona Massey's apartment at the Sherry-Netherlands. The door was opened not by a maid, but by an entrancing blonde who smiled exquisitely and shook hands with a good, hearty grip.

That handshake was the tip-off on Miss Massey. She's just like that; *real people*. In fact, she's so doggone regular that you lose all sight of her truly amazing beauty when you talk to her. She's full of sparkle, of life, of a fresh, young enthusiasm that makes you an old friend after she has talked to you for two minutes.

Now, there are plenty of stars—especially those who, like her, have recently attained stardom—who feel their own importance, and are inclined to be a trifle reticent about their unromantic beginnings. Not Ilona, though; she's just as willing to talk about her tough times as she is about her phenomenal success. More willing, for she has a bubbling humor that enables her to get a laugh out of her troubles. And she still has a touch of wonderment that people like her and are nice to her!

Speaking her recently acquired En-

glish with just enough trace of an accent to make it utterly captivating, and using her hands and shoulders to emphasize her words in Continental fashion, Ilona will discuss any and every subject you want to bring up. In fact, she's so frank that M-G-M's press department is in a mild dither lest she say something that might harm her "box office appeal"—as though anything could.

We started off, mildly enough, with a slight discussion of where she had been during her trip to New York. She had been taken to the famous "21" for dinner. She had wanted to go there because she had heard of its roast wild boar, a dish which she claims lives up to its advance notices, tasting much like ham, but better. She was mildly regretful that she did not dare let herself eat more of it. "I'm always on a diet," she explained.

FROM there, she had gone to Madison Square Garden, to see some amateurs boxing for sweet charity. "I was interested in only one of those bouts," she said. "I was—how do you say it—rooting for one of the little boys. He is a printer when he isn't boxing, and I was interested because my father was a printer."

That mention of her father got us started on her early youth. She remembers when that one-time big, strong man returned to Budapest from a Russian concentration camp, where he had been a prisoner of war. Siberia had broken his health. Ilona, too, was recently returned to Hungary. For her own safety, she had been sent to Holland with a lot of other children, but she had missed her mother so much that after a few months she was sent back home. The memory of this part of her life is still painful. She hurries over it as much as possible. She doesn't like to think of the days when the

family had to stand in line for five hours in the cold dawn, waiting for the day's meagre supply of food to keep life in their bodies, which shivered under *ersatz* clothing.

But that look of sadness leaves her face when she talks about other things, such as her love for singing and dancing. "My mother tells me (of course I cannot remember, myself)," she said, "that I tried to dance before I could walk. She says I would sit on the floor and cry for a towel or a piece of old rag, and then wave it over my head, like this." She illustrated with a napkin, for we were having tea by this time, and your reporter was suddenly reminded of "Morocco," and Dietrich with the drapery streaming behind her. And this girl captured that grace and beauty with a common napkin!

After the war, her father's impaired health cut down his earning capacity. Ilona, as she grew, wanted to help—and had enough good, common sense to realize that she needed an education. So she studied like mad, and passed her four years of high school work in two.

She has some amusing memories of these school days—even claims she was the homeliest kid in school. When you express your utter unbelief of such a statement, she tells you, as proof, that the teachers would never let her appear in any of the class plays. "They thought I wouldn't be any good, and they were probably right," she says.

Although money wasn't at all plentiful in the Hajmassey (that's her real name; it's pronounced "Hi! Massey!") family, there were still a few pennies for the movies—a very few pennies. "In Hungary," Ilona explained, "there is a different system. The best seats are in the middle of the house, and as you get nearer the front, where you have to tip (Continued on page 103)





Lana Turner, below, was one of thirty-five beauties who acted as cigarette girls at Ouida Rathbone's huge party for a Hollywood charity. Lana sold her wares at one dollar the pack. Right, the Fred MacMurrays arrive with Director Leslie Fenton and his actress-wife, Ann Dvorak.



Above, Janet Gaynor and hubby accept the good wishes of friends who have just heard that the Adrians are "expecting."







Left, Louis Hayward leans over his roast beef to chin with Wendy Barrie. Like many of the girls, Wendy dressed to match the party's Swiss theme.



Ty Power and Anna-bella forgot to buy tickets in advance. They were admitted, but couldn't get any food. That's Phyllis Brooks acting as checkroom girl.



Roz Russell looked like one of the figures that runs round a weather-vane. Her fellow bachelorettes outnumbered the unmarried men more than two to one.



Ann Sheridan, right, pauses between her sale of kisses for a word with Ida Lupino. Ann's contribution to charity was one of the evening's prime delights.

# A NIGHT AT ST. MORITZ

"\$9,980... \$9,990... \$10,000!" gurgled Ouida (Mrs. Basil) Rathbone, as she patted the last ten-spot into place. Wasn't it a lovely evening?"

Mrs. Rathbone was guilty of understatement. It had been a terrific evening. But her comment was none the less praiseworthy because the pile of greenbacks she happily fondled was not slated for her personal money bags. Instead, her arithmetic completed, she wrapped the bills neatly and without a whimper turned them over to Ann Lehr. Ann Lehr is Hollywood's Lady Bountiful and the head of an organization which administers aid to the town's needy. Rather than knock on doors and beg for handouts, she and Ouida had conceived the idea of a mammoth party designed to give the movie folk a high time while shaking them free of some cash. One thousand guests at ten dollars a head did the trick.

Now, Ouida Rathbone has even more imagination than the men who devise her husband's make-up, and her party-

giving talents make Elsa Maxwell's wilt like a buttercup. The natural outcome of such gifts had to be a bang-up shindig—and that's just what her friends at the Beverly Hills Hotel got for their money.

Advance publicity advised that the party was to have the character of an evening in an Alpine village, and the curious who buzzed around the hotel were amazed to see a miniature winter resort rising on a Beverly Hills lawn. Certainly, a glistening skating rink, a thrill-a-minute toboggan slide and perilous ski jumps are not sights which daily greet the eyes of Movietown's citizens. But we told you Ouida was marvelous. With little trouble, she had enlisted the support of five major film studios, a costumer, a publicist, several florists and dozens of society and movie women who all worked like fury for a month.

When the wonderland was finally whipped up, the servants of charity discovered they'd made a horrible mistake. The weather man, like (Continued on next page)



## Hollywood big-wigs turn out en masse for sweet charity and the year's best party

Sleeping Beauty's thirteenth godmother, had not been consulted. His revenge was the obvious one—a rainstorm. The morning of the affair the drops began to slide along the ice and snow, and by late afternoon \$7,000 worth of scenery had dissolved into mud puddles.

The washout discouraged no one. Eye-filling and radiant, the celebrities trooped in—Dunne, Morison, Del Rio, Bryan, the George Murphys, the Brian Ahernes, Olivia de Havilland, Ray Milland, et al. For the most part, the list of arrivals was made up of all those names which *do not* appear in the local telephone directory . . . that is, all the important ones. Since Ouida's entertainment had not been limited to outdoor sports, there was still a variety of ways for everyone to forget his day's labors. In the ballroom a swing band gave out with the hottest in popular music, gaudy booths displayed souvenirs at knockout prices, and champagne flowed like water.

An indecent number of the stars disdained these diversions for the livelier pastime of gambling. Stopping just long enough to shed their wraps, they made a rapid-fire dash to the game room and soon had the chips clicking merrily. Suddenly, exactly as in the movies, in strode the cops. "Break it up, boys," they ordered. And with all the authority of a producer, they shooed your favorites onto the dance floor and watched them take up more innocent and strictly legal recreation.

At about 2 A. M., when the party began to break up, our photographer tactfully refrained from taking any pictures. All about him he saw not visions of loveliness and sartorial elegance, but sadly bedraggled men and women who, after an evening of wrestling with tremendous mobs, were beginning to have thoughts which were *just slightly* uncharitable.

"But \$10,000!" said Ouida. "It really was a lovely party!"



Bette Davis, as relaxed as a time bomb, sits in a corner and watches the crowds dance past.



1. Loretta Young regally steps from her car and joins the folks on the curb, Ann Sothern, Designer Bernard Newman and Roger Pryor.



2. Orson Welles, who has glamour minus, sups with Lili Damita. However, we see no possibilities of a romance between these two.



3. Allan Jones and Irene Hervey tucked their three youngsters into bed before stepping out with Ronald Burla and his wife, Una Merkel.





Margaret Sullavan wields the paint before getting up to dance—without shoes, "mind you!"



Forrest Tucker lends a hand to Helen Parrish. Their skating togs were just "in hopes."



4. Cary Grant seemed grim as he appeared with sweet-faced Fay Wray. He and Phyllis Brooks skillfully ducked each other all evening.



5. Joan Crawford, who came on the arm of Cesar Romero, exhibited a valuable ring she had just received from her very good friend, Franchot Tone.

6. In her next picture Kay Francis will portray Deanna Durbin's mother, but she could pass for a debbie as she strolls with Louis Bromfield.

7. Binnie Barnes and Mike Frankovitch have fun examining a doll house. They'll marry in September, the day after Mike's divorce becomes final.





# HAIRWAYS TO

# Beauty

**WANT TO** pull yourself out of the post-Winter, pre-Spring doldrums? Then give a thought to your hair. Is it shining and luxuriant or is it dull and thin? Does your present coiffure "do something" for you, or is it the wornout remnants of a hair-do that was becoming to you three years ago? Then let's do something about it!

Think of your face as a picture, your hair as the frame that sets off or ruins that picture. How far do you suppose Ann Sheridan, Paulette Goddard, Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour, or any other movie favorite would have gotten if she hadn't had soft and lustrous hair? How many girls in your own set could be ten times more attractive than they are if they would only "do something" about theirs?

A new coiffure will work wonders for you, but first of all remember that beautiful and healthy hair will look well whether you wear it up or down, straight or curled. Hair beauty begins with hair quality.

Hair is of a sturdy horny structure, derived from the skin and consisting of layers upon layers of infinitesimal cells. When normal and not "damaged" by dyes, bleaches or repeated permanent waves, it is extremely elastic. In fact, it will stretch as much as half an inch when pulled. Normal hair is neither dry nor oily and, of course, does not have dandruff. Its health and beauty depend primarily on your own good health, active circulation and a loose, well-cushioned scalp. But close runners-up are cleanliness, stimulation by brushing and massage, and also the correct use

of tonics, lubricants and other important aids to good grooming.

Illness, undernourishment, shock, nervousness, insufficient sleep, lack of fresh air and exercise all take their toll on lovely locks. However, the care you give your hair locally has a tremendous effect on its beauty and general condition.

First comes stimulation. A tight, thin, unmovable scalp chokes out nourishment and literally starves your hair. To grow shining tresses, scalps must be loose. If yours is not, go to work on it right now with massage, regular brushing and combing. Knead your scalp every day with your fingers until you can feel the blood surging through it. Massage the base of your neck in the back where tired nerves become tangled, and rub crosswise across your shoulders to release the congestion caused by poor posture and insufficient exercise. Now massage all over your scalp, beginning at the hair line and working in toward the center. Repeat this regularly every day and you'll be amazed at the improvement in the appearance of your hair—to say nothing of the benefits to your nervous system in general. For tight scalps indicate taut nerves that must be helped to relax.

Besides the scalp, your hair itself needs to be exercised. A strong, firm, long-bristled brush or two should be on every dressing table—and not for ornament, but for daily use. Brush your hair upward and outward, away from your scalp, never downward or against the head. Soft bristles aren't strong enough to do any (Continued on page 62)

**Want to change your coiffure? Then read these tips from Hollywood**



Up hair-do's require perfect features.



Evening ornaments add sophistication.



Up front, down back, soft and flattering.



Young, simple and invariably correct.



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By  
CAROL  
CARTER

Ann Sheridan can wear a remarkable variety of hair styles because her face is oval and her features regular, also because the health and quality of her hair are practically perfect. Careful conditioning is the principal secret.



Page-boy bobs are always attractive.

nd  
t.



IT'S A crying shame they don't pay Errol Flynn for his master talent for getting in people's hair; he'd be a very rich young man if they did.

The dictionary may define *perverse* as "the disposition to thwart or annoy," but out here the mere name of Flynn adds up to the same thing. He takes an unholy delight in upsetting routine, defying rules, smashing precedents, and pinning tin ears on constituted authority. He does exactly what a young man should not do if he wants to get along in Hollywood.

The amazing thing is the way he gets away with it. Anyone else who tried some of his tricks would be booted out of Hollywood and the picture business in double quick time with a broken neck and a couple of black eyes among his souvenirs. Yet Errol somehow manages to bowl blithely along to ever mounting success and popularity. Blast him as they may and heap curses on his head, the ladies and gentlemen of the films go right on forgiving his constant sniping at their dignity, patience and vanity. And they come back for more. They never fail to get it; his generosity in that respect is awesome!

Nor is the perverse Mr. Flynn any respecter of persons. Big fry and small fry are all the same to him. He'd just as soon (and usually rather) give his bosses triple-bill headaches by his cussed contrariness and drive producers half crazy with his unpredictable antics as annoy a prop boy. What's the difference, he figures; it's all in fun anyway.

There, I think, is the secret of how and why he gets away with it. For although his little plots may be coldly calculated or brilliantly spontaneous, they never are deliberately malicious or cruel. There is an impish, mischievous quality about them, a certain joyous abandon, which defies real or lasting anger. You want to kiss him or kill him—but you don't want him to stop playing in your back yard. It would be so deadly dull without him. Then, too, he cooks up his plots with such delightful imagination and carries them out with such devilish charm. It's an irresistible combination.

Errol honestly doesn't know what drives him to "thwart" and "annoy" people the way he does, by being late for appointments, doing a disappearing act, making a pal of a man who gets on everyone's nerves, showing up for a

formal dinner in a sack suit, telling you he's going one place and ending up in another, or leveling on the vulnerable spots of big shots and stuffed shirts. All he knows is that he'd rather bedevil the daylight out of someone than eat—and he enjoys eating.

"I guess I just want to see what will happen," he tried to explain. "It's like sticking a pin into a balloon. You know it's going to pop, but you don't know when or how. The fun comes in finding out."

It was his mother who first voiced the opinion in which Hollywood later was to concur with all its heart: "Perversity, thy name is Flynn!" She still complains bitterly about one memorable example of it.

When he was a boy, she endeavored to teach him to be unselfish about his possessions and to share his toys with other little boys who had none. Dutifully, Errol parted with them. One day she came home to find her gold dressing table set missing from its usual place.

"Errol, have you seen my toilet articles?" she asked.

"Yes, mother," he answered promptly. "You said we ought to share what we have with others, so I gave them to the other ladies on the street who didn't have any."

LILI DAMITA, his peppercorn wife, is his favorite target for perverse stunts, probably because she flies into such spectacular and hence satisfactory rages when he perpetrates them. Why she didn't scalp him one night in New York will ever remain a mystery; he certainly invited it.

On a certain Thursday afternoon he casually mentioned that two of his very old and very dear girl friends were arriving from Ireland on Saturday. All day Friday he continued the build-up, speaking of their beauty, their charm and sweetness, and of his eagerness to see them again. By deft hints he intimated they had been childhood sweethearts, that a bit of his heart still belonged to them. The tempestuous Lili was goaded beyond endurance.

"Rivals, are they?" she stormed. "You bring them around to meet me and we shall see! I'll show them!"

"I'll do just that," Errol promised. "They'll want to get a good look at you, too. They never could understand how I came to marry a French girl."

An hour was set for late Saturday. Three hours before the appointment Lili began her toilet, taking infinite pains with her make-up and coiffure. She tried on gown after gown, viewing them critically and then discarding them as inadequate for the important occasion. Finally she decided upon a ravishing Schiaparelli which she had been saving for a great event. Groomed within an inch of her life she swept imperiously down to meet her overseas rivals. With a low bow, Errol presented them.

"My dear, may I present Miss O'Reilly and Miss O'Shaughnessy?" he asked.

Lili froze in her tracks. The ex-sweethearts from Erin

The Flynn's look peaceful here, but the pots and pans fly when Errol plays a prank on Lili



# THE PERVERSE MR.

BY KAY PROCTOR



turned out to be two colored entertainers Errol had hired for the gag from a Harlem night club!

Discovering that Miriam Hopkins' pet aversion was meeting strangers was all Errol needed to stage a Roman holiday when the "Virginia City" company was on location recently in Flagstaff, Arizona. With fiendish delight he rounded up all available bores and personally conducted them to Miriam.

"Miss Hopkins," he would say, "I want you to meet a little girl who got through high school in three years" or "I want you to meet Mr. Smith, who climbed the highest mountain in Arizona in six days" or "I want you to meet Mrs. Billingsgate who won the state quilting championship in 1912."

Then after making the introductions, he would calmly stroll away on some phony pretext, leaving poor Miriam boiling mad and hopelessly stranded with a tongue-tied stranger. She would have to converse politely with the person or lose a loyal fan.

It was on that same location trip he drove the twenty-five miles from Flagstaff to the Grand Canyon where he charged his \$2.00 dinner to the studio. He had plenty of money in his pocket to pay the check; he charged it only to give the boys in the bookkeeping department something to worry about.

Two years ago sheer perversity sent him to Spain, where he almost got his head blown off, and had the Spanish officials and Warner Brothers in an uproar. He didn't really want to see Spain until well-meaning friends insisted it was no place for him. He didn't particularly want to go out on the street that night, when fragments from an exploding bomb knocked him unconscious, until a rule was posted specifically forbidding foreigners to be out after 8 p.m. But when they said he shouldn't and couldn't—he would and did. It was as simple a matter as that.

Recently Errol was on the receiving end of a critical blast about his carelessness in applying make-up. He answered it in typical Flynn fashion. After renting a costume he spent three hours letting one of the Westmores apply a special make-up. Then masquerading as a haughty old dowager of sixty, he successfully crashed the lingerie department of the fashionable Bullock's-Wilshire store! The barbed point of the escapade was not lost upon the self-appointed critics, you can bet.

It is a happy day for Flynn when he (Continued on page 75)

Competing with Damita in Flynn's affections is his dog, Arno, who snootily ignores everyone but his master.

# FLYNN!

"Always-Be-Different Errol" they call him—and may he never disappoint them





The embattled Joads—symbol of the Dust Bowl's fury and a monument to the unconquerable spirit of America's forgotten people.



Tom (Henry Fonda) is the eldest son of the homeless and dust-driven Joads.



Ma (Jane Darwell) is the rock upon which the Joads lean for hope and peace.

Valleywood's  
daring  
experiment!





Jim Casey, played by John Carradine, is the amazing self-ordained preacher.



Grandpa (Charley Grapevin), foul-tongued and obscene, but loved by all.



Rosasharn (Dorris Bowdon), daughter and innocent sacrifice to the elements.



Pa Joad (Russell Simpson) is the father of the victimized family of Okies.

## "The Grapes of Wrath" emerges as a startling challenge to Hollywood's courage

BY RICHARD CHACE

NO ONE can estimate, yet, just what impact it will have on that incalculably large audience that has been waiting for it since late last summer. Contrary to all those disturbing rumors that persisted right up to the last day of shooting, "The Grapes of Wrath" is now ready for release. I say that no one can yet gauge its force, for the end is a dark, well-kept secret. All along the line, this secret has been zealously guarded by Twentieth Century-Fox, and even the cast were not given the final pages of the script until the day of the shooting.

Incidentally, Darryl F. Zanuck bought the book for \$73,000 a few days before its publication. This was something of a tribute to his astuteness, for who could have foreseen, then, that this story of a migrant family was to become the best seller it did—and was to remain so for nearly a year? The only connection author John Steinbeck had with the picture, besides giving it his unconditional blessing, was to okay the final script. However, Nunnally Johnson, who adapted the story to the screen, kept close to the tragic spirit of the book. Practically every word of the dialogue was taken bodily from the original and you will be hearing Steinbeck's own biting words throughout.

The book, a terrific indictment of shocking conditions that cry out for solution, was invaluable in raising the problem of an inarticulate people and in turning popular sympathy their way. It remains now for the picture to crystallize that sympathy into action, for the appeal of the screen is bound to be more impassioned than that of the printed page. To see the Joads, leaving their dust-ridden home in Oklahoma, slowly but hopefully crossing desert and mountain range to the promised land of California, and then to see them face new and heartbreaking disillusionment, will create a mood no audience can ever forget.

Knowing all this, the studio went to great lengths to make the picture vivid without overdoing it. First, it acquired the services of Tom Collins, Superintendent of the U. S. Farm Security Administration and head of all the federal camps for migrant workers in California. He is the "Tom" to whom the book is dedicated and, as technical adviser, saw to it that no jarring note was allowed to destroy the reality of the back-

ground. The research department hopped into action as soon as the book was purchased, collecting all available material even remotely pertaining to the Dust Bowl and the migrant problem. Every reference in the dialogue, every situation touched upon in the picture, appears somewhere in the record. Although the action may seem violent at times, even occasionally overdrawn, actually the reverse is the case. The truth had to be modified, toned down, to make the story credible to a public unaware of the true situation.

In their search for authenticity, Twentieth Century-Fox sent a corps of cameramen out to certain parts of Oklahoma and Kansas for background shots. They spent three weeks on the trip, filming the Dust Bowl and shooting scenes along Highway 66, the route of the migrants. Everywhere, the book was so vigorously denounced that to avoid interference and adverse comment, the men were obliged to paint out the studio's name on the sound trucks. Whenever people asked questions the cameramen said they were making a picture called "Highway 66."

ON THEIR return trip, they picked up an actual migrant family who were just setting out from Sallisaw, Oklahoma, for Stockton, California, and put them on the company payroll, thus getting some first-hand shots of the whole thing from beginning to end. The old jalopy these people had piled themselves into broke down three times en route, but they managed somehow to get to California. The cameramen reported back to the studio with 25,000 feet of film.

All this before the actual casting began. At first it was rumored Spencer Tracy would play Tom Joad, but Henry Fonda was obviously the man from the start. He had read the story long before he was considered for a role and the plight of the Joads made a lasting impression on him. He interested himself in various organizations on behalf of the "Okies" and ended by taking on a migrant family of four as caretakers of his San Diego ranch. When he was finally assigned to the role of Tom, he felt he had before him the greatest opportunity of his career and eagerly threw his heart and soul into the part.

Beulah Bondi was among those considered for the difficult role of Ma Joad, the courageous woman around whom so much of the action is played. But she, though a splendid performer, was felt to lack the physical build. So Jane Darwell, simple, warm, maternal, with an earthy quality all her own, was selected. Miss Darwell steeped herself in the part to such an extent that anyone seeing her on the lot in costume would believe her to be the work-weary mother of a typical (Continued on page 71)



# A FIELD WHO



Betty Field, who's twenty-two, has had eight years of the acting game.

BETTY'S THE attractive girl next door who was stagestruck as far back as she can remember. You know—the one who did something about it. She also had a mama who showed her where the stage door was and then let her do her own knocking. When Betty first crossed its threshold, her knees were wobbly and her voice wouldn't come past the lump in her throat. She's been that way ever since, and she hopes the fright angle is permanent. It's so good for her.

At an age when some girls are still in the college which Betty never attended, the promising young actress has a long-term film contract. But even the coveted paper doesn't make Betty feel secure. She went to Hollywood several months ago on a one-picture arrangement to appear in "What a Life" with Jackie Cooper. When Paramount needed another link in its Golden Circle of new faces, they sent Betty to the studio photographer.

And that's about all the attention the young actress received. Hollywood let her alone. She

wasn't invited to dress up for openings, and parties got along beautifully without her. Even the studio press department didn't bother about interviews. To them she was just a pretty prop for young Cooper. That is, until "What a Life" was completed and viewed. Then the moguls opened their eyes and got out their pens. Betty signed her signature.

Before the social side of the cinema citadel had a chance to catch up with her, Betty was loaned out to United Artists for "Of Mice and Men." After that, she returned to the home lot and was cast again with Jackie Cooper in "Seventeen."

The third picture clinched things for Miss Field. Only she wouldn't believe it. She put the contract in a safety deposit box and took a train for New York. She wasn't in town a week when she got the lead in Elmer Rice's new play. She was in a dizzy whirl, getting ready for rehearsals and discussing new movie parts with her picture bosses.

But Betty took time out to buy a lot of new clothes that she hadn't been able to afford before. She even splurged on a fur coat.

To Betty, shopping was a new adventure because, for the first time, she could really select dresses that were becoming, instead of those on which the price tags were right. She remembers a few years ago, trudging all over Fourteenth Street, New York's famous bargain row, hunting vainly for a dinner gown she needed in a stock company play. She had thirteen dollars to spend on the creation, and the garments at that price seemed to have been made for girls who weren't like Betty at all. In a paper, she read an advertisement about a small shop that specialized in evening dresses. It was owned by a fashionable designer who demands top prices for her artistic efforts, but Betty didn't know that at the time. She walked into the place and asked to see evening clothes. Clutching her thirteen dollars, she hoped there'd be something heavenly in white.

The designer brought out sketches.

"Oh, I want something ready-made," stuttered Miss Field with embarrassment. The designer explained that *her* things were made especially to suit the personality of the wearer.

"For how much?" Betty wanted to know.

"From \$200," was the fateful answer.

"I guess I'm in the wrong place," Betty blurted out and fled.

Betty Field is a real-life character out of "Stage Door." She hasn't the breath-taking beauty that wows audiences nor the sort of glamour that sometimes takes a girl into high

For a while it looked as though Betty's career was to be a series of dressing-room sitdowns, but she mustered her forces and defeated the jinx



# RED

without having to worry. She also has brains and, so far, she's used them well. She's twenty-two years old and looks younger, so young that she was ideal to team with sixteen-year-old Jackie Cooper.

A product of Boston, Betty left that city at an early age. Her family moved around quite a bit. She was even a pupil in Puerto Rico for a brief time. But it was when her mother moved to Morristown, New Jersey, that Betty had her chance.

On her father's side, Betty is of old American stock. Cyrus Field, who laid the first Atlantic cable, belongs on that particular tree. But Betty's mother, once named Katherine Kearney, is Irish, and from her Betty inherited an appreciation of the theatre and a thirst for adventure.

While Betty was a New Jersey high school student, her mother and she were devotees of Saturday matinées at the Rowland G. Edwards' stock company productions in Newark. Betty wasn't satisfied to be in the audience. She wanted to be on the stage. She wrote letters and letters to the company secretary, begging for a chance, until persistence had its reward. Betty was only fourteen, but she was to be an actress, at last. That's when the halls of learning lost one of their number.

Betty's first speaking role was in a revival of "The Shanghai Gesture," with Florence Reed as the guest star. Her whole part consisted of running onto the stage, hearing Miss Reed say to her, "Well, my dear, and how are you today?" and then smiling and replying, "I'm wonderful, thank you." (Continued on page 96)

BY JULIA  
SHAWELL

In "Seventeen" Betty Field is a cute little city number who pays a visit to Jackie Cooper's hometown. When he falls head-over-heels for the fickle lady, she spurns his ardent courting and fills Mr. Cooper's young life with woe.



Jules Buck, our lord of  
the lens, photographs  
your favorites at play



No, sideburns are *not* a new Hollywood fad. Richard Greenesports them in "Little Old New York," but they make Ginny Field giggle.



The man with the collar-ad features is Alan Curtis. His divorce is in the offing so maybe Sonja Henie will talk wedding bells.



This beaming member of the silver fox contingent is Lynn Bari. But why Husband Walter Kane looks the other way beats us.



Ray Milland and his Missus step out on maid's night off. Ray, whose career has been varied, is an expert marksman, horseman and aviator.



Lew Ayres sits in a dream and, judging from her shoulder piece, Greer Garson sits in a draft as they dine at the Florentine Room.



The wags are calling Ken Murray a cradle-snatcher since he began dating Nancy Kelly. We caught them sharing a bottle at Hugo's.



Doug, Jr., sticks close to his wife and to the nifty sparklers on her chest. Considering Mr. Fairbanks' left hook, Mrs. F. need not fear jewel collectors.



Judy Garland and Jackie Cooper show plenty of teeth while whirling. They're a cute couple—but where's that guy Rooney?



Adolphe Menjou exhibits what the well-dressed man will escort. Observe the diamond stuck at the part of Hedy Lamarr's hair.



Alice Faye congratulates Rudy Vallee on his new directorship with Republic Pictures. Rudy's also been putting on a swell show at the Victor Hugo.





Marjorie Weaver, John Garfield and Sidney Fox dine together at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Marjorie's black velvet dinner dress has little puffed sleeves of ermine.



Robert Shaw, a newcomer who has not yet hit the gong, goes dancing with that successful Texan, Linda Darnell.



Vic Orsatti, the little man who's everywhere, adds Brenda Joyce to his impressive list of feminine companions.



When the Arrowhead Springs Hotel opened, Gail Patrick, of the lovely shoulders, and her hubby, Bob Cobb of the Brown Derby, enjoyed being present.



When Marie Wilson returned to Hollywood after a successful personal appearance tour, Director Nick Grinde's eyes shone again.



Charles Laughton, looking very fetching, enjoys a laugh at a Guild broadcast. Jean Hersholt doesn't catch on.



The surprise romance of George Raft and Norma Shearer is still very much of an item. They say George has even gone in for conservative clothes of late.



Producer J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce do some table traveling at La Conga. They have had a second anniversary.



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are in the Hollywood social scene again now that Dick's p.a. tour is finished.



Bing Crosby, Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope and Ruby Keeler—excellent golfers all—settled the matter of skill in a recent doubles match. Ruby and Bob won.



Frances Langford and Jon Hall have parked their bright red Packard at the curb and are seen entering Victor Hugo's.



Merle and Alexander Korda had fun at the Brown Derby before the bespectacled producer left for England.



## POWELL'S PARADE

Although it wasn't on the program, William Powell led a gala parade down Hollywood Boulevard the other night. The star tried to drive his car across the "main stem" just before an American Legion parade started, but was stopped by the crowd of people waiting for the event. Powell honked until an officer came over, then explained that he had to get through somehow. The officer managed to clear a spot for him, but before Powell could get across the street the procession of Legionnaires was upon him. Unruffled, the debonair Powell turned right, led the parade the length of the boulevard, waving and nodding as he went, and proceeded merrily on his way when he reached the end of the parade's route.

## POPULAR ROZ

Rosalind Russell would cinch any popularity contest among studio workers. No matter in what picture or studio she works, Roz has everyone raving about what "a grand girl that Russell is." Rosalind's explanation of it is very simple. "Certainly I'm nice to people I meet, and those with whom I work. Why shouldn't I be? After all, it's the way my mother and father raised me. They told all of us that whatever we did reflected on them."

## STORK DEPT.

Billy Burke becomes a grandmaw in the spring, when Patricia Ziegfeld Stephenson becomes a mama . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald Lindsay-Hogg will welcome a bambino in May . . . Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lake deny those rumors of a blessed event, but Arthur will be a proud new father in the next "Blondie" picture. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris claim that the new son is so wonderful they're all ready for a dozen more . . . Wally Beery's adopted another beautiful baby, nine-months-old Phyllis Ann . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby are sooooo happy over the prospects of what they hope will be baby sister for their four sons.

## MIKE FRIGHT

For perfect poise in front of the camera, you can't beat Joan Crawford. But in front of a mike she's different. The director of the "Gulf Screen Guild Theatre" became so jittery himself after watching the star at her first guest appearance on the program that

he decided something should be done to relieve the strain for both of them the next time. When Miss Crawford showed up for the rehearsal, there was a chair in front of the mike so she could hold onto it. It was nailed to the floor!

## WHAT, NO ASH-TRAY?

On the way home from the dealer's in their new streamlined car, Carole Lombard lit a cigarette and absent-mindedly flicked the ashes on the car floor. "On account of this being a brand new car, darling," Clark finally said, "would you mind using the ash-tray?" "Why, sure," said his amiable spouse. "But where IS the ash-tray?" Together they punched, pulled and poked at every gadget on the magnificent chromium dashboard. "Now, may I make a suggestion?" asked Mrs. Gable. "How about the book of instructions?" So Gable drew the car up to the curb and sheepishly perused the explanatory pamphlet until he found mention of an ash-tray and its approximate location in the car's gleaming interior.

## SHIRLEY'S DEBUT

When Mrs. Temple picked up Shirley the other day after school, her daughter came running out to the car wildly excited. "What do you think?" she said breathlessly. "The most wonderful thing has happened!" Her mother tried to calm Shirley, but the child didn't wait to catch a breath before telling the great news. Her schoolmates were going to put on a play, and she, Shirley, had been given a role! "There are seventeen lines, but I think I'll be all right, don't you?" she asked anxiously. Shirley, you know, has been enrolled at the Westlake School for Girls, because her mother thinks she should have at least a few of the experiences of other children her age.

## TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS TOO MANY

Though Bette Davis hasn't started work on any picture since returning to Hollywood, don't think for a minute she's just lazing around. The star's hard at work every day trying to lose those twenty-five pounds gained on her eastern vacation. Says the extra weight made her feel fine, but nearly caused six executives to swoon the first day she appeared on the lot. "Evidently," sighs Bette, "I'm the type that's at my best when exhausted."

## ICE SKATING

Ice skating is the most popular sport among the movie colony today. The tropical Gardens Ice Rink, a palm-fringed outdoor rink in Westwood Hills, is the favorite spot for their tumbles. Wayne Morris appears there every morning, with Bubbles cheering from the sidelines. Ann Sheridan with Cesar Romero and Nancy Kelly with Edmond O'Brien are regular Wednesday and Friday evening patrons. But the stellar attraction of the rink is Melinda Markey, the four-year-old daughter of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey. It's Mr. Markey who escorts this charmer to the rinks, because, as Melinda explains, "Mother can't stand up as good as me."



BILL POWELL



IRENE DUNNE



WAYNE MORRIS

## GARBO LOVES!

Latest lowdown on Garbo romances: The Swedish star pooh-poohs romantic rumors linking her with Dr. Gaylord Hauser or George Brent. Her true love is a new star, that scene-stealer from "Pinocchio." His name—Jimmy Cricket. His headquarters—Walt Disney Studios, Hollywood, California.



BY LOIS  
SVENSRUD

It keeps our Hollywood editor busy "snooping" for you, but here she is with the latest on the film folk



#### ALONG SUNSET STRIP

A carload of tourists parked in front of the Cock 'n' Bull for hours waiting to catch a glimpse of Garbo "because they heard she ate there" . . . George Raft a frequent visitor to his tailor's shop, since dating Norma Shearer means more and better looking clothes . . . Lana Turner not heeding a stop

light, then halting traffic in the middle of the intersection, and smiling her way out of the mixup. . . . Robert Taylor breezing along in the sunshine with the top of his roadster down, and smiling as if he's very happy. Incidentally, Bob certainly enjoyed the vacation he was given after "Remember?" . . . Mary Carlisle tripping into the Raikes studio for her daily vocal lesson.

#### ROYAL RECEPTION

No warmer reception was ever accorded visiting royalty than that given Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson on their return to Hollywood. They're houseguests of the Tyrone Powers until their own home is ready for occupancy. Most delighted person in Hollywood, though, is Mrs. Adelaide Reaume, Tyrone's grandmother. She, too, is a guest at the Powers' home on her first trip to Hollywood. Mrs. Reaume makes no bones about the fact that Charles Boyer is her favorite actor—"outside the immediate family, of course."

#### CLOUD OVER OLIVIER

There's a dark cloud over the happiness of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, in spite of the fact that wedding bells are due to ring any moment and that both have had as many honors heaped on them of late as it is possible to get in Hollywood. At any moment, Olivier may be called back to England for active service. The actor refused to explain the English regimental tie he was wearing the other night when he and Vivien were found dining at the Victor Hugo.



## ALL'S WELL

Hedy Lamarr's back at Metro without that raise in pay, so everything's quiet on the Metro front. There were rumors that Spencer Tracy would raise strenuous objections when he learned that the ill-fated "I Take This Woman" would again go before the cameras for intensive retakes. But on hearing that he was to report for work on the picture, Tracy's only answer was a weary: "Okay. But why not 'I Retake This Woman'?"

## LEW'S DATE-BOOK

Lew Ayres' date-book is enough to make any young man green with envy. Patricia Morrison is a frequent companion of Lew's at the night-spots, Ginger Rogers is occasionally spotted with him at a restaurant, and red-headed Greer Garson has looked veddy,



JACK BENNY

veddy interested in what Mr. Ayres has been telling her as they dined tête-à-tête at the Brown Derby every night the past week. Helen Gilbert's name, however, doesn't grace the Ayres' date-book any more. When Helen separated from her husband, Mischa Bakaleinikoff, Lew took first place in her life. When Helen definitely decided on a divorce and began looking around for an attorney, someone suggested a lawyer by the name of Milton Golden. Helen met Mr. Golden, promptly gave him the case—and her heart along with it.

## THE NEW DIETRICH

When Marlene Dietrich visited the Paramount lot the other day, she arrived just at noon. Before proceeding to her appointment in the executives' building, the star asked her chauffeur to drop her at the commissary. The new commissary has been built since Dietrich's Paramount days, so the star wandered in the wrong entrance and found herself in the lunch-room section—a line of counters devoted to speed rather than splurge. Dietrich looked lost for a moment but then climbed onto a stool, looked at what the overalled workman next to her was eating and called to the waitress behind the counter, "One of the same, please."

## WHEW!

Do you know any woman who would turn down the chance to make ninety thousand honest dollars in her spare time? Garbo's a woman who can do it without flinching. In the past few weeks, she refused to make a \$25,000 radio appearance, refused \$15,000 for a week's personal appearance in a New York theatre, and \$50,000 was turned down by the lady for her signature on a ghost-written story. And did someone say all women are sisters under the skin?

## CONGRATULATIONS, GALE

Gale Page is one of the busiest girls in town, between NBC broadcasts, picture work and the new class in which she's enrolled at U.C.L.A. It's a course in Greek literature, of all things. "I'm proud of the strides I've made in my career," Gale admits, "but nothing has given me such confidence to date as the fact that I've attended eighteen lectures on Greek lit and haven't fallen asleep once."

## WHICH BOY FRIEND, DOTTIE?

On the set of "Road to Singapore" Dorothy Lamour's been all hands and needles between every scene. Dottie's just taken up knitting and admits that the object on which she's lavishing all her spare time is a man's sweater. She's even having lunch served on the set so no time will be lost on her knitting and unraveling. But to date no one has been able to find out for whom the sweater is intended. "Just a boy friend," says Dorothy. Since the Lamour boy friends are legion, that clue was considered hopeless.



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

## NOW, DEANNA!

Ever heard of a \$2000 piece of candy? Well, Universal studio has. The other day on the set, the director noticed that Deanna's jaw was moving—rhythmically, but still moving—in a romantic close-up. "You're supposed to look dreamy, Deanna," he said, "so how about parking the gum?" "It isn't gum," was the star's answer. "It's a caramel and I intend to finish it." And so she did—while some forty co-workers stood by and production costs soared merrily up.

## ROMANCES AND REBOUNDS

Cesar Romero had a squabble with Ann Sheridan because his studio told him he was supposed to take Loretta Young to a preview and party. He's forgetting his broken heart by taking Loretta, Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers on dancing dates . . . Lee Bowman has fallen head over heels for Irina Baronova, the new MGM dancing star . . . Corbina Wright, Jr. is getting a rush from Bruce Cabot these days . . . Mickey Rooney swears he never was as seriously in love as he is with the pretty little Abbott dancer, Dolly Thon . . . Eddie Albert, who used to thrill Jane Bryan, is now concentrating on Rosemary Lane . . . Randolph Scott is now seriously interested in Eleanor Powell, and 'tis rumored that Eleanor is equally interested. . . . Vic Orsatti is escorting Ruth Hussey to the night clubs, and seems to be forgetting Marjorie Weaver . . . Edna Best is really heading for that Reno divorce from Herbert Marshall, but soon, and her plans immediately following the divorce include marriage to agent Nat Woolf . . . Virginia Field and Richard Greene are still pondering over blue prints of the house into which they'll move immediately following those planned wedding bells.

## JACKIE'S JAM SESSIONS

There are plenty of moans in the younger set since Jackie Cooper discontinued his "jam" sessions. Jackie's mother has taken him to Palm Springs for a vacation, so the famous orchestra which supplied music for many of the "hops" attended by the youngsters, has been broken up. Bonita Granville, Freddie Bartholomew, the Mauch Twins, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney and Helen Parrish drew up a petition and sent it to Mrs. Cooper, begging her to let Jackie come back as soon as possible. The gang doesn't care for the substitute music of Rudy Vallee, Phil Harris and other orchestras.

## AT FARMER'S MARKET

Harold Lloyd, alone on a household shopping tour, downing a big dish of chocolate ice cream at Gills Ice Cream stand . . . Lucille Gleason telling her friends she's out to restock the family vegetable supply, then buying so many flowers that she can't carry



GENE AUTRY



even one carrot . . . Mrs. Sam Goldwyn buying artichokes, because Mr. Sam is very partial to them . . . Mr. and Mrs. Noah Beery having early morning coffee and doughnuts at Mannings . . . Gail Patrick and her secretary wandering around at lunch time with a sandwich in one hand and candied apples in the other . . . June Collyer Erwin and young Master Stuart Erwin buying Papa Stu an ice cream cone.

### ANDY SHOWS 'EM

While "Buck Benny Rides Again" was being filmed Andy Devine took so much ribbing from the Murriel Abbott dancers that one day he said, "Okay, girls. I may be hefty but I'm light as a feather on my feet." To prove it, he went into the front line of their next rehearsal. The truth is that Andy did very well—for the five minutes he lasted. After that, he dropped into a chair and called for a chocolate malted milk and a three-decker sandwich to revive him.

### HE'S AT IT AGAIN

If Rochester begins reiterating his oft-expressed intention of terminating his connection with Jack Benny, don't be surprised. Life as Benny's stooge has reached an unpleasant impasse for Rochester. It was bad enough playing nursemaid to an imaginary polar bear and submitting to the grunts and growls of Mel Blanc, the cartoon voice who impersonates Carmichael on the air. But



DOROTHY LAMOUR

now Rochester has learned that he must cavort before the camera with a real fur-bearing beast in Benny's new picture. When Rochester discovered that the bear had arrived at the studio, he turned as white as his new playmate's fur. And unless the new Carmichael has his fingernails manicured every morning—under Rochester's supervision—Mr. Benny is apt to have an abdicating butler.

### IT'S INFORMAL AT THE GABLES

Carole Lombard admitted the other day that her attempt to keep life on a strictly informal basis at the Gable-Lombard ranch has been carried a bit too far. Nowadays when she

calls home and asks to speak to Mr. G., the maid cups her hand over the mouthpiece and yodels to the butler, "Hey, tell Paw that Maw's on the phone!"

### THE AUTRYS

Gene Autry is in love with one of the prettiest women in Hollywood—and her name is Mrs. Gene Autry. You don't read about them being "Hollywood's Happiest" for the main and simple reason that no one considers them a part of Hollywood, in spite of Gene corralling the biggest amount of fan mail in town. The Autrys long ago decided that Hollywood parties weren't half as much fun as a barbecue at their ranch, with the guest list comprised of cowboys and their girls and wives.



GARY COOPER

### NO TRESPASSING

Priscilla Lane has been eyeing the fine tennis court adjoining the producers' building at Warners for a long time. She never saw anyone make use of it, but didn't quite have the nerve to ask if she could get in a daily game or two on producers' property. Finally one day she gathered her courage in hand and marched into the building. "Could you tell me," she asked the girl at the switchboard, "if you ever knew anyone to use that tennis court at the side of the building?" "Sure, I knew a guy who used it," said the girl, "but he was fired next day." Priscilla changed her mind!

### SHORT SHOTS

Sandra and Ronnie, pride and joy of the Gracie Allen-George Burns household, are now sporting new coiffures designed by themselves. They were left alone one morning in their play-room, and found Mama Gracie's manicure scissors . . . The beard Orson Welles is shaving for his new picture hasn't been touched since December, 1938, and he says he really grew the thing for the publicity . . . In "Young Tom Edison," Mickey Rooney does the Morse code himself because it's so easy for the fans to tell from his finger movements whether he's really tapping or not . . . Richard Barthelmess' seventeen-year-old daughter, Mary Hay, has her eyes on a screen career . . . Ted Healy's



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

widow, Betty, is opening a dude ranch at Victorville . . . Nigel Bruce has lost twenty-three pounds, and now the studio is worrying over whether Sherlock Holmes will be able to find his Watson in the usual shadows of the mystery pictures . . . Paulette Goddard had a terrific siege of stage fright the morning she matched with Bing Crosby in a golf tournament against Ruby Keeler and Bob Hope. The 3000 fans couldn't get interested in anybody but Paulette . . . Jane Bryan learned that Austrian accent for "We Are Not Alone" in one day . . . Marlene Dietrich is tired of being driven around by her chauffeur, and is taking driving lessons . . . Sonja Henie positively refuses to go brunette for any film roles . . . Brian Donlevy has a clause in his new contract that says he doesn't have to die "yellow" in future roles. "Yes, I'll die, but honorably," says Donlevy . . . Shirley Temple's making her studio do some serious thinking. She's growing up so fast that a new type of story is needed. She's not a has-been at ten years old, and the studio is going to make sure she doesn't become one . . . Virginia Weidler is writing a new song which her brother is putting to music. Title—"I Hold My Breath and Get Blue in the Face" . . . Anita Louise says, "Hands off my harp," and insists on personally packing and unpacking the six-foot instrument even when on personal appearance tours.

### DIDJA KNOW

That Lon Chaney, Jr., who plays Lennie in "Of Mice and Men," owns a poultry and rabbit market . . . That Ann Sheridan takes a bicycle ride every day to exercise that famous "oomph" . . . That Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Kennedy are plotting a road tour of "Romeo and Juliet" and are going to play it as straight as the fans will allow . . . That Eddie Norris spends every available minute in his private plane . . . That Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, whose middle name is Everett, is writing a book on life in Hollywood . . . That Binnie Barnes' real name is plain Gittell Enoyce . . . And that Tyrone Power once worked as a drug store clerk . . . That Don Ameche can concoct the fanciest dish of spaghetti in all Hollywood . . . That Marlene Dietrich went to her first American football game when U.S.C. played U.C.L.A. She (Continued on page 101)



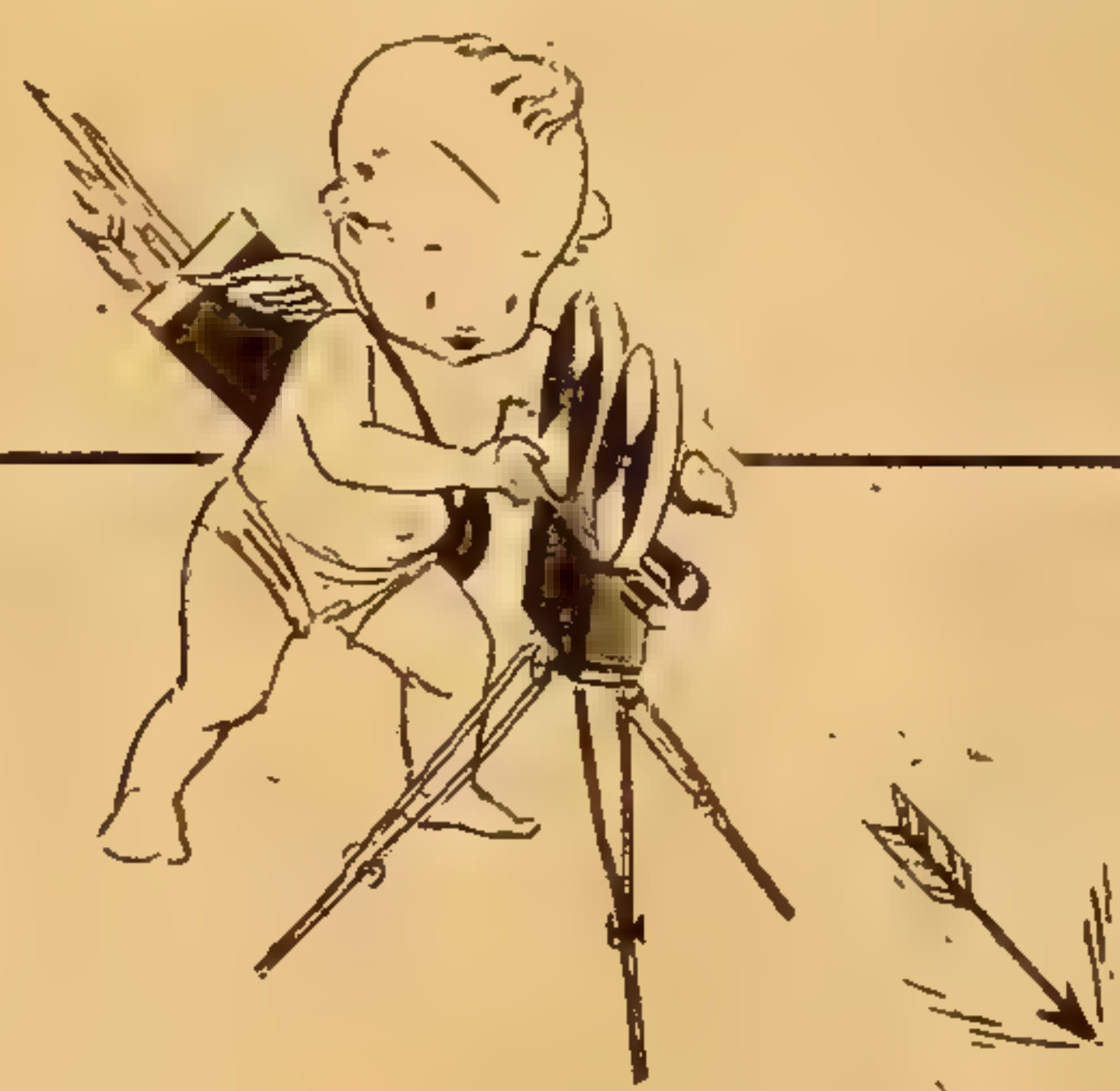
# CUPID STRIKES

THOUSANDS of men watched their dreams shatter with the marriage of Hedy Lamarr—but that amount is insignificant compared with the number who could cheerfully slit the throat of youthful Vaughn Paul. Vaughn, of course, is the twenty-three-year-old who has won wide but unwelcome fame by becoming Deanna Durbin's fiancé. By profession he is an assistant director on the Universal lot; by accident, the object of more publicity than a man with three thumbs.

Vaughn first met Deanna when the studio assigned him to one of her pictures. He was fresh out of the University of Southern California at the time and determined to be a success—yet it may be truthfully said that going with a movie star is not his way of “getting there.” Rather, it has been Deanna who's been taking the initiative in their romance. When she discovered she “had a case on that Mr. Paul,” she behaved so unlike her usual reserved self that “Mr. Paul” finally had to become aware of her as an alluring young woman. Even now she makes no bones about her feelings. On the nights Vaughn works late, she goes down to the set and waits for him as a dutiful sweetheart should. When he's finished, they tear away in his car (or hers—they have identical models) and take in a movie at some second-rate theatre. If he's too tired, they go back to the Durbin house and just sit and talk. Since they recently bought property on which to build their own home, there's no dearth of conversation.

Deanna and her beau seldom join the cafe set because Vaughn hates flash bulbs exploding in his face. But as a screen star's husband, that's just one of the inconveniences he'll have to endure. At the studio, he and Deanna are on distinctly different planes. Her success is achieved; he's still at the bottom of the ladder. Her salary is staggering; his looks like pin money beside it.

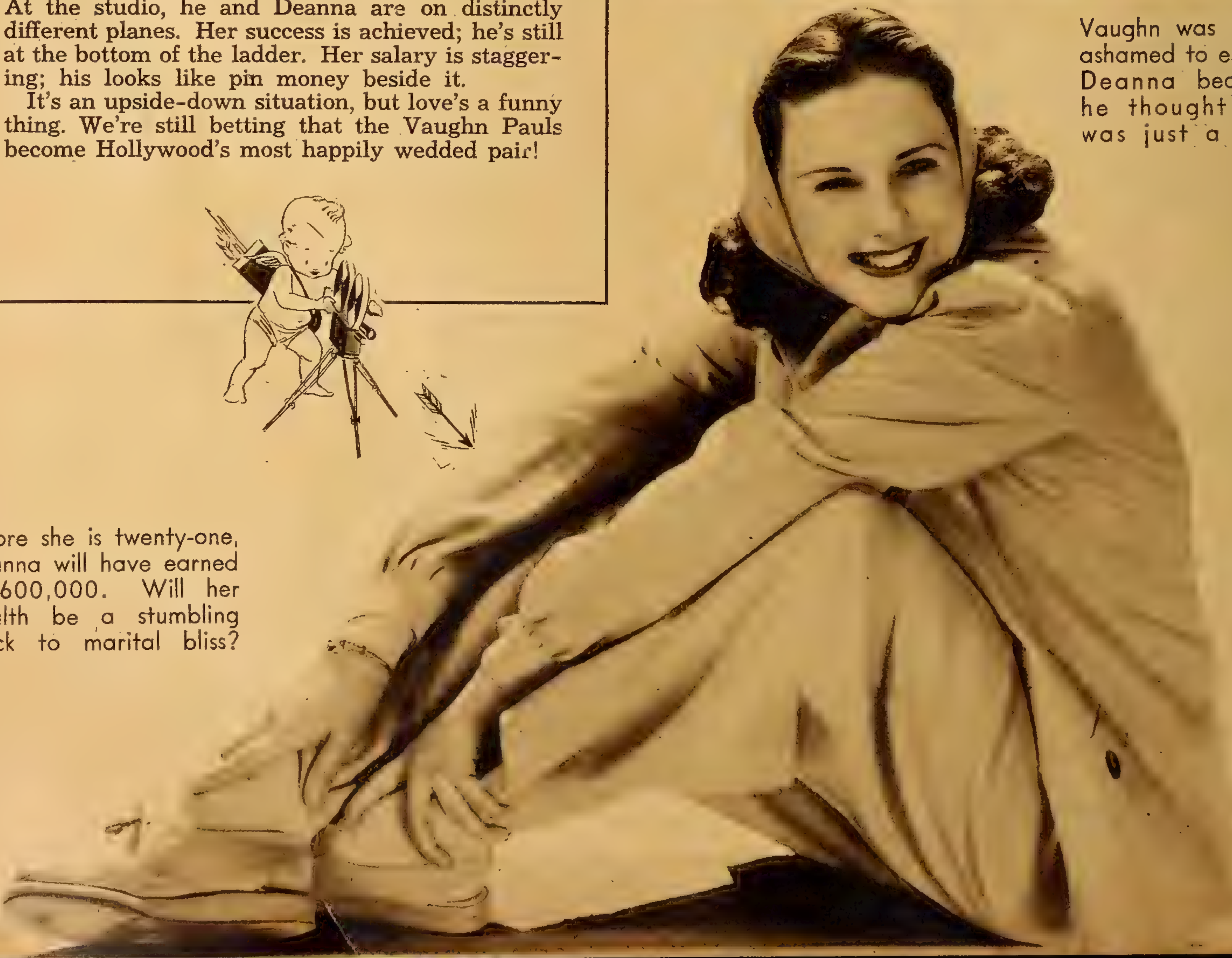
It's an upside-down situation, but love's a funny thing. We're still betting that the Vaughn Pauls become Hollywood's most happily wedded pair!



Before she is twenty-one, Deanna will have earned \$1,600,000. Will her wealth be a stumbling block to marital bliss?



Vaughn was once ashamed to escort Deanna because he thought she was just a kid.





Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.



The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.



After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

Prominent  
Sub-Deb

BOTH  
Young Moderns  
CHEER THE  
SAME Thorough  
SKIN CARE

**QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:**

Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

**ANSWER:** "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

**QUESTION:** Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

**ANSWER:** "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

**QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:**

What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

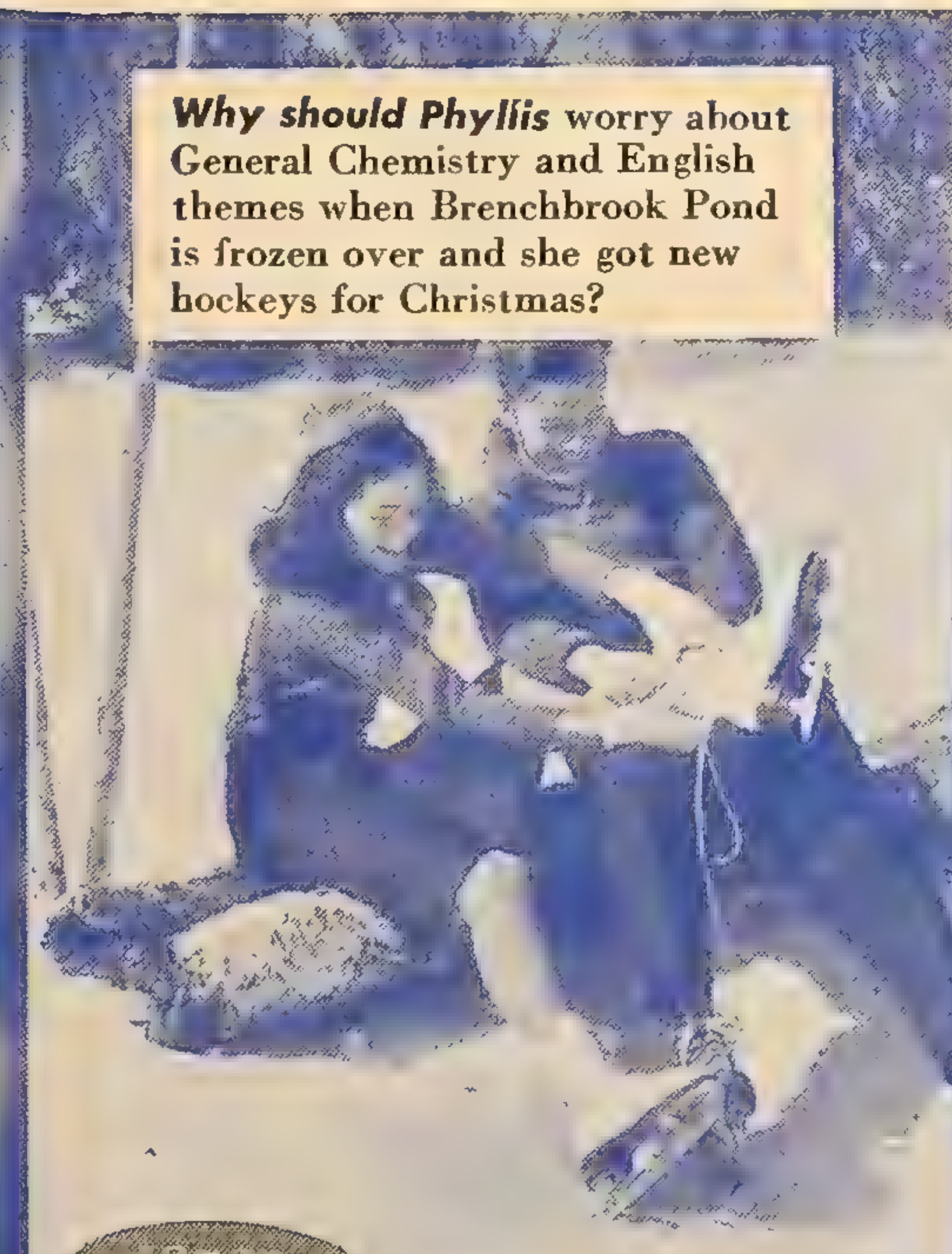
**ANSWER:** "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

**QUESTION:** Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

**ANSWER:** "I have a system! Before even touching a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

Popular  
Senior

Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Branchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?



With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.



Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



SEND FOR  
TRIAL  
BEAUTY  
KIT

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVC, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# WOEFUL AND WACKY

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

## Sad-eyed but full of tricks— that's Mayor Mischa Auer

THOSE DOLEFUL eyes of Mischa Auer, so conspicuous by their contrast to the hilarious shenanigans he's always pulling off, are no actor's triumph. He deserves no credit. Life gave them to him. They mirror his personal history. They reflect war, work and woe.

In his last picture, "Destry Rides Again," he set even the hard-bitten critics in the aisles with his buffooneries as a transplanted Cossack who had migrated without rhyme or reason to a western town where he undertook a spot of hoss-wrangling. A Russian cowboy he was, as fantastic as a séance of rug-cutting in a cathedral or Tony Galento in the role of a ballerina.

Funny? Of course. But ironic, too.

It so happens that Mischa Auer is a Russian expatriate, a scion of what he likes to call, with typical modesty, "the petty nobility." And his real name is Mischa Simonowich Ounskowski. His father, a commander of a destroyer in the Imperial Russian fleet, went down with his ship in a skirmish with one of the Mikado's men-of-war during the Russo-Japanese campaign.

He was four when his renowned grandfather, Leopold Auer, the outstanding violin virtuoso of this century and the teacher of Zimbalist, Elman and Heifetz, to name a few, took him under his wing. When a fiddle was thrust in his hands, he stared at it ruefully. He made a clean break of it. There just wasn't the immortal urge within him, he told his great kinsman. Grandpa Auer took it very hard.

What he did have was a passion for the theatre. As a little shaver he used to haunt the back stages of the theatres at St. Petersburg, entranced with it all.

The Revolution broke with all its sudden fury and it became high time to think of self-preservation. Caught in the maelstrom, he was shipped with several hundred other boys of his age and social status to a forlorn town in Siberia, presumably to learn how to become a true Communist.

It was a miserable journey, four thousand miles across the steppes in coaches that offered only wooden benches on which to sleep. Once arrived at land's end, they were dumped out and forgotten.

Here he discovered how relentless life can really be. Faced with starvation, he learned to ignore the proprieties. Together with his friends he formed a roving



An inimitable harlequin, Mad Hamlet Mischa always has his fingers in some bit of mischief.



Mischa Simonowich Ounskowski—ahem—is a scion of what he calls Russia's "petty nobility."

band equipped with knapsacks. They trudged from farmhouse to farmhouse begging, in the name of God's mercy even a hard crust. It wasn't easy. Poverty reigned over the whole countryside. When they couldn't beg food, they stole it—just enough to keep themselves alive.

After two years, they were shuttled back to St. Petersburg. Some had perished. Mischa Auer had become a starveling gnome, and the mournful look had made its first appearance.

Worse misfortune was yet to dog him. Now the dread OGPU, the political secret service arm, outlawed all those suspected of having sympathetic leanings toward the old regime. The Auers were on the list scheduled for immediate liquidation. One jump ahead of arrest and oblivion, Auer and his mother fled. It was a heart-rending trek they made, mother and son, forging their way South to the Black Sea, fighting plague and hunger, and eventually reaching Constantinople then under the protection of the Union Jack.

Here his mother was attacked by typhus and died. And here she was buried in a Greek Orthodox cemetery overlooking the harbor. A boy of fifteen, he was now left to shift for himself. In time he beat his way into Italy where he hunted out a family friend who provided him with the address of grandfather Leopold, now in the United States. Soon help was on its way. The wanderer set sail for America, a wistful shadow of a boy who had compressed an eternity into his fifteen years.

Under his grandfather's protection, he picked up the life thread. He was sent to the famous Ethical Culture School. His record here is less than average. He had no inclination for studies. His mind was alive only with dying. He could not escape the recollections of things he had seen and heard.

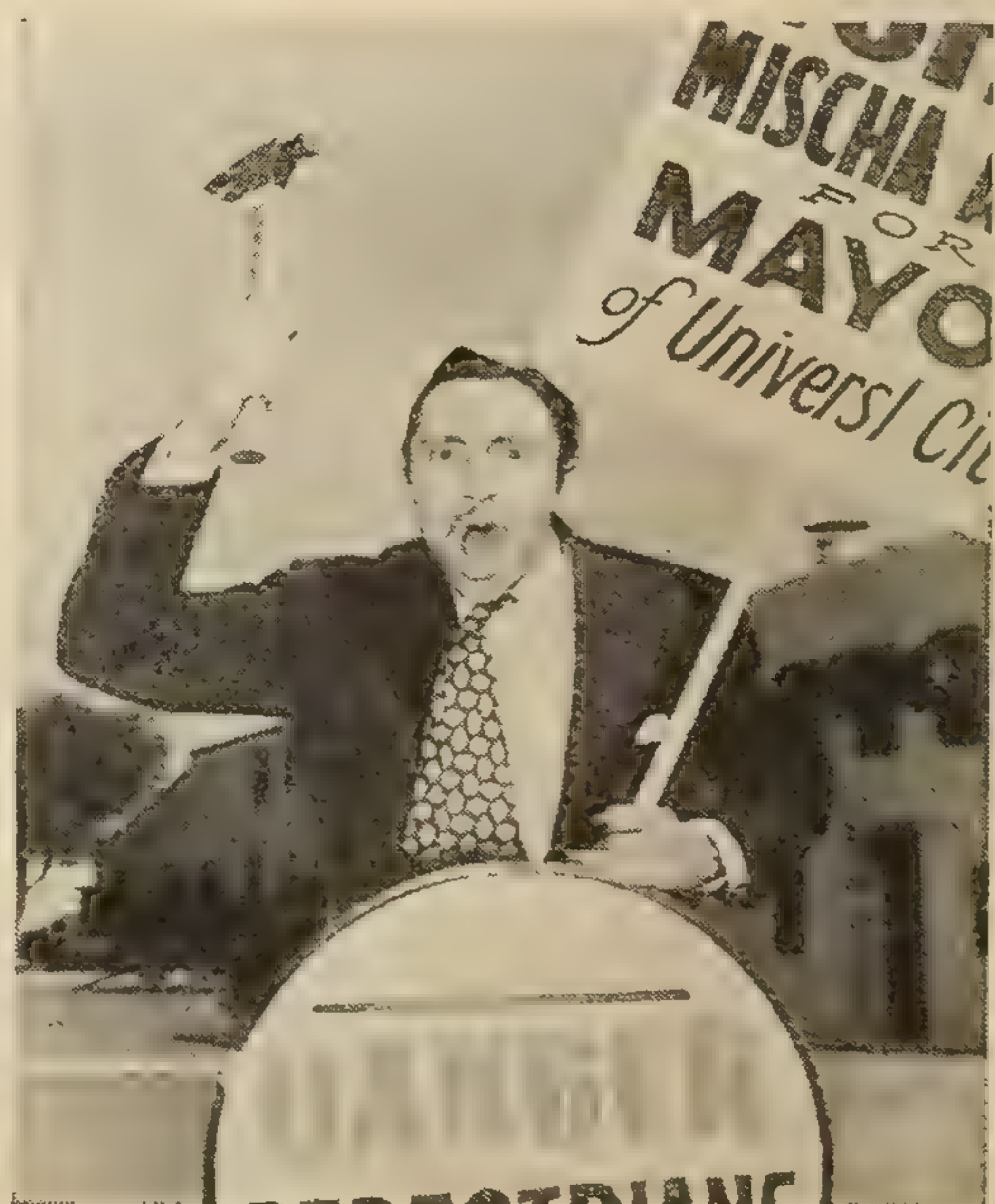
All concerned worked feverishly to salvage the shattered soul in the undernourished body. It was slow work. But by the time he was seventeen, noticeable progress was apparent. Came the day when he remembered his former passion for the theatre. He decided to see what it had to offer him here in America.

Not much, at first. But he persisted. Mere disinterest and rebuffs were nothing to him. He wouldn't be downed. Finally Dudley Digges, just for his own amusement, presented him with a small role, that of an old man, in a mob scene.

This slight (Continued on page 76)



The "photog's delight" with his wife. How feels the Missus about his clowning? She loves it!



Mr. A. campaigned for himself with hammer and tongs. He's Mayor of Universal City.





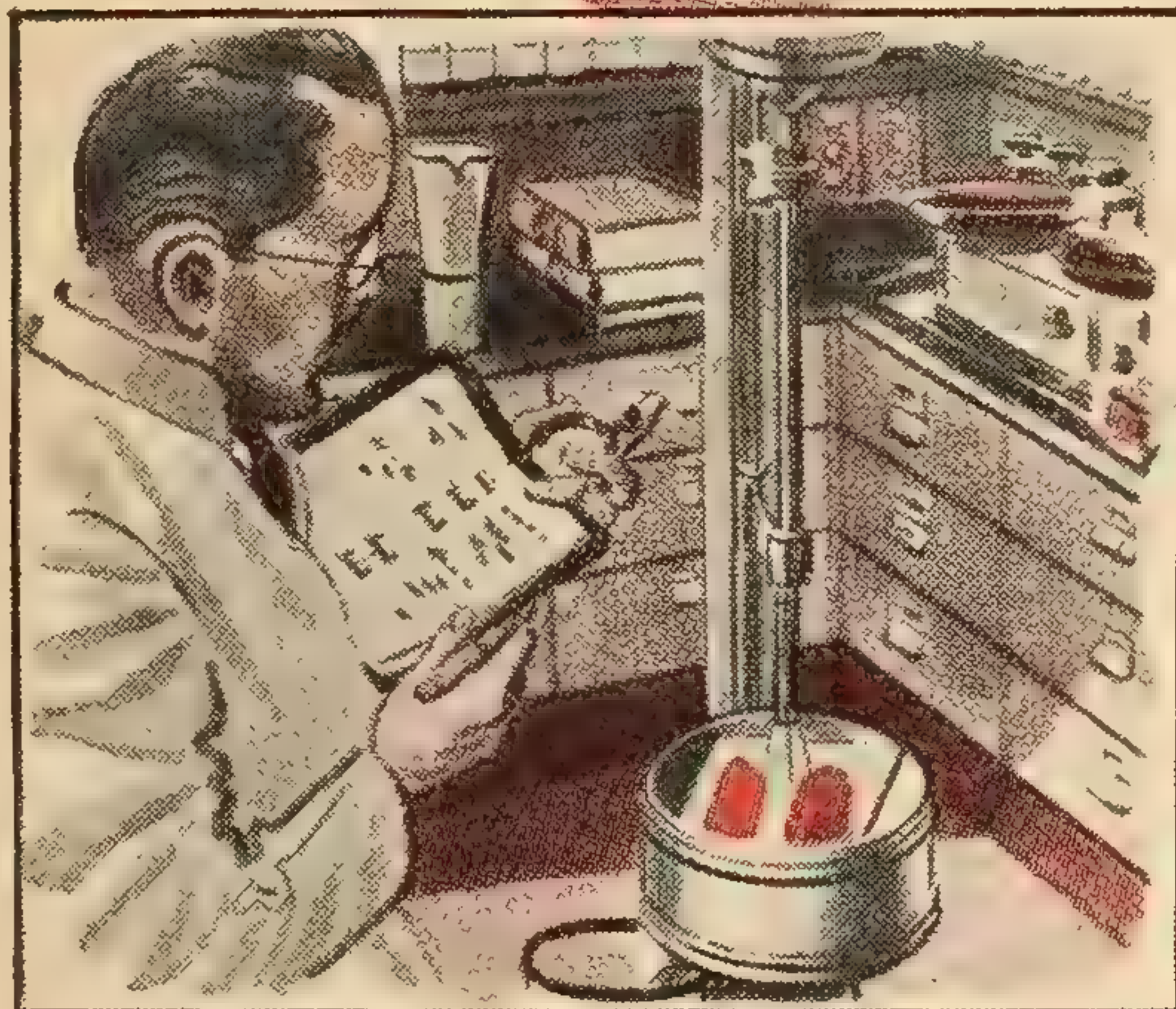
# Paris APPROVES THE COLORS

Paris openings forecast the big news in feminine fashion . . . Cutex nail shades forecast the big news in fingertip chic!

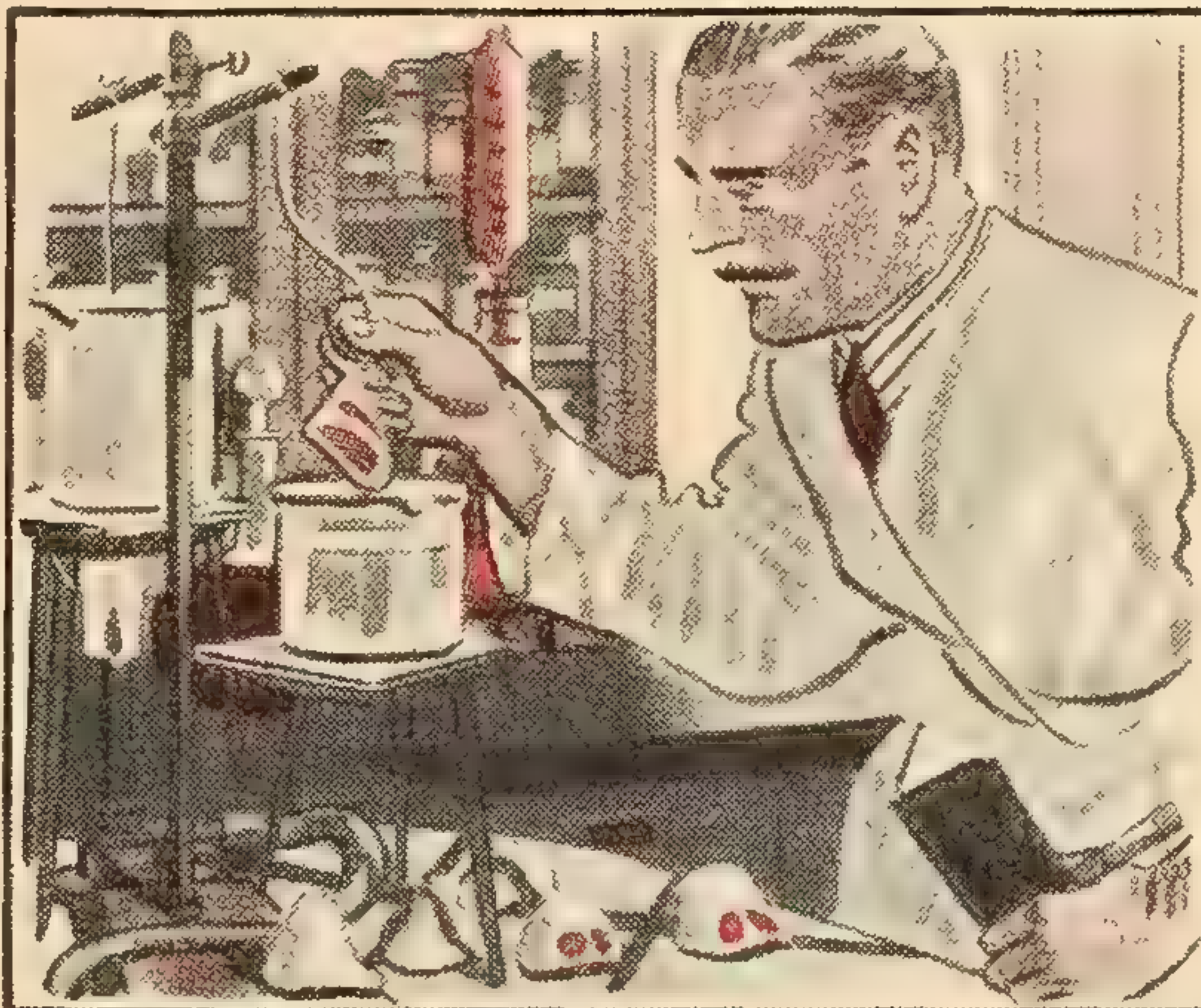
In Paris new Cutex nail tones are checked against the latest color news.

Wear Cutex and your nails are as glamorous as your Paris-inspired frocks!

# America PERFECTS THE WEAR



**Sand** From the Cutex Sand Machine a steady stream of sand falls on a glass plate coated with Cutex Polish . . . much harsher treatment than you give your nails in daily wear.



**Water** In the Cutex Immersion Test, Cutex Salon Polish withstands for long periods the destructive action of salt water and of hot water containing strong household cleaning preparations.



**Sun** The Cutex Sun Lamp is used to test sun-fast qualities. You can expose Cutex to brilliant summer sun for days, and it will "take it" without fading or changing color.

**CUTEX** gives you tops in style and wear in the new Cutex Salon Polish!

The new Cutex GADABOUT is a gay, dashing red-rose red. The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is a young, mauvy pink. Both are perfect foils for the new colors featured at the Midseason openings.

### GUARANTEED TO WEAR LONGER

Try Cutex GADABOUT and CEDARWOOD—at our risk! If they don't wear better than any polish you've ever worn, simply return the bottle to us. We will cheerfully refund your original purchase price. (Offer good for 1940 only.) See all the smart Cutex shades today—at any toilet-goods counter.

Northam Warren, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

HIJINKS—True red-red.  
GADABOUT—A gay rosy red.  
OLD ROSE—Rich, flattering rose.

CEDARWOOD—Light-er—soft, mauvy rose.  
CAMEO—Fragile mauve-tinted rambler pink.  
HEATHER—Grape-rose.

## NEW CUTEX

### *Salon Polish*





# PREVENT CHAPPING

with the Skin Softener  
that gives you

**COSTLIEST INGREDIENTS\***

**SAVES YOU MONEY\*\***

**\*1** Italian Balm contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular nationally-advertised brands.

**\*\*2** ONE DROP is ample for both hands, per application. More is wasteful.

**3** Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin.

**4** Promotes healing — counteracts drying effect of hard water, harsh skin cleansers, severe weather.

**5** Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Priced at 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and \$1.00  
a bottle — at toilet goods counters.

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold



## HAIRWAYS TO BEAUTY

(Continued from page 45)

good and wire ones may scratch or injure your scalp so a simple good quality, medium bristle is your best investment.

Beginning at the hair line in front, brush all around in a complete circle. Then divide your hair into one inch rows and brush each one thoroughly on both sides. To properly polish, clean and exercise each single shaft, your brush must be turned so as to pull every hair through to the very end. Go over your entire head this way until every inch has been covered.

Brushes should be kept immaculately clean. Wash them in warm soap suds and dry them in sun or fresh air when possible. Alternate brushing with combing if you want to. A wide-toothed comb is best for wet or tangled hair, a finer one for cleaning and arranging it. See that there are no sharp edges to the comb teeth if you don't want broken hair or injured scalp.

Now for the important business of hair cleanliness. Keep your hair clean whether that means shampooing it every few days or every few weeks. Much depends upon the season and the climate in which you live. Girls who live by the lens in Hollywood often have to wash theirs every two or three days, yet where have you ever seen lovelier, more radiant tresses? On the other hand, if your hair is dry or brittle, or if you live in a clean location, your hair should not need such frequent shampooing. You are the best judge of this.

Brushing, special tonics and dry shampoos are perfect between-time measures for you with dry hair. But you girls with oily crowning glories remember this brushing is just as important for you as for anybody else, for brushing coaxes and encourages your hair toward normalcy, no matter in which direction it tends to excess. Brushing also polishes off dust, perspiration and the dead skin which collects faster on oily than on other types of hair.

**O**IL shampoos are very good for dry hair. Heat a bottle of oil, apply it with a bit of cotton, rubbing well into your scalp, then leave it on as long as convenient, twenty minutes, an hour, or all night if you can. (And keep a bright kerchief, a yard of pretty colored veiling or a snood handy to make yourself presentable while you're beautifying. In these days of inexpensive chain store prices and beautifully styled merchandise, there's no excuse for looking like an old hag in an oily towel. It isn't good for your morale—or anybody else's.) Just before the shampoo, wring out a clean towel in hot water, wrap it around your head and let it steam for five or ten minutes. This finishes the treatment.

From here on, a shampoo is the same no matter what type of hair you have. A mild, liquid soap and warm soft water is the ideal combination. If possible, use a spray or, better still, get right under your bath shower. After wetting your hair well, pour on liquid shampoo as directed on the bottle. With the cushions of your fingers work this in thoroughly. Now rinse and repeat the shampoo. This time pay special attention to the ends of your hair, rubbing them carefully through your fingers. If your hair is dry or normal, twice through will be enough. If it's very oily a third shampoo and rinse may help. But whichever it is, make that last rinse a thorough one.

Remove every trace of soap or stickiness. Lift your hair, rinse it underneath as well as on top, and continue this until it's so clean it whistles.

And now is your time for a vegetable rinse to bring out the sheen and highlights, and to add life to overworked tresses. There are many excellent and perfectly harmless rinses that add ever so much to the appearance of your hair without in any way harming it. Of course, they all wash out and have to be renewed with each shampoo but that is a simple matter. One excellent rinse is already being used by millions of women. It accentuates the lustre of your hair and makes it sparkle with lively lights. It won't stain or rub off either, and it's both safe and easy to apply. We know a lot of girls who wouldn't wash their hair without using this efficient preparation, for it is not only pure and safe but adds so much to their appearance.

**D**RY your hair in the sun and air if you can, separating and shaking it out in your fingers. Then, with clean comb and brush, stroke it upward, and out to let the air get through it. Hot air is not good for hair so, if you must use a dryer keep it at a medium temperature.

If you just "can't do a thing with your hair", we know the very preparation you need—a certain hair oil that has been used by Hollywood studio experts for years to keep the stars' hair lustrously vital and abundant looking. This hair and scalp conditioner contains a balanced blend of rich animal oils and toning ingredients which, almost instantly, gives your hair a beautiful sheen, softness and appearance of sparkling life. If you want to have lustrous locks, soft, clean and manageable, you owe it to yourself to massage your scalp and treat your hair regularly to this stimulating, time proven hair conditioner.

It won't be long before the permanent wave season sets in and it's none too early now to start conditioning your hair in anticipation. Even the most expert operator is handicapped if you take him a head of hair that is too dry, too oily, overworked, worn out or in any other way unhealthy. To get good results from a permanent, your hair must be in good condition to start with. For this the old brushing routine we mentioned a while ago is vastly helpful. A hundred strokes a day is a small price to pay for a glamorous mane of radiant hair. Daily massage is an important pre-permanent conditioner too. Then, twice a week for a couple of months give yourself a series of oil packs. These are practically "musts" if your hair is dry or brittle. Follow the instructions given earlier for an oil shampoo.

Just before your permanent, have all the old brittle ends cut off. And, if you don't need a complete wave, by all means don't have one. Often the back and sides are sufficient. That will give your hair a longer rest in which to regain its natural sheen and elasticity. After you've done your very best, trust yourself to a good operator. But insist that a test curl be made every time you have a new permanent, for the condition of your hair is constantly changing.

Now, a few notes on coiffures and hair styling. Nothing is better for giving you a "lift," a new sense of confidence, a fresh interest in yourself and the world

(Continued on page 64)



# LORETTA YOUNG

shows you  
how to take an  
**ACTIVE-LATHER  
FACIAL—**

**LUX SOAP** IS A  
WONDERFUL  
BEAUTY CARE!  
FIRST PAT ITS  
**ACTIVE LATHER**  
LIGHTLY INTO  
YOUR SKIN

1

## Use cosmetics all you like—but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

Try Loretta Young's **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days! Clever women everywhere find this wise, gentle care really works —helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing —protection it needs to stay lovely. Begin your **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.

NEXT RINSE WITH  
WARM WATER,  
THEN COOL. YOUR  
SKIN IS LEFT  
**REALLY CLEAN**

2

NOW DRY THE FACE  
WITH QUICK LIGHT  
PATS. IT FEELS  
SOFTER, SMOOTHER.  
SEE HOW **FRESH** IT  
LOOKS!

3

**YOU** want to have smooth,  
soft skin. So don't fail to  
remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics  
thoroughly— don't risk Cosmetic  
Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars  
use Lux Toilet Soap







*The Most*  
**BEAUTIFUL**  
**FINGERNAILS**  
*in the world*

## DURA-GLOSS

**Yours!**—the poise and calm assurance of good taste that comes from knowing that your fingernails are "the last word"—with Dura-Gloss! Overnight, millions of women, enraptured with its gem-hard, brilliant lustre, have switched to this new, this different polish, Dura-Gloss! And to Dura-Gloss' new efficient polish remover, too! At all cosmetic counters, Dura-Gloss is only 10 cents! *Made only of the finest—no harsh ingredients.*



*Choose your color by the*  
**FINGERNAIL**  
**CAP**

Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

**10c**

Lorr Laboratories,  
Paterson, New Jersey

in general than to look in a mirror and discover unsuspected possibilities in your face, revealed for the first time by a new, becoming hair-do. It will often change your whole outlook on life. There's just one caution we'd like to make, and that is: In changing your hair style, don't try to change your type. In following a new coiffure, don't "lift" it "as is" from the pages of a magazine or the picture of your favorite star now showing at your neighborhood movie theatre. Ginger Rogers' or Ann Sheridan's beautiful hair-do's may be perfect for them but nine times out of ten must be considerably modified for anybody else, no matter who she is.

**H**ERE are a few style hints which may be considered for what they're worth. There is a noticeable trend toward sanity and moderation in all the new hair-do's. That clean, shining, well-brushed look coupled with skillful arrangement is more important now than either careless, fly-away styles or over-intricate coiffures. The tendency toward soft, swirling waves, kept short enough to fit the contour of your head, still has many smart followers. (No shingled edges, of course. They went out years ago.)

Ears have become more important. Waves may fall lightly over ear tops but lobes at least should show. Some young folks, for a long time to come, will undoubtedly be devoted to shoulder length bobs, whether in page boy style or loose, soft curls, for these form a perfect frame for smooth, young faces. Of course it was never right for the older, less-cameo-faced lassies. Up-off-the-forehead hair-do's with sculptured front curls and a down, chignon effect behind, is another style that is still good and that promises to last.

Blondes can and should wear their hair softer and somewhat longer than brunettes. Otherwise no flattering frame is apparent. Dark-haired girls, because of the contrast between hair and skin, can wear shorter, more severe hair-do's. By all means, though, preserve a simple, clearly defined, well groomed look if you're a decided brunette. Anything else on your type looks downright frowzy. Brownettes and redheads have considerably more latitude than either of the more definite types.

Whatever your type, after dressing your hair, take a hand mirror and examine it critically from all angles, especially at the sides and back. Just because you don't see the back of your head, don't forget how many other people have to look at it. When you're sure that your hair is the right length and dressed in the style most becoming to both your face and figure—then take another look. Will it stay that way? In these days of remarkable hair gadgets for every conceivable purpose, don't overlook the versatility of those adaptable little bob pins. Used in the right way, with artful care, nothing can quite take their place. But be sure that you tuck them securely *under* your waves and curls. Don't have them sticking out like stiff little clamps or braces. They weren't made to be used that way

and your hair wasn't made to be treated so. Nail head decorations are fine on tooled leather but not on coiffures. Hair should look smooth and soft and casual, never stiff nor set nor sheathed in steel.

Try concealing your bob pins and see the difference in your whole appearance. When stray wisps or unruly ends need a little special persuasion, have you ever tried dampening them slightly, then rolling them up on bob pins? Many of the stars in Hollywood practice this trick and find it gives just the right amount of soft, natural-looking curl.

A word here about hair in relation to face shapes: If yours is an ideal oval, like Ilona Massey's or Bette Davis', keep your coiffure simple. Center parts will become you, but not low parts, deep dips or bangs. If your face is long, like Rosemary Lane's or Frances Dee's, soft, loose waves will flatter you. Don't ever attempt high hair-do's or middle parts.

Round-faced girls like Marjorie Weaver, for example, should keep any fullness above the ears, and taper the hair line in toward the lower face. Always keep your forehead clear and don't try tight, harsh waves. If your chin is narrow and your forehead broad, center your hair interest low, in loose, soft waves. Don't wear high hair-do's and don't center your part.

Diamond-faced girls, like Merle Oberon, need to add width at the forehead. Hair carried up and off the face is best for girls with these interesting lines. If your face is squarish like Joan Crawford's, try a diagonal part, not too low, with wide, soft lines. No bangs or heavy dips for you. No tight small curls, and never straight, harsh hair lines.

There, does that answer some of your questions? We sincerely hope so. We could go on and on, but we think this will be enough to start you on the right track. The only way to hair beauty is hair quality achieved through constant conditioning. Will yours be a crown of glory, or just a sad, dejected mop?

\* \* \*

**A**S we've been saying throughout this article, all the curls, and bangs in the world won't do you any good if your hair itself doesn't shine with life and cleanliness. What kind of shampoo do you use? Does it soften while it cleanses, and does it lubricate and polish every single hair shaft, leaving your hair lustrous and uninjured? It should—and we know a shampoo that does all these things, besides cleansing away dirt and loose dandruff flakes that have accumulated around the hair base. What's more, this shampoo leaves your scalp free to breathe, allowing the oil glands and hair cells a chance to perform their normal functions efficiently. It practically gives an oil treatment at the same time that it cleanses, too. This shampoo is non-lathering and rinses out quickly and completely, leaving no gummy film to dim the lustre of your locks. Your hair becomes beautifully manageable and, if you don't find all this true, you're protected by a money-back guarantee. Could anything be fairer than that?

## WE'RE SORRY...

That "Socially Yours," the Hollywood Who's Who which we promised you, could not be included this month. However, this feature will appear in an early issue of Modern Screen.





*Lady Esther asks*

**"Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"**



**Unpopularity doesn't** just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" *because it contains grit!* Why not find out about your powder?



**Right in your own** teeth you have a testing laboratory! Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your present powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest possible trace of grit! But...



**What an amazing** difference in Lady Esther Face Powder! This *superfine* powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look... a new loveliness!



**When you make** your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! *You can*—if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o'clock...



**And at midnight**—after the gayest evening... your skin will still look exquisitely lovely! So today, send for samples of all ten shades of my face powder, *at my expense*. See for yourself that this superfine powder contains not a single trace of grit... goes on smoothly. And you can find your *lucky shade*, too... the one shade of Lady Esther Face Powder that will flatter you most... that will make you look *years younger than you really are!*

## Try the famous Lady Esther "Bite-Test"

**Test your Face Powder!** Place a pinch of your powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains *no trace of coarseness or grit!* You'll find it never gives you a harsh, flaky, "pow-

dery" look... but makes your skin look satin-smooth... flatters your beauty.

**Find your Lucky Shade, too!** For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look *older*. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, *at my expense*. Try them all... don't skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade* for your skin—*luckiest for you!*

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**WOMEN CALL IT**  
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Skin wonderfully smooth... a face vibrantly youthful... a complexion that is loveliness itself... color, delicately subtle... lips vivid, alluring. That's glamour... every woman's bid for exciting romance.

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**CROCHETED  
CHIC**

No. 1206—Above, femininely tailored, with tucks and collar.

No. 1205 — Left, snug-fitting, lacy—best of all, inexpensive.



**C**ROCHET is up in style news! And no wonder! Treating it as a fabric, the Paris designers have tailored and tucked it into the most attractive blouses we've ever seen. They're clicking with four stars everywhere, because they're not only inexpensive but also easy to make and simple to launder.

The one at the top can be worn as a tuck-in or overblouse for it has a fitted waistline. Its soft, trim lines make it a perfect mate for your pet suit. The snug, lacy blouse in the center is trimmed with crochet-covered buttons down the front. Lovely in white mercerized cotton, it is also smart in ecru or a color that blends with your outfit.

At the bottom, we have a dream of a bolero and bag set! It's made of pastel variegated cotton thread crocheted in a loop stitch and is perfect over an evening dress any time of year.

\* \* \*

Ready, get set, go! Fill in and send us the coupon below and you will receive, absolutely free, instructions for making any or all of these smart designs.

**ANN WILLS, Modern Screen**  
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

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Directions for No. 1210.....

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

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City.....State.....

Check one or more designs and please print name and address plainly.



No. 1210—Left, youthful bolero and cunning bag that matches.

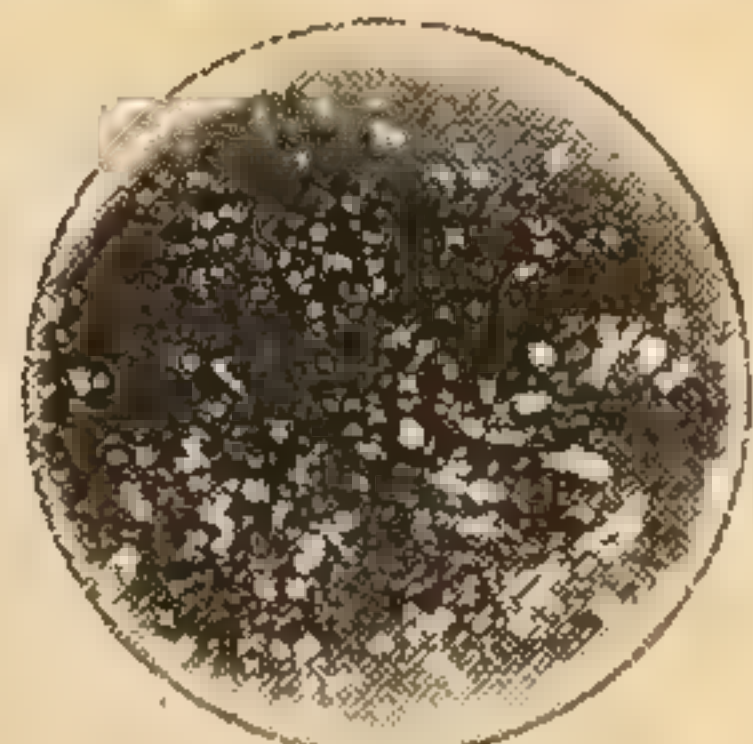




# GOODBYE DANDRUFF

## The Truth About Soap Shampoos

**1** This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

**2** All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

### Fitch SHAMPOO KILLS GERMS

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is a TRUE GERMICIDE. It kills germs, like the *Pityrosporum ovale* germ, that grow well where dandruff is found. Microscopic tests made after a Fitch Shampoo show that the scalp and hair are antiseptically clean — free from all germs.

**H**AVE HAIR that sparkles with health and beauty! Keep your scalp free from dandruff! It's easy . . . if you use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo — for the first application removes all traces of dandruff. Fitch Shampoo first dissolves all dandruff (even down in the hair openings) and then washes it away. No long treatments . . . no uncertainty! You are assured of a scalp that is free from dandruff, when you use Fitch Shampoo. The Fitch guarantee to remove dandruff instantly, or refund your purchase price, is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. Fitch Shampoo rinses clean in either hard or soft water . . . leaves no beauty-dulling film on the hair. No special after-rinses needed.

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Fitch Shampoo gives the scalp a deep, basic cleansing . . . penetrating each tiny hair opening. Thus it reconditions as it cleanses, and helps normalize hair that is too dry or too oily. Leaves hair sparkling clean, all its rich, natural color revealed. Equally good for all shades of hair. Try it today! Get a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at your drug counter, or have professional applications at the barber or beauty shop.

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● After and between Fitch Shampoos, Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

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## EX-LAX MOVIES

## A Skeptic is Converted



**ANN:** I dread taking this awful-tasting medicine. It always leaves me weak as a kitten.

**RUTH:** You're just plain foolish to take a cathartic like that. Try my stand-by... Ex-Lax.



**ANN:** Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?

**RUTH:** Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is thorough and effective—yet it doesn't upset you.

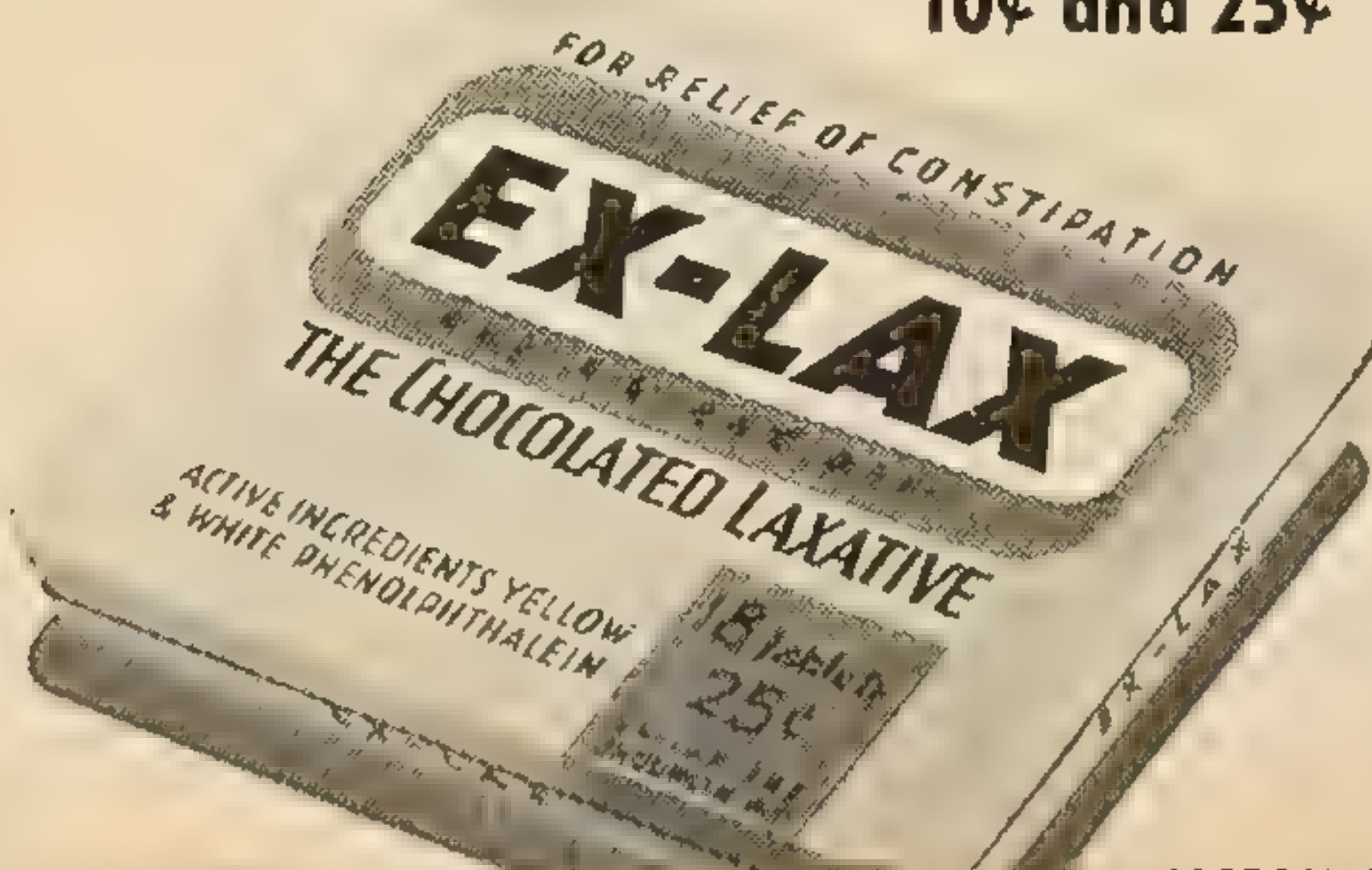


**ANN:** Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.

**RUTH:** I *knew* you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



## DIETRICH LURE

(Continued from page 29)

roles they give me, from a countess to a scrub-woman, provided the stories are good. Despite what others say, I have no set ideas on the parts I desire to play. Most other actresses, I know, do possess firm ideas. But I'm not built that way."

She brushed the hair from her eyes, and smiled. "Joe Pasternak, my producer at Universal, is a charming man. I trust him implicitly because he knows what he is doing. He has, more than anyone I have ever met, an instinct for the right thing. I want to cooperate. That is the only way to make a movie. You have to work with your producer, director and fellow actors. I know this. You can't succeed alone. Some try. But they usually fail. A person, alone, cannot acquire perspective."

I mumbled some question concerning her present ambitions. I asked, "Now that your latest show is box office, and you're on top, do you have any special ambition?"

Her reply was trigger-quick. "I have no ambition at all. No goal. I don't want to sound dull, but that's the way it is. No one has ever bothered to ask me before. And now that you have, this is my answer—Never in my entire life have I planned a single thing ahead. I wouldn't want my life that way, always fighting toward something. I never even desired to be famous. Never. When I landed in pictures, I wanted good parts. That's all. I've gone with the current, flexibly, without rigid aims in mind. This is not the new Dietrich talking. This is just the real Dietrich."

**SHE** paused, nibbled on her cigarette holder and said, "However, I recall there was one thing I did want, aching, for nine long years. To be an American citizen. And that came true recently. I feel proud to be an American, at last. But frankly, I did not feel safe. And I still don't. One can't shut the European war and the sorrow over there out of one's mind. It's all too big, too inclusive. Being an American doesn't make me feel that now at last I belong. I cannot feel safe when people everywhere are suffering, and the sensitive are weighted with moral worry. Many of my friends are in France and in Germany. It pains me deeply to see them suffer."

The phone rang. It was a good punctuation point. Someone was calling Marlene for a date. She replied in German that she already had an engagement for the evening. She argued over the phone.

And as all this went on, I sank back on the sofa, lit my briar, watched Dietrich curled in the armchair across the room and reflected on what a long way that strange German girl had come.

As I heard her voice, and her husky laugh, there was a drumming in my ears and the years were rolling back. She was born in Weimar, when Germany had a Kaiser, in 1904 and her name, at first, was Mary Magdalene von Losch. This later became Marlene by combining the first part of her first name and the latter part of her middle name.

Her father, a Prussian lieutenant, was killed on the Russian front in 1915. In remembering this, I realized, suddenly, why Marlene had been so disturbed by the European situation when we'd discussed it.

Her entire dramatic training had been obtained in Berlin, after the war, at Max

Reinhardt's school. She toiled as an extra in German UFA films to get money for that school.

As an extra, she also got her break. She was one of the hundreds in a mob scene. A husky, blonde, assistant director named Rudolf Sieber spotted her, extracted her from the mob, handed her a lorgnette and told her to play a bit. That lorgnette changed Marlene's life. The glass reflected a spot of light on the camera lens. Technicians forgot to take this out. When the picture was shown, the reflection drew attention to Marlene's natural beauty—and she was on her way. A few months later, she married handsome Mr. Sieber. In 1925, they had a girl, christened Maria.

**BUT** now, across the room, Marlene had placed the receiver on the telephone hook and was coming back to the sofa. I dismissed my thoughts of the long-ago and returned to the delightful reality of our conversation.

I decided to ask Marlene a provocative question. I was probing for a hidden chapter in her life, so I inquired, "What person taught you the most, about how to act and how to live?"

Her answer came sharp and certain. "Josef von Sternberg." Then, without pausing, "He was the only person who ever taught me anything. He taught me all I know. Absolutely all—mainly how to produce and transmit my real self. I owe no human being more. I'll tell you a secret. I didn't originally come to Hollywood because it was fascinating. Berlin and Paris were as attractive. I came to Hollywood because Josef von Sternberg wanted me to. He sent for me to come. If he had been in Australia, believe me, I would have gone to Australia!"

She reclined on the sofa, silent—and I tried, in some psychic way, to imagine what she was recalling. What had the magic name—von Sternberg—conjured up? Maybe she was remembering the night she was a guest star at the Berliner Theatre, and von Sternberg, the mighty mite, saw her, went backstage. He was planning a picture to be entitled "The Blue Angel." He wanted a woman with beautiful legs to play opposite Emil Jannings. He signed Marlene Dietrich. In 1931, the Dietrich thighs, torso and talent were on display in "The Blue Angel." It was a sensation. Von Sternberg went to the United States. He brought Marlene with him. He worked hard with her. Transformed her from a frail, awkward girl, touched with beauty, to a suave full-grown woman. For twelve hours a day he hammered her, playing Svengali to her Trilby, forcing her to do single "takes" more than a dozen times over.

Sitting with Marlene, I remembered  
(Continued on page 70)

## STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.





We four Westmore brothers plan make-up to bring out every bit of a star's *natural* beauty ... for the screen in four big film studios, and in our Hollywood salon, where the stars often drop in for make-up before social engagements.

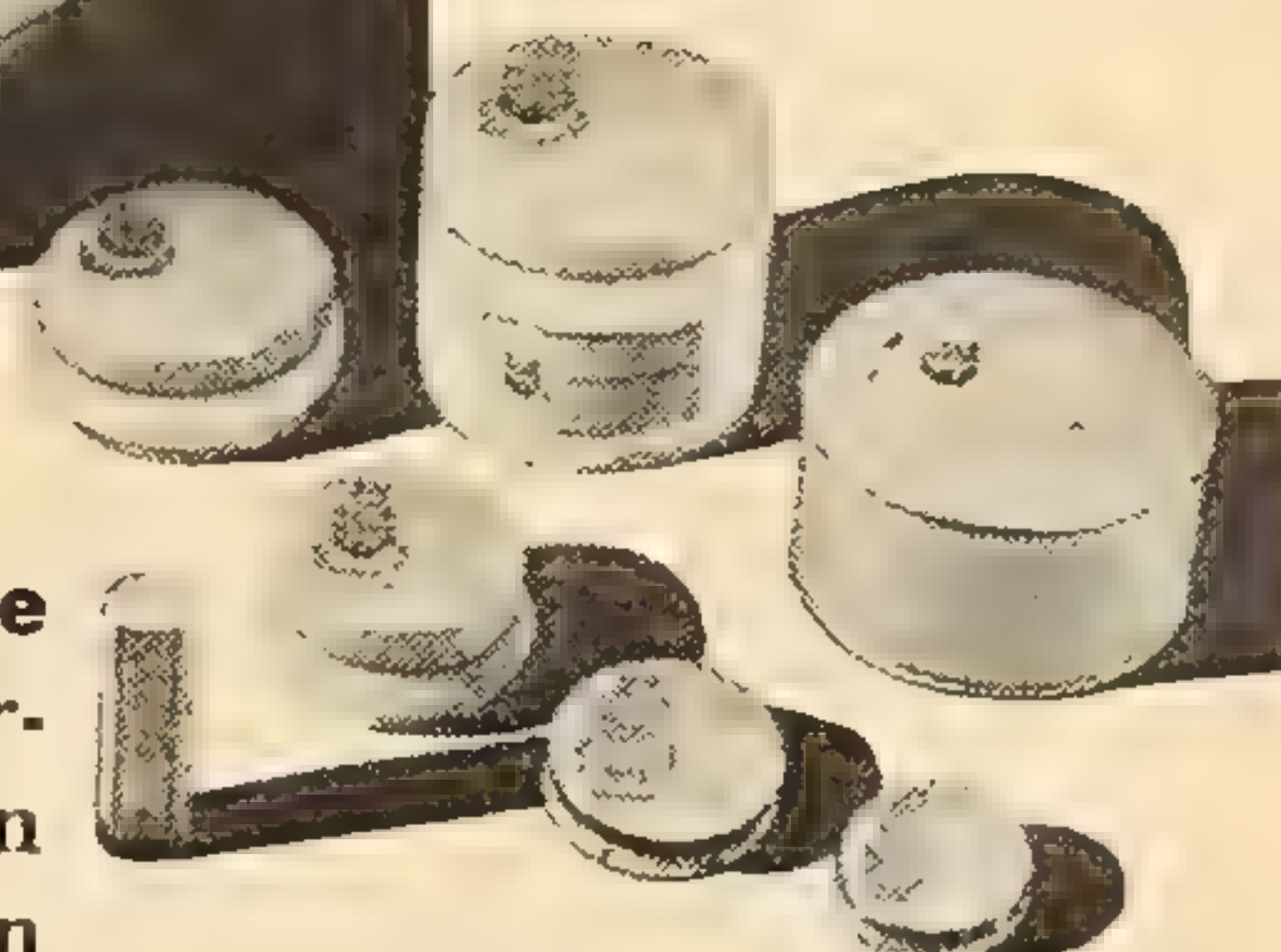
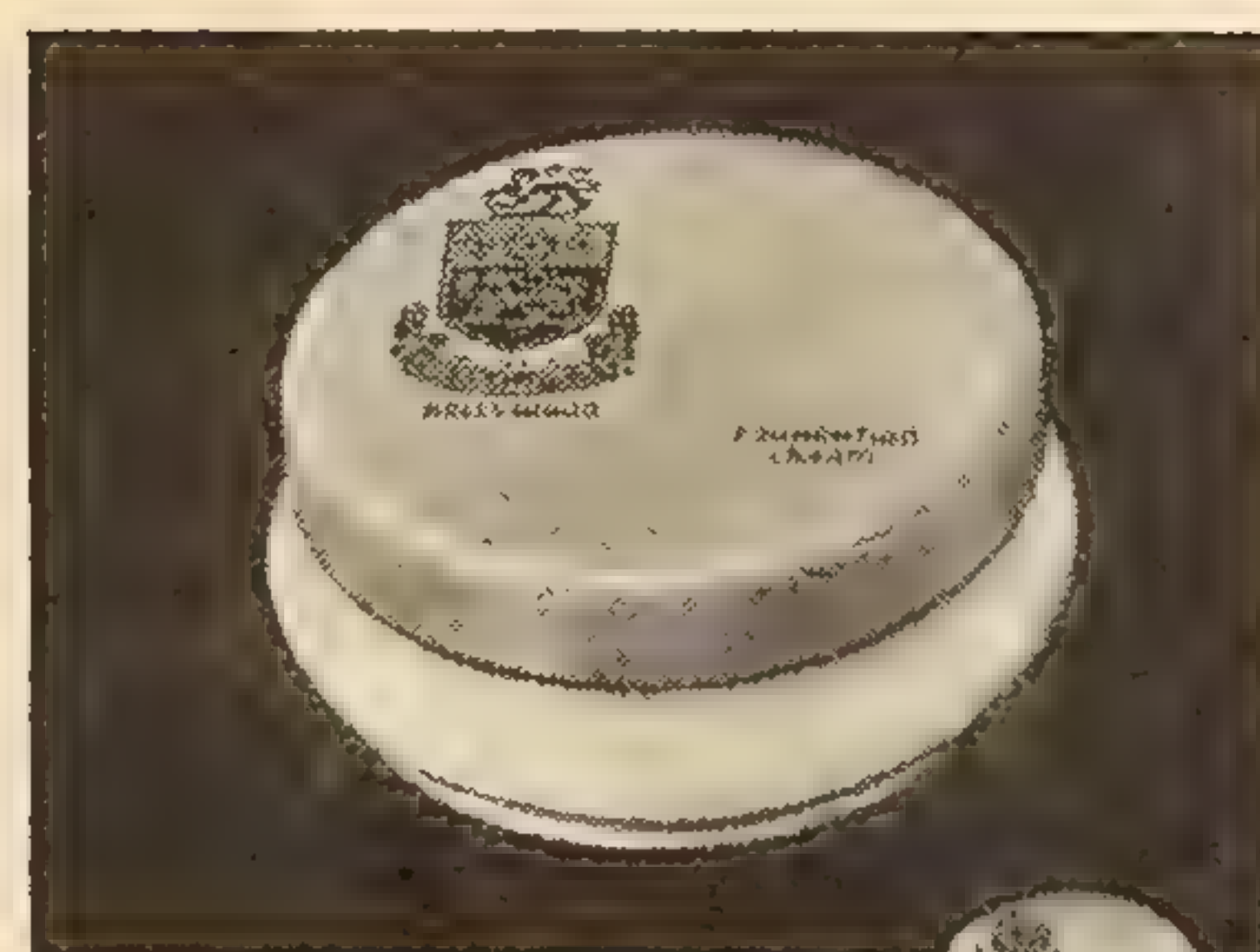
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The very basis of our technique is House of Westmore Foundation Cream—the result of research on which the Hollywood studios have spent thousands of dollars and employed countless feet of test film.

Used for glamour on the screen, it can give you glamour every day!



All House of Westmore Cosmetics are *color-keyed* to the foundation cream, which comes in four tones, one of which matches *your* skin. There are powder to blend, cake rouge, cream rouge, lip-stick, eye-shadow—as well as double-whipped cleansing cream. Now at drug and department stores. Large sizes only 50¢. Smaller sizes at variety stores.

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Look at your freshly washed face in a strong light. Are there shadows, tiny differences of tone? Smooth these over with Westmore's skin-tinted, non-drying foundation cream. Now look! A beautiful *even* tone is created that makes you look your loveliest!

"Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide." Use measuring wheel in this book to learn your face type. Shows the methods we use on the stars. 25c at drug, dep't or variety stores, or use coupon!



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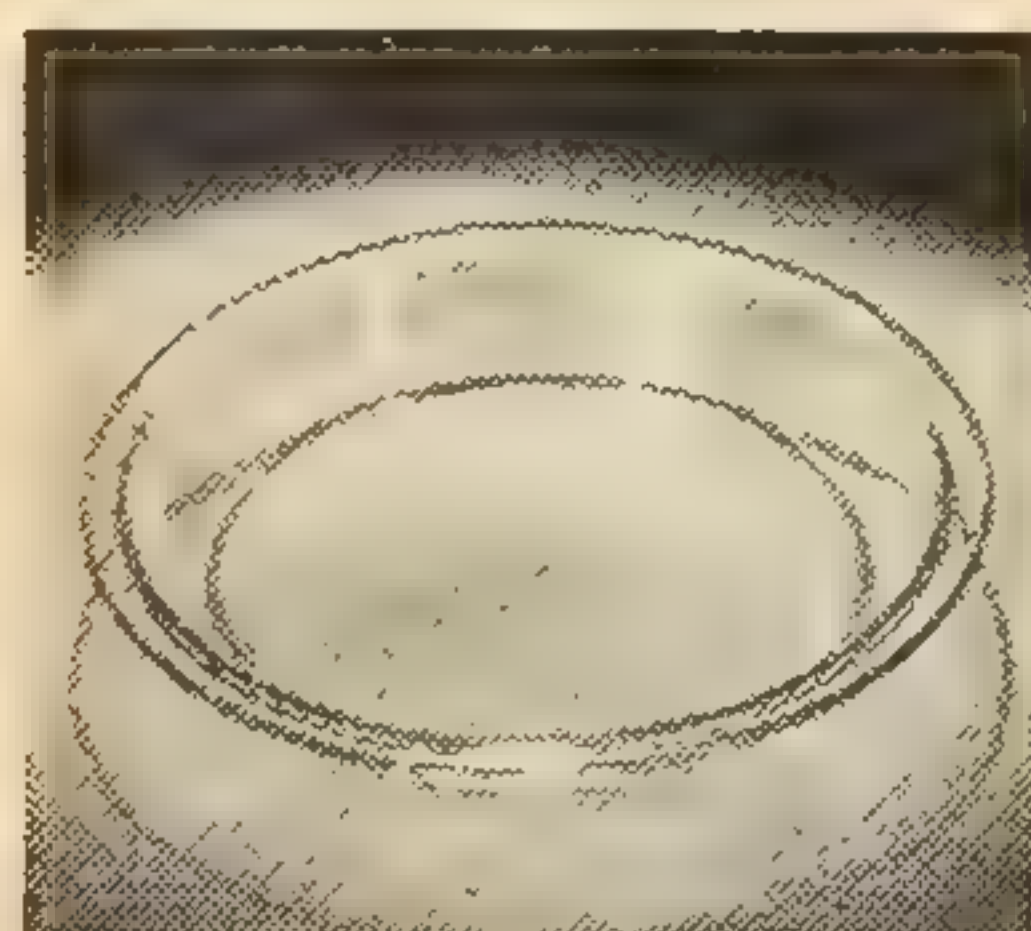


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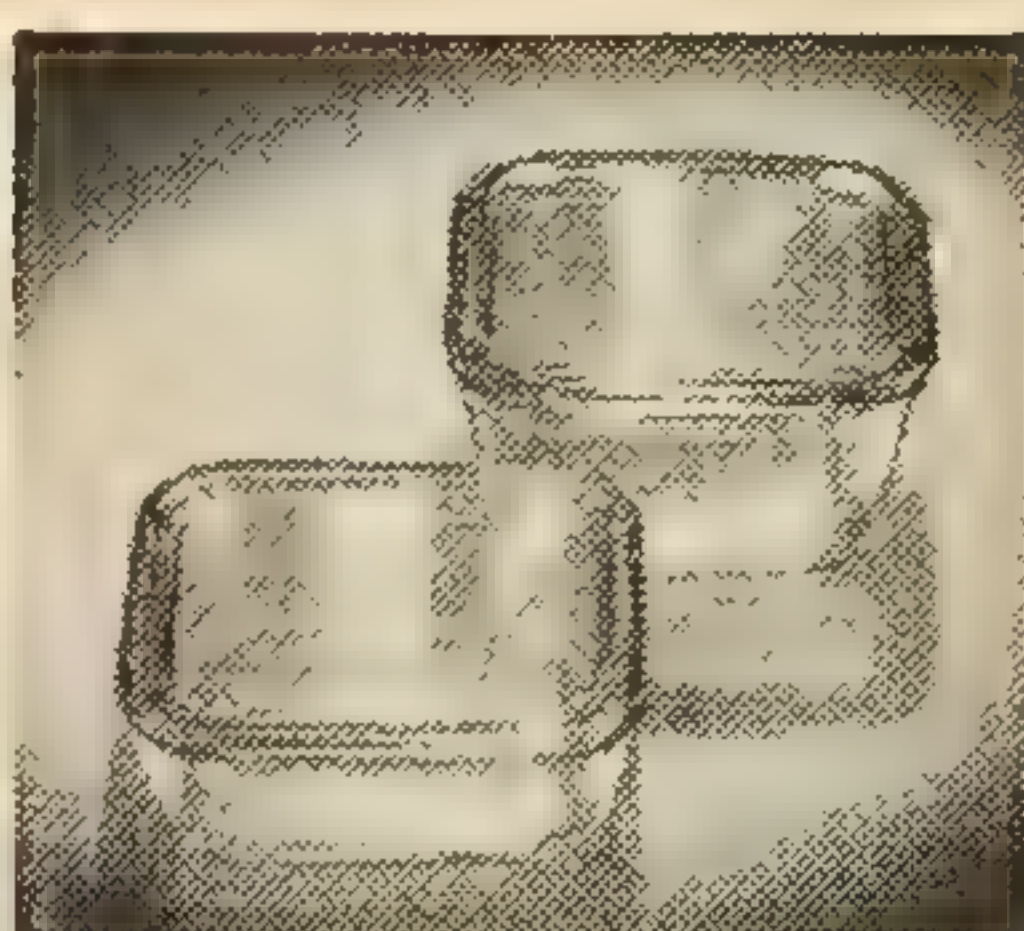
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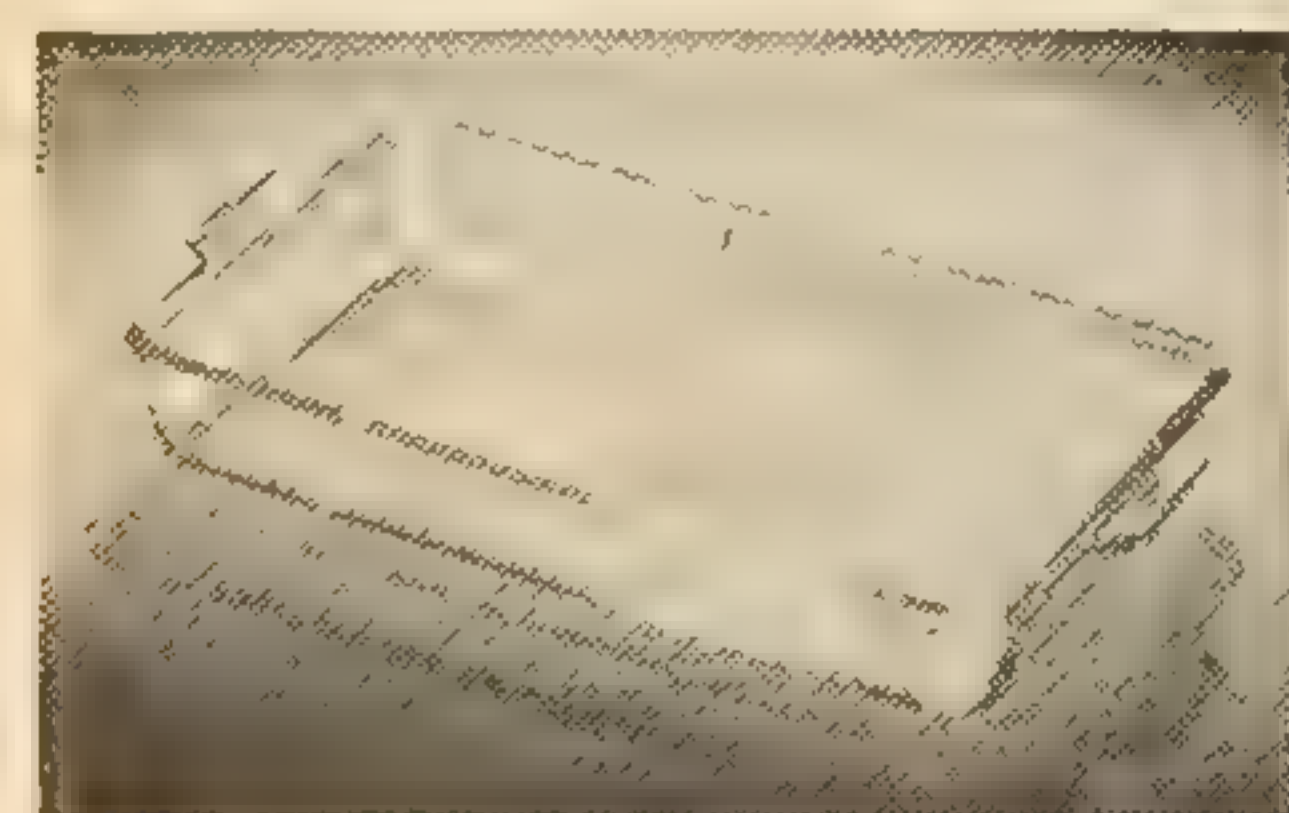
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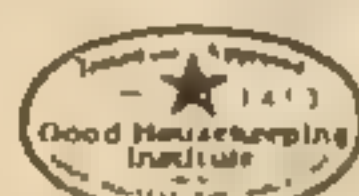


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that von Sternberg was the only man she ever permitted to correct her in public. And he, at times, was brutal in his frankness. But it was under him that she earned \$200,000 for making "Garden of Allah." A fabulous and record sum.

Today, the two men who found her, nursed her to success, are down. Her husband, Sieber, is unemployed and in New York. Von Sternberg, her teacher, dwells in the valley, above Hollywood, obscure. Marlene Dietrich alone, ahead of them both, has come back today to a new fame, a brighter future and many tomorrows.

I asked about her daughter, Maria. "She's fifteen now," said Marlene. "I have no plans for her future. I couldn't make any if I wanted to, because she's utterly American, so independent." Marlene went to the piano, took down a picture of Maria on a bicycle. "Look, here she is. A pretty child, don't you think? But I've had so much trouble with her. That's the way with a child, I suppose. From the day of her birth, illness, kidnapping—worry, worry, worry. That's life."

**O**UR conversation jumped from topic to topic, like a busy Mexican bean. We discussed, with detachment, Marlene's underpinnings. She said, "Frankly, I have never exploited my legs. When a part required I show my legs, I did. Never for any other reason. They have not helped or hindered me. But I suppose nice legs are a good thing."

It was getting late. And there was one more thing. In my pocket, on a slip of paper, was the report of a prominent movieland psychologist who had studied Marlene Dietrich's life. I had asked him for some "inside dope" on what made Marlene tick, and he had given it to me. Now, with Dietrich relaxed, I fished into my pocket, took out the slip, told her what I had, and then read it to her. Here is what I read—

"Miss Dietrich is psychologically interesting. Her early ambition to become a violinist was thwarted by an accident. But she wanted to become famous, so she turned to acting. To gain ease, she began staging situations in her private life. Do you know why Dietrich wears men's clothes? To hide an inferiority complex fostered by a girlhood of hardships and privations. Do you know why

Dietrich appears in night clubs with several escorts? It is an inner expression of her yearning for security."

I stopped reading. Glanced at Dietrich. Her face was an exclamation point. If she had been fed bombs for lunch, she couldn't have been nearer blowing up.

"It's wrong, all wrong!" she exploded. "That psychologist is as inaccurate as everyone else about me. For instance, that nonsense he writes about men's clothes hiding my so-called inferiority complex—dear me! Listen, I wear trousers and slacks and shirts because I find them more comfortable than anything else. And for no other psychological reason."

"And furthermore, am I the only woman ever to go out to night clubs with several escorts? Was that to hide my inner yearning for security? How silly! Why, I have never, never had a moment's desire for security. I think security is stale and awful. An artist, presuming that I am one, has too much imagination to worry about security. Why, if I had ever desired security, I wouldn't have become an actress. I'd have taken some other job, a steady, certain job, and worked until I was sixty, and then lived on the savings until I died. But, God, that's not the life I've lived or desired!"

I was on my feet. I had asked a million questions. There was still time for one more. "If you had it all to do over again, Marlene, what mistakes would you avoid?"

Her reply came clear. "None. I would do exactly the same thing over again. I would take the very same risks, the same crazy chances, the same blows. Because I don't believe in playing safe. And I'm not confessing this for publicity, but because I'm entirely sincere."

We were near the door. I stood across from her, and I looked into her eyes, briefly. They were deep blue—and honest.

"Thanks, Marlene," I said. "You were swell."

"I just had to get it all off my chest," she said.

I walked away. I was singing, not out loud, but in my head. I had seen the real Dietrich. And I'm here to shout it to the world. She's okay. A right guy. And she's going to be around a long, long time!



Meet Peter B. Good, baby star of "Brother Rat and a Baby." He's making friends with Far Away Tassabelle, one of the canine aristocrats of Hollywood.



## HOLLYWOOD'S DARING EXPERIMENT

(Continued from page 49)

"Okie" family. In fact, they have just hung a portrait of Jane as Ma on the walls of the Capitol in Jefferson City, Missouri, her home state. A clause in the contract she signed for the role gave the studio the right to pass on any other parts she might take during the next few months. As a result, she has already had to turn down three offers believed by the studio to be beneath the dignity of Ma.

The only member of the cast who was really sure of her part from the beginning was Dorris Bowdon, the girl who did so well in "Young Mr. Lincoln." As soon as Zanuck bought the book, he associated her with Rose of Sharon, or Rosasharn, as her family call her. Nunnally Johnson, too, felt that she was the one for the role. In fact, the only opposition seems to have come from her own mother who, back home in Memphis, Tennessee, disapproved of her daughter's connection with such an unpleasant tale.

Whenever possible, "Okies" themselves were selected for minor parts and those who were hired spread the good news back at the camps. The result was a flood of job-hunters at the studio gates and in the end it was necessary to announce that no more "Okies" could be used. Deeply interested in this picture which was being made about themselves, they wrote, individually and in groups, to the studio, advising and suggesting. They were especially concerned about who was to play Rosasharn, and wanted not a Hollywood glamour girl, but one who had been hungry and suffered as they had.

THE costumes, mainly overalls and coarse blue shirts for the men and mother hubbards or cheap gingham for the women, had to be picked up from the local Salvation Army or purchased direct from the migrant camps at Bakersfield or Stockton. Nothing new, nothing made up at the studio, would do. Clothes had to be worn and old, tattered and roughly patched together again, for people long used to poverty. Denied even stockings, Jane Darwell went about for six weeks in an over-sized pair of men's shoes. Sometimes she and Dorris had to go completely unshod and found it painful and unnerving, to stand before the cameras while chickens curiously pecked at their bare toes. The use of make-up, too, was out. Even the youthful Rosasharn was untouched by lipstick and rouge.

The men grew more than a little stubbly about the chin, for they were allowed to shave only when the script finally brought the Joads to a government camp. But Henry Fonda did have his hair cut before production began. His last three pictures, "Jesse James," "Young Mr. Lincoln" and "Drums Along the Mohawk," called for a long crop that curled prettily at his neck. Now, at last, to his obvious satisfaction, his hair is short again. It's so short, in fact, that he sports a tell-tale strip of white skin between his scalp and sun-burned skin—a characteristic of those who cut their own hair—and do it to last.

During the course of production, the company made several brief location trips. The action that was supposed to have taken place around Bakersfield was actually filmed there. The company also

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At Bedtime\*, cleanse the skin thoroughly with Woodbury Germ-free Cold Cream, leaving on a thin cream film when you retire

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By JANET PARKER  
Woodbury Beauty Consultant

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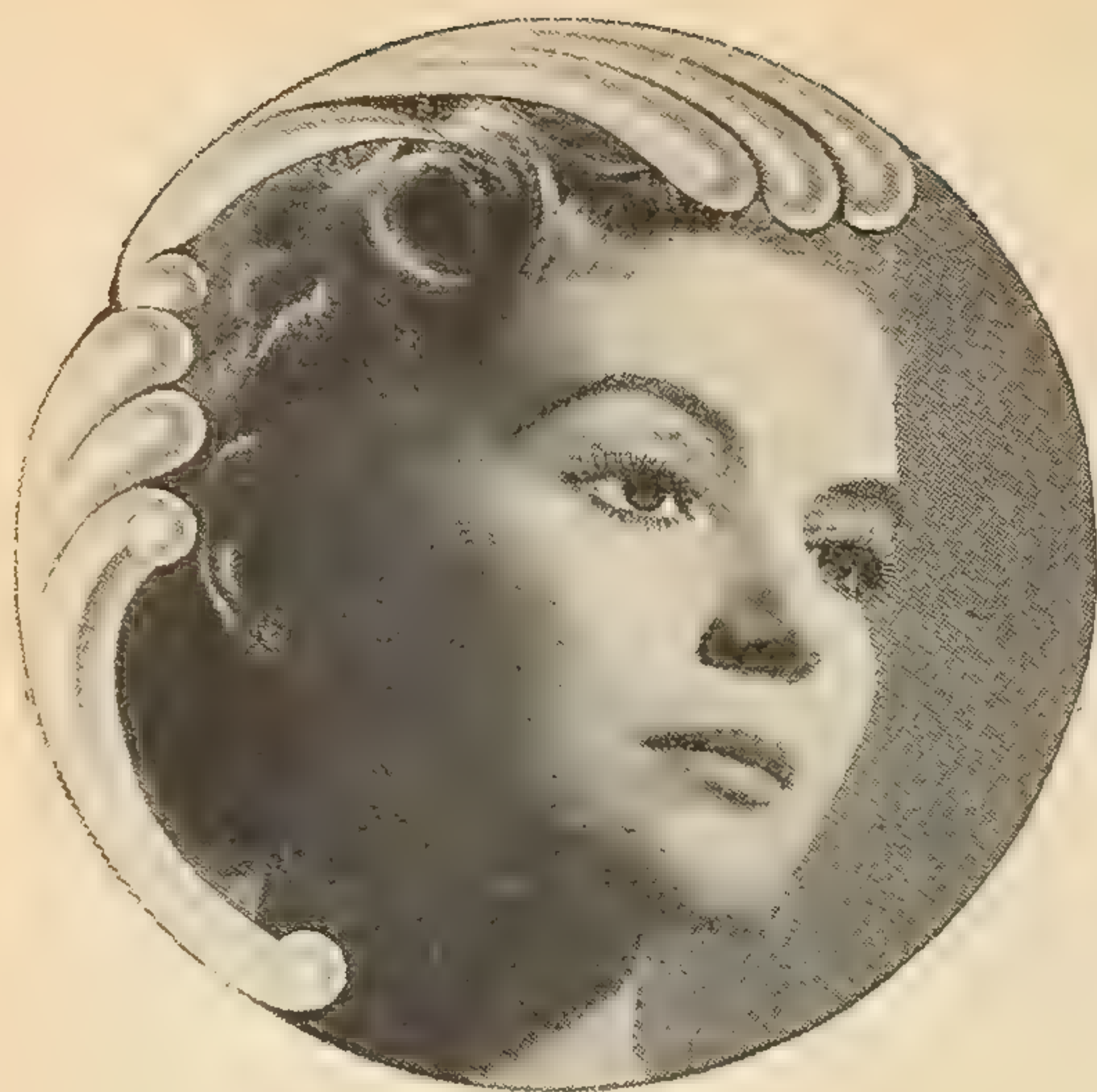
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New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

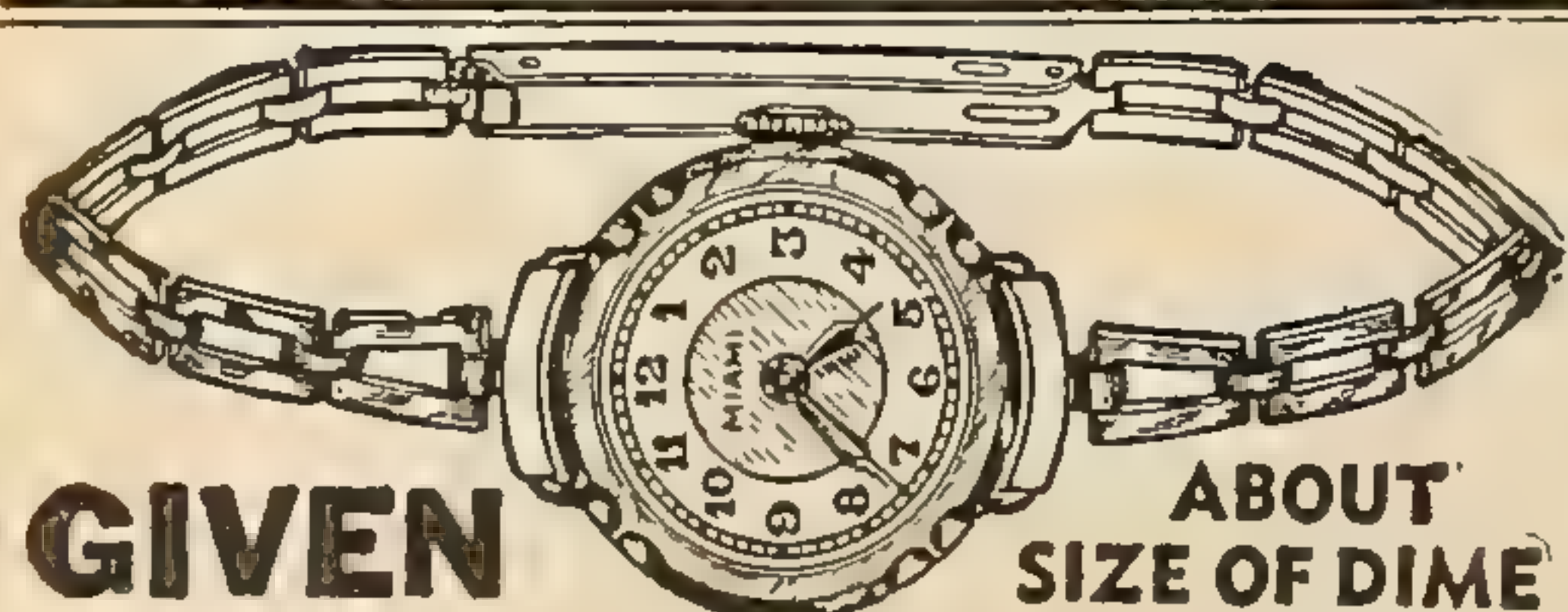
WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

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spent a day or two at Needles, Arizona, where the men folk strip and go swimming as they cross the line into California. Henry Fonda and the others found the Colorado River rather icy and their teeth chattered almost audibly before the takes were completed.

Although there were few really humorous interludes in the making of the picture, trivial occurrences helped ease the prevailing tension on the set. Once a broken fender threatened to hold things up for a while. On that eventful day, Henry Fonda stood on the fender of an already over-burdened 1923 car, loading a mattress onto the top.

**H**E was right in the midst of his lines when the fender suddenly gave way, bringing with it Henry, mattress and all. The prop man rushed up, frantic and impatient. "That blasted car just won't stick together!" he cried, and began a hasty repair job. But John Ford, the director, stopped him, "Don't bother about fixing it. It'll take too long. We'll just move around to the fender on the other side." He added, with a wry grin, "It's one down and three to go."

There was also the time at a roadside camp when the Joads arrive weary and dust-covered, to spend the night. Before turning in, the men of the family get together with the others at the camp for a song or two.

Much to the amusement of the others, Fonda was called upon to do a couple of verses from an old Arkansas melody, "Eleven Cent Cotton And Forty Cent Meat," without accompaniment. He had never sung on the screen and it took more than a little coaching and encouragement from Ford who, incidentally, isn't any singer himself. When finally, in desperation, Ford demonstrated how it should go, the smiles of the company broke into open laughter. In the end, Fonda managed, with more vim than ability, to get his song across. Eddie Quillan, who plays Rosasharn's young husband and who once sang in vaudeville, did several stanzas from another ballad written by one of the "Okies" who has a part in the picture.

In his off-moments Fonda could, as usual, be found somewhere near the electricians, helping them hook up cables, puttering around at this little thing or that. He used to be a trouble-shooter for the telephone company and when he has nothing better to do, still likes to fiddle around with the various gadgets only an electrician can understand. Speaking of Fonda, one of the incongruous sights, when the company moved from one set

to another across the studio lot, was that handsome Packard of his winding up at the end of the long line of wheezing, broken-down jalopies.

These daily incidents are interesting and fun to think about later, but the company's single enthusiasm, their willingness to pitch in and work steadily so that the shooting could be finished days ahead of schedule, is the important fact in any story about "The Grapes Of Wrath." Although it was a large and expensive production, John Ford wasted little time. A man of few words, he carefully rehearses a scene two or three times, then shoots it so that it stays shot.

Occasionally he may redo it to alter a line or change some detail as, for example, the time he substituted his own battered hat for the old hat worn by one of the "Okies." He found his cast, most of whom he had worked with many times before, easy to handle and cooperative. John Carradine was the only one who hadn't read the book. So great is Carradine's personal respect for Ford's direction that he wished his portrayal of Casy, the preacher, to be marred by no previous conception of his own.

As you have probably read, there was a constant undercurrent of opposition to the filming of the picture, but no actual damage was done to halt production. However, certain influential powers in the state such as big land companies, and fruit-growing combines and the banks that finance the movies, did what they could to make things difficult. Rumors are still going around that the picture will be sold by Twentieth Century-Fox at a neat profit and then simply shelved, for there is no doubt that the public will be aroused to action when the film is released. The various location trips were kept as secret as army maneuvers and the finished product could not be previewed in California, so bitter are the natives of that state. Pressure was constantly brought to bear on long-suffering Tom Collins. Deputations of people even came to the studio to see him.

And now, after all the excitement, the whispered rumors, the constant threats from numerous sources, Hollywood's daring experiment is ready. Filmed to the letter, unabridged, straightforward and unafraid at every point, "The Grapes Of Wrath" is the mightiest social document ever to reach the screen. Everything possible has been done to make a great picture out of living material. Now the work is finished. It's up to you, the movie-goer, to speak the final word that will or will not mark this picture the forerunner of a brave new cycle.



Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan discuss plans for their approaching marriage. Ronald gifted Jane with a 52-karat amethyst which is his birthstone. The bride-to-be was formerly the wife of Myron Futterman, wealthy manufacturer of New York.



## WHY CARY GRANT IS HARD TO GET

(Continued from page 37)

to affairs of the heart. Glamour girls may find him invulnerable to their charms, but producers also find him hard to get, even for choice roles. Press agents find him hard to persuade, even in the interests of publicity. Writers find him hard to interview. Autograph hounds find him hard to catch. Co-workers find him hard to know.

Why? When he first arrived in Hollywood, he wasn't this way. He was willing to take whatever roles were tossed in his direction. Anything press agents wanted to write about him was all right with Cary. He talked freely to interviewers. He struck up new friendships on every set. He was eager to accept party invitations for any night in the week. He wasn't afraid of pretty girls.

What has changed him, made him hard to get? One of his closer friends has an odd explanation. This friend said recently, "Cary's a queer bird—especially for Hollywood. Success has brought out the inferiority complex in him. When he was unknown, struggling to get along, he couldn't afford to be self-conscious about anything. Now that he's a star, and the struggle is pretty much over, he's more like himself. He's self-conscious about everything."

**T**HERE is evidence to support this contention. Cary himself, in off-guard moments, has shown he is cursed with self-consciousness. For one thing, he hates make-up, which he has to wear to cover a heavy beard. To put it on, he has to look at his own face in detail. He doesn't like that. For the same reason, he hates to buy hats. To hear him tell it, you'd think there isn't a hat in the world suited to his particular face. If you'll notice, you usually see him bare-headed, both off and on the screen.

Then there is this revealing tale from his early theatre days. He was supposed to vanish through a stage floor by courtesy of a trap-door. He mistimed his disappearance and the door came down on his neck. He howled with pain and the audience howled with laughter. They never knew that Cary couldn't sleep for a week afterward, his embarrassment was so great. He was unaware that everybody else had forgotten the incident five minutes after it happened.

Once, in talking about Katharine Hepburn, he said that he could never be grateful enough to her for letting him play the cockney sharpster in "Sylvia Scarlett," because that role took him out of straight romantic leads. He went through agonies of embarrassment, playing suitor to sirens. It wasn't bashfulness with him. It was plain discomfort. The discomfort of an ex-knockabout comedian suddenly called upon to pose as a Great Lover.

He tried to talk his way out of those romantic leads, but that didn't work. He might still be playing them if he hadn't finally saved enough money to buy his way out of his contract and to finance a wait for less sticky roles.

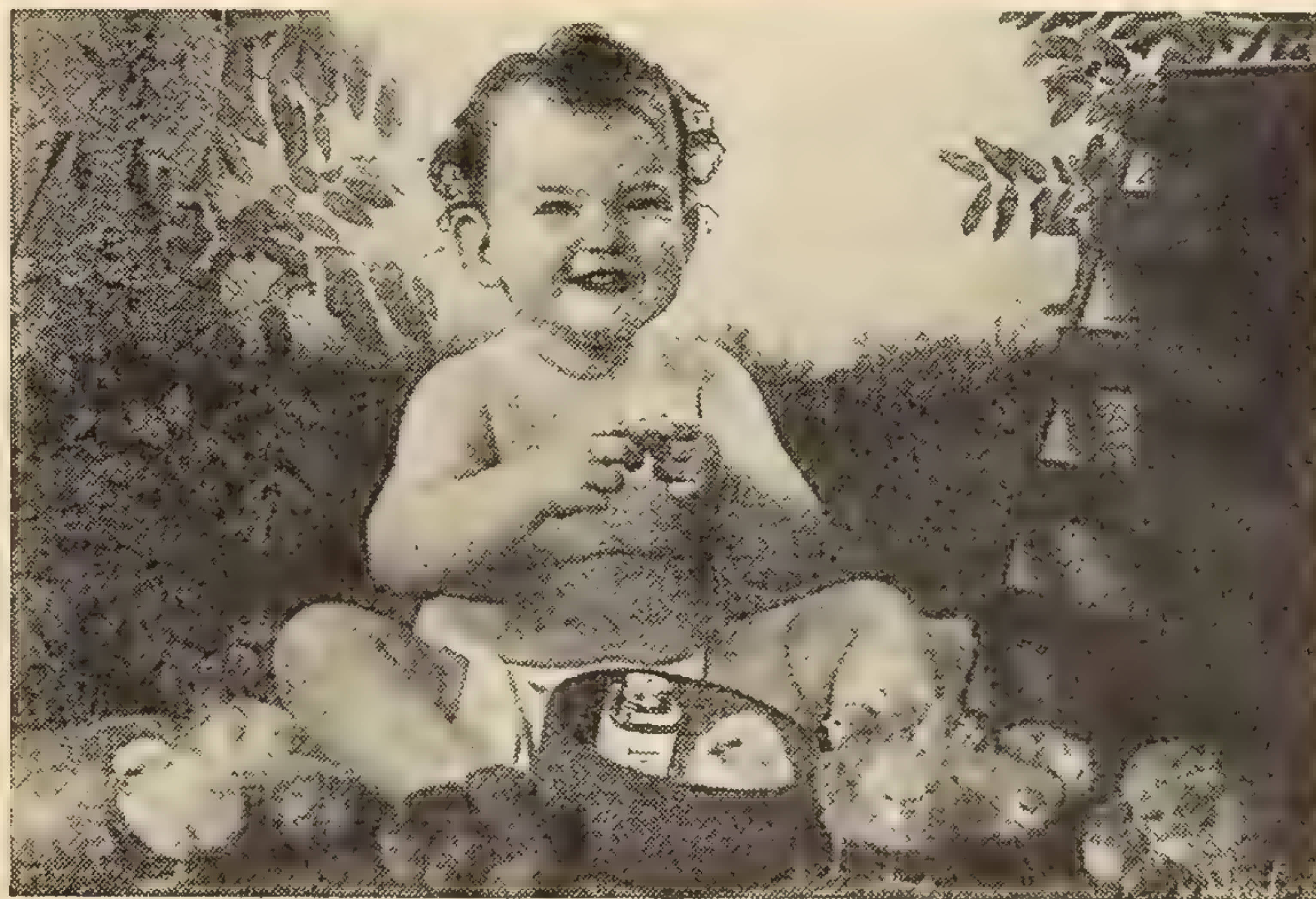
It isn't any accident that he is a freelance player today. Self-consciousness drove him to be one. It isn't mere happenstance that he has made his biggest hits playing embarrassed men. Those parts came natural to him. Nor is it any wonder that he's a difficult star for a producer to sign—especially if the pro-



"Glory, I never saw such discontented birds! You give 'em a whole pan of feed and they still stand around complaining. Hey you over there, don't you know it's bad manners to chirp with your mouth full? . . . Who, you? Yes, you!"



"Ouch! Ha-alp! This one's a pecker. Biting the hand that feeds you, eh? . . . You know, I believe they've got chafes or something. Well, I bit a few people myself the time I was chafed. Where's that Johnson's Baby Powder?"



"Ah-h-h! What powder! . . . softer than my skin or your down! Chafes and prickles haven't a chance. No shoving now, you fellows . . . line forms on the right. All those who want a sprinkle of soft, velvety Johnson's say PEEP!"



"No wonder babies love Johnson's Baby Powder! Such soft, fine talc . . . and it costs so little to keep a baby happy with Johnson's!"

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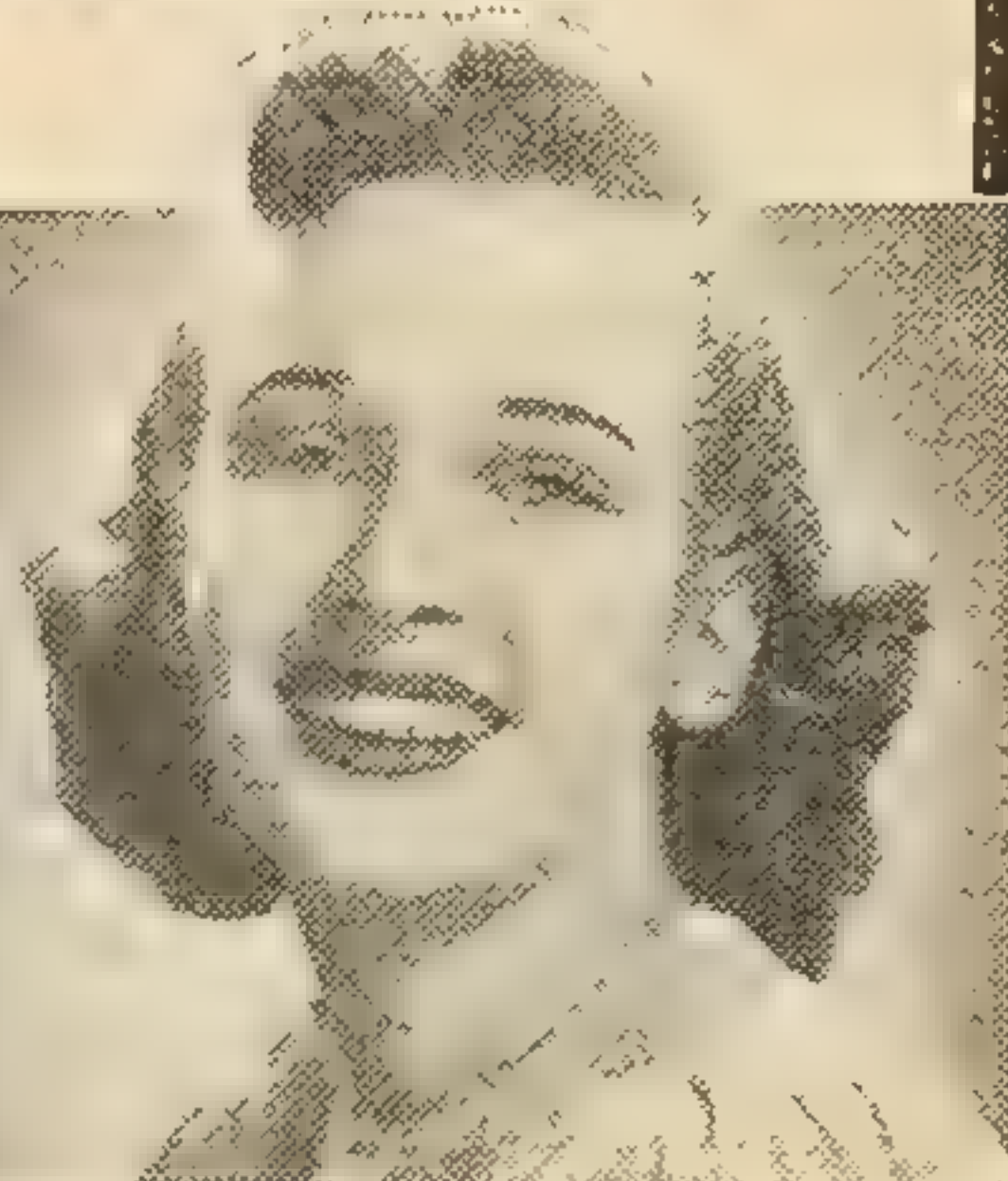


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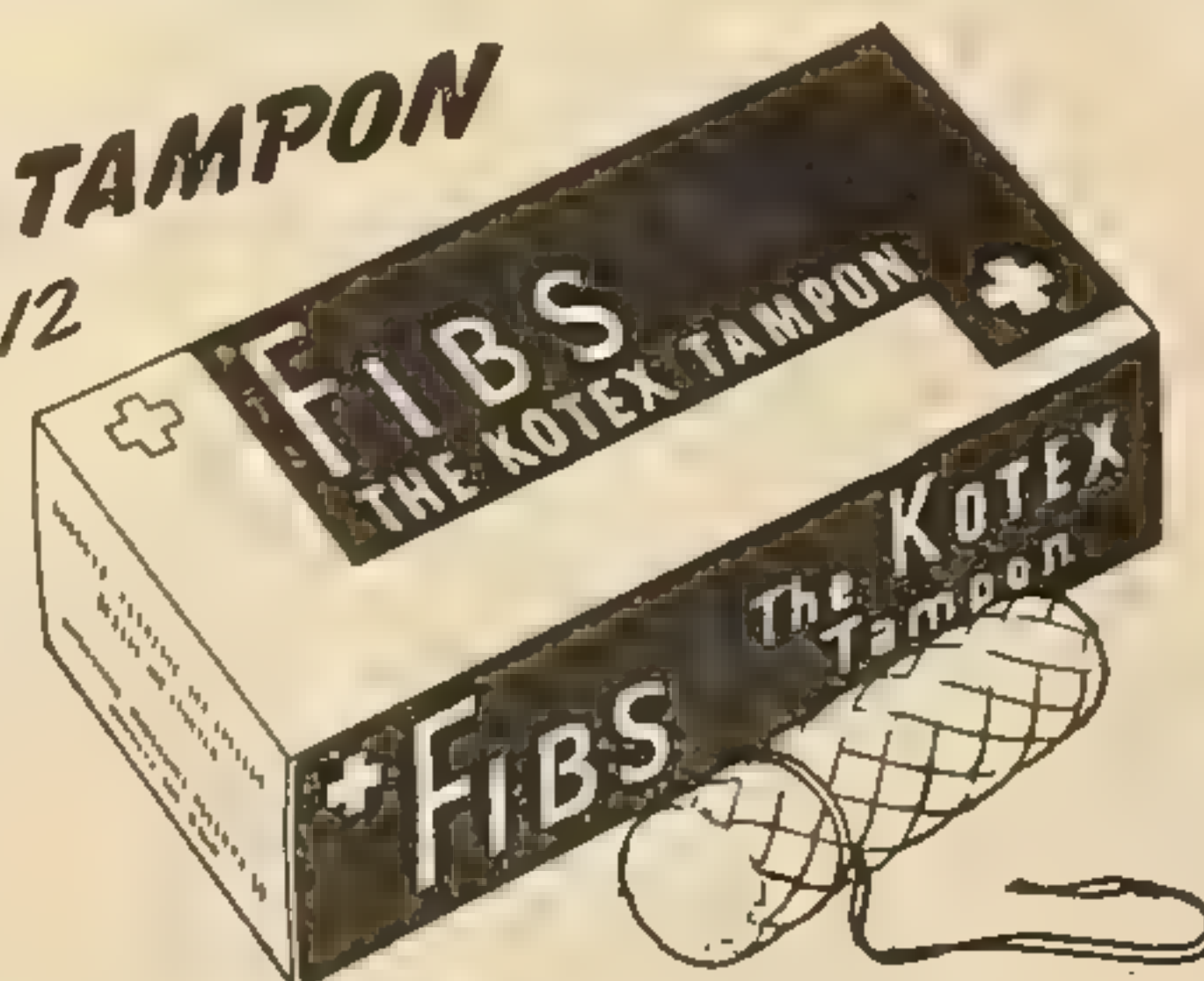
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ducer wants him to do much public love-making.

He has been in America so long that he talks and behaves like an American, but underneath he is still an Englishman. It just isn't in him to relish being passionate in public. He'll earn his living as an actor some other way, thank you.

That also helps to explain why press agents find him difficult. He finds press agents difficult. They are behind most of the romance gossip that the columnists print. They want to sell any unmarried male star to the public as a super-romantic. And Cary doesn't want anybody selling him as that, when he is trying to sell himself as something else.

**F**OR the same reason, he dodges interviewers as much as he can and, when a scattered few finally corner him, he won't talk about the subject they want him to discuss—his love-life. It would tickle the ego of many an actor to be considered an authority on things romantic. It bothers Cary. Here he is, trying to get the public to think of him in terms of amusing entertainment and people ask him about women!

When he does give interviews, he peppers them with wisecracks—many at his own expense. Between scenes, on a set, he kids with co-workers. It's all a defense mechanism. He makes it hard to know Cary Grant except as an actor with a sense of humor. But he doesn't want to be known as anything else.

He blows himself down as a romantic actor, the better to build himself up as a character actor. His self-consciousness in those love-making leads made him see one thing he might have overlooked if he had enjoyed them. Namely: Romantic actors don't last; character actors do. He wants to last.

Once you give him credit for being serious about being an amusing character actor, you can understand why he might be hard to get for straight love stories—either on the screen or off.

But this doesn't quite explain Cary. He isn't the kind to let his career dictate his private life. He's a little too independent for that.

What, then, is the reason for his artful dodging of any "serious romance" rumors for the past five years, with the single exception of those linking him with Phyllis Brooks?

Another friend, a cynic of sorts, gave a guess. "Once you fall and get hurt, you watch your step." He was alluding to Cary's first marriage.

Practically the first time Cary saw Virginia Cherrill, he decided, impulsively, that he didn't need to look any further for The One Girl. He fell head over

heels in love. He didn't ask himself if they could be happy together for life. At that time, he believed in hunches. A hunch told him that he couldn't be happy with any other girl. He courted her in whirlwind fashion, his heart on his sleeve. When she went abroad on a vacation trip, he followed. He persuaded her to marry him in London, in February, 1934.

Then, when the honeymoon was over and they had to settle down to everyday living, they began to discover that love alone couldn't make a marriage work. Something else was necessary. For want of a better word, let's call it companionship. They didn't have it. Before a year was up, both wanted a divorce.

The unhappiness of that year left Cary with emotional scars. A deep abiding distrust of his impulses. A fear of falling in love again. A determination never to marry again until he found companionship—the time-tested kind.

He didn't turn woman-hater. He did turn wary of himself. He sought safety in numbers. He scattered his dinner and dancing dates, looked at several girls at once to avoid becoming seriously interested in any one of them. The ego of most of the girls couldn't stand the competition. Before Cary could find out if any of them had companionship possibilities, they were encouraging more demonstrative suitors.

**T**O make sure he wouldn't do anything romantically rash out of loneliness, he talked Randolph Scott, a pal of his from 'way back, into sharing living quarters with him. That was five years ago. (They're still sharing quarters, which says volumes for Cary's own talent for companionship.)

When Cary met Phyllis, he discovered that she didn't expect him to fall in love after looking at her twice. She was quite willing to be a dining and dancing partner with no expectations of anything except companionship. He stopped his restless scanning of the ranks of the bachelor girls, and started going everywhere with Phyllis.

They went together more than two years, long enough to satisfy even Cary's idea of a time-test of companionship. He said as much in admitting last summer that they had wedding plans.

What spoiled those plans, only Cary and Phyllis know. All that anybody else knows is that, since they parted, Cary has been more elusive than ever.

Perhaps they will reconcile. But, if they don't, he has perfected his "hard to get" technique to the point that, this time, if he has any scars, nobody is going to see them.



Jeanette MacDonald takes Nelson Eddy and Producer-Director Robert Z. Leonard under her ample taffeta wings as they "sit out" a scene on the "New Moon" set.



# THE PERVERSE MR. FLYNN

(Continued from page 47)

can baffle and annoy his victim at the same time. He chortled for days over the bewildering predicament in which he placed a publicity man who had been sent ahead to arrange the premiere of "Dodge City" in Iowa. A thousand and one details were harassing the chap when he received a wire from Hollywood signed by the head of his department.

"Flynn arriving Tuesday," it read. "Have town's five most beautiful girls in black tights on trapeze bar at station to meet him. Imperative."

Smelling a gag but not sure of it, since the tricks of the exploitation trade can be screwy indeed, the chap spent three frantic days trying to fulfill the strange commission. He finally rounded up the girls and the black tights but couldn't find a trapeze in the whole of Iowa. Thus stymied, he wired his boss for further instructions, stating: "Have girls and black tights but no trapeze. What shall I do?"

That let the cat out of the bag for Flynn had sent the original wire.

Recently he took a sly poke at the conceit of many of his fellow actors who think the public will go to any length to bask in the glorious warmth of personal contact with the great and near-great of Hollywood. A carefully boxed and business-like ad appeared in one of the trade papers asking stars to register at a certain address. They would be well paid, it stated, for permitting eastern tourists to California to meet and entertain them.

Flynn wasn't at all surprised at the number of answers he received to his ad. Nonplussed, however, as to what to do with them, he finally directed all queries to the home of John Carradine, a dignified and modest actor whom he had never even met!

**M**ORE recently he took an open dig at Orson Welles, the strange and cocky youngster who has come to Hollywood to teach the boys and girls how to make moving pictures. The town's experts have been aiming at him for weeks but I doubt if anyone has succeeded in getting under his skin as thoroughly as Errol. Or with as little effort.

Despite his youth, or perhaps because of it, Welles affects a startlingly black and full beard which tapers from his pudgy face into a tweakable fine point. The other day another Flynn-inspired ad appeared in the trade paper which is the Bible of the industry. This one was signed the "Anti-Muff-Dwellers of America" and flatly demanded that Welles stay away from Chasen's (his favorite Hollywood restaurant) on Thursdays (cook's night off).

Hollywood chuckled appreciatively at the rib but it roared with delight the following Thursday when Flynn and his crony, Big Boy Williams, showed up at Chasen's behind exaggerated black muff beards and sat throughout the dinner hour solemnly shaking their heads at Welles and then at each other!

But mad as you get at Errol, you have to admit one thing: He can take it as well as dish it out! And with good grace. Flynn worships his Schnauser, called Arno, an independent and rather insolent dog who pays not the slightest attention to anyone but Flynn. Now dogs of any size or breed have long been for-

## "I'M FED UP ON THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN BULLYING LITTLE HARRY!"



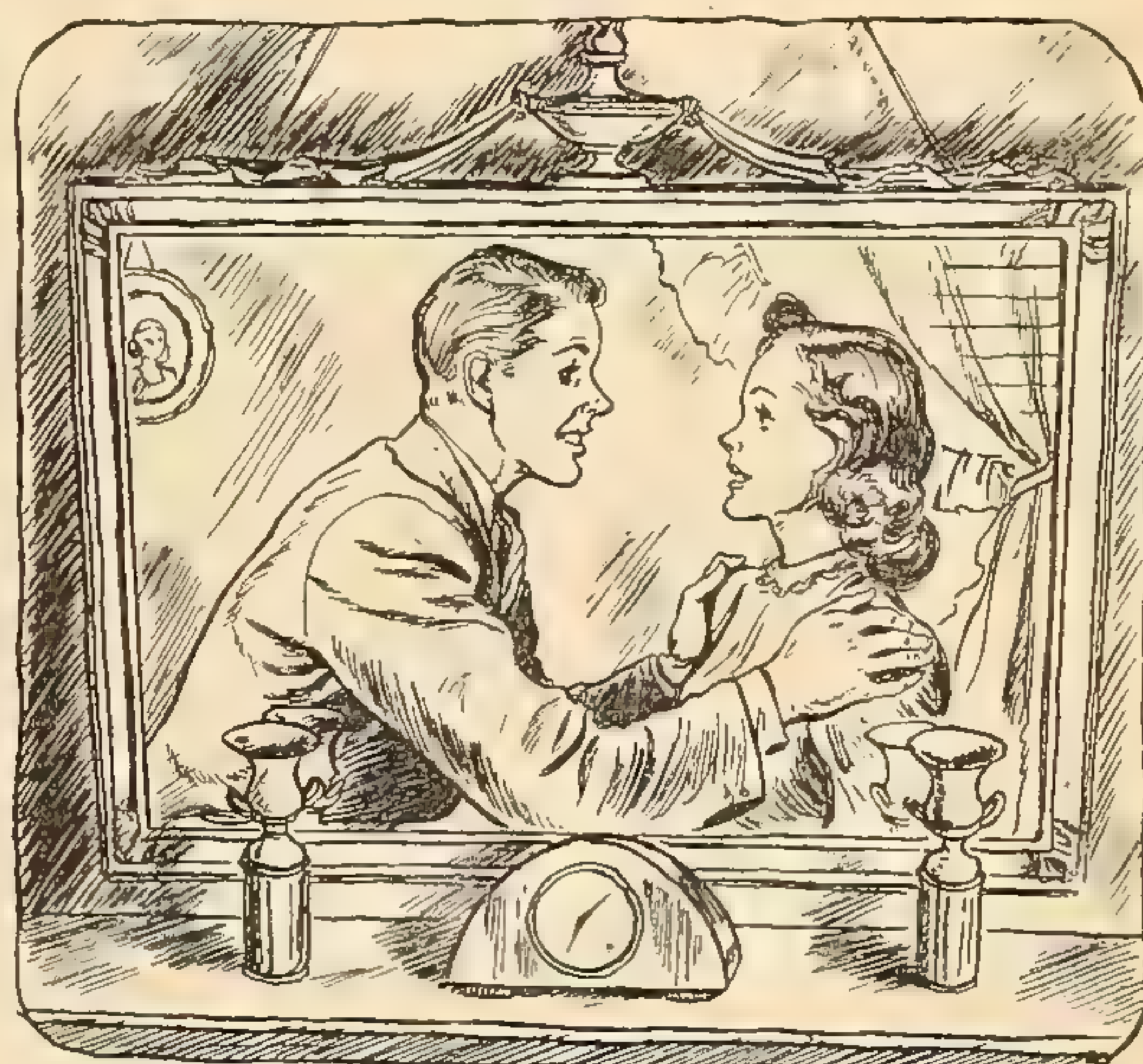
**1. HUSBAND:** Who's bullying him? I'm only trying to make him take this stuff like a man.  
**WIFE:** But he's *not* a man. And making a child take a medicine he doesn't like can do more harm than good.



**2. HUSBAND:** Where'd *you* study medicine?  
**WIFE:** That's not funny. I told you I was going to talk to the doctor. He said forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can shock his entire nervous system.



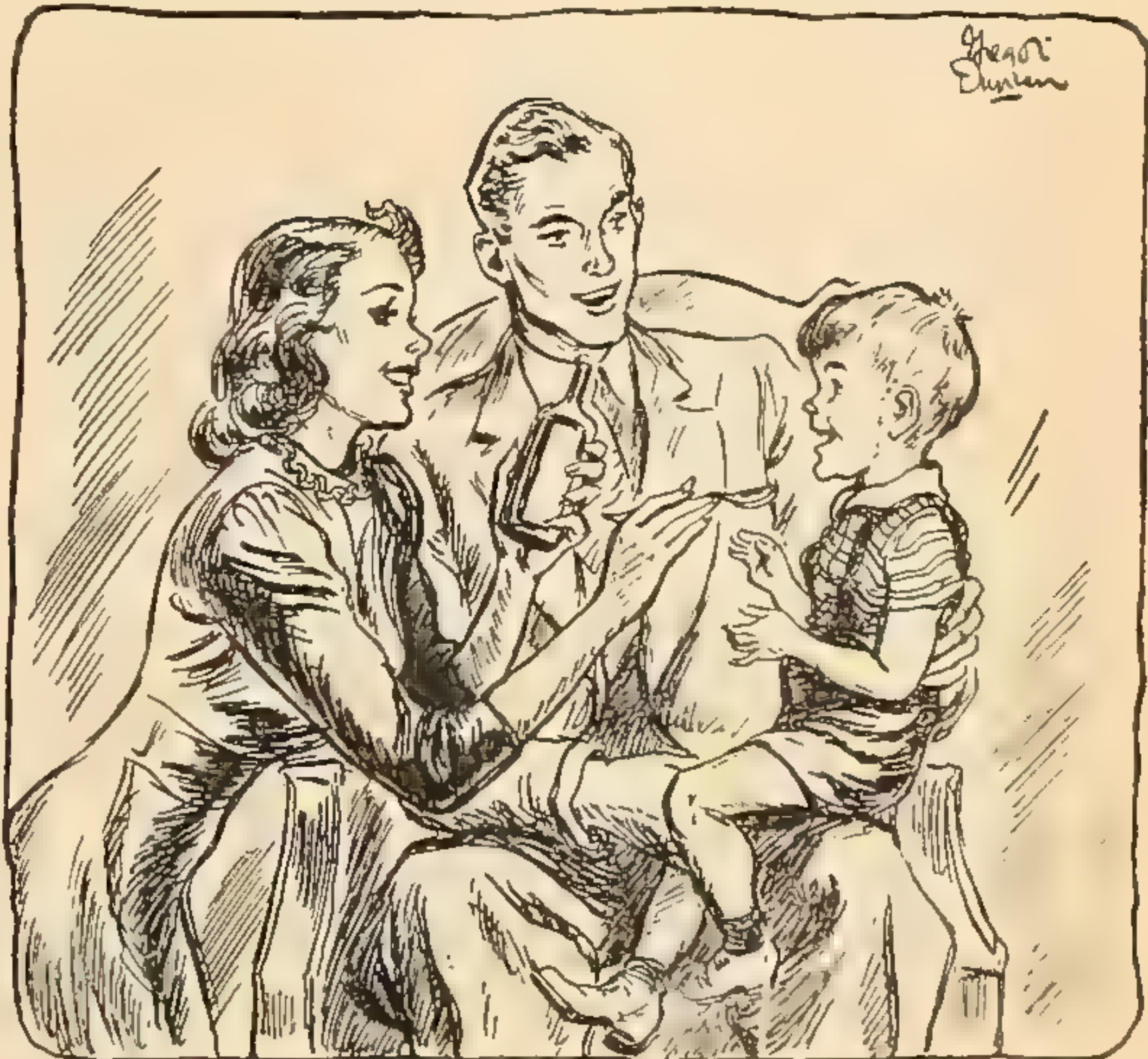
**3. HUSBAND:** Are you kidding?  
**WIFE:** This is nothing to kid about. Babies should get a good-tasting laxative, but **NOT** one made for adults. After all, an adult's laxative, even in smaller doses, can be much too irritating for a child's tender system.



**4. HUSBAND:** What can we give him?  
**WIFE:** Give him Fletcher's Castoria, the laxative made **ESPECIALLY** for babies and little children. It *won't* upset a baby's stomach because it works mostly in the lower bowel and it doesn't form a habit.



**5. HUSBAND:** Seems safe enough to try, all right.  
**WIFE:** And how! You couldn't find a harsh "adult" drug in Fletcher's Castoria. It's pure as can be and really **SAFE!**



**6. HUSBAND:** Fine. But how does it taste? That's what started the argument.  
**WIFE:** Here's where it ends. Children *love* Fletcher's Castoria's wonderful taste. Just see him take it down! It's one laxative you never need force on a child!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — **SAFE** — laxative made especially for children





Stuck at a bridge party with a real expert—it was grim. Not one smile did he break all evening—till I fished out my package of Beeman's. "Ah!" says he, with a longing look, "Beeman's, the ace of flavors!" So what could I do but offer him some?

"Thanks!" he said, looking happy for the first time. "I can't pass a flavor like Beeman's! It's got a freshness, a tempting tang, that scores with me and scores big! Honors to you, partner—you hold the tops in fine flavor!"—That cheered me up—and darned if we didn't win first prize!



bidden the sound stages of Warners since one innocent bark might prove a grave and costly accident. Characteristically, Flynn chucked the rule in the ash can; where he went, there went Arno.

Worrying over what might happen gave Al Alleborn, the unit manager on Flynn's pictures, the heebie-jeebies. Arno was the bane of his existence. It therefore amused Flynn to present Arno, in a red bow and a bunch of mistletoe,

to Al as a gag Christmas present. Unexpectedly, he accepted the gift and carried Arno home. Three bleak and miserable days passed before Al decided the brash Mr. Flynn had been punished sufficiently, and returned the dog to his lonesome master.

But not once in those three days of anguish was there so much as one peep out of Errol. He took his medicine like a man.

## WOEFUL AND WACKY

(Continued from page 60)

encouragement was enough to show him he was headed right. He worked up to stage manager, also under Digges. Then he landed the juvenile lead in Sudermann's "Magda." In due time the company landed in Hollywood. Here the movie bug bit him. He chucked overboard the legitimate stage.

If the stage was tough to crack, the movies were doubly tough. The studios wouldn't even let him play an extra. Once, he will tell you, a director tossed him out of a Russian sequence because he didn't look like a real Russian.

He did everything while waiting for the magnificoes to see the light. He even rounded up a bunch of musicians and headed a jazz band, available for a modest fee for dances.

IT was Director Frank Tuttle who discovered him. He thought the sad-eyed Russian was wonderful. In fact, he managed to find a spot for him in every one of his productions. Before long the melancholy one became a figure in the film colony. He got bids right and left but only when they needed despicable-looking villains who'd blackjack one-armed widows and swipe their pitiful savings.

In vain did he protest that his dish was comedy. No one seemed to care. Not until Gregory La Cava, assigned to direct "My Man Godfrey," happened to recall some of Mischa's high jinks at a party years before, in which he had hung from the chandeliers in the character of a gorilla. La Cava felt that maybe this identical insanity would bolster the Godfrey saga. He took a chance, gave Auer a try. The waif pulled out all the stops. The fans howled, and at long last he who got slapped was definitely in.

At thirty-four, wacky and woeful, Mischa Auer sits atop his own peculiar Olympus contemplating the world beneath. An inimitable harlequin, nevertheless he has a curiously humble philosophy about success. He simply figures he was lucky.

Regarding his acting talent, a gift which some critic has been bold enough to hail in print as "an incomparable genius for mirth and merriment in a minor key" he is more curious still. He regards Mischa Auer as a "ham." His explanation is child-like, very brief and simple.

"I got some parts in shows and finally came to be a pretty good ham. There was nothing to it. In time I got out to Hollywood and eventually they went for my stuff. What I can do is just damned foolishness, but I'm crazy about pictures."

Outside of adding a few pounds to his frame and shooting same over fourteen inches skyward (he is now six feet two) the years have brought little no-

ticeable change to the boy who fled from Russia. Today he's as mournful-looking as ever, a streamlined, rapid-talking, mad Hamlet who hides his thoughts deep inside of him.

For all this interior gloom, the Auer is a geyser of gags, antics and mummery. On the set he's a volcano whose humor literally stops the show. Cameramen, directors, script girls—one touch of Auer's laughter makes the whole set kin. When he played with Baby Sandy in "Unexpected Father," he had the little shaver gurgling all day, so much so that at night there was strange wailing in B. S.'s nursery. She missed this wonderful buffoon.

No single individual is more liked in Hollywood than Auer. He's the life of every gathering he attends, his baleful eyes providing such amazing counterpoint to the high jinks he's always perpetrating. Photographers covering the swanky premieres at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood never tire of exploding their flash bulbs at him. Just to be a pal he'll push a peanut down the block with his nose, or walk a tight rope dressed in a hooped skirt.

"All you have to do is ask the guy," a picture-taking admirer of Mischa's explains.

Hostesses implore him to come to their parties and fall on his neck out of gratitude when he departs. He never makes an entrance. Actually, it's an invasion.

This general popularity is attested to by his political triumph of summer last. All of a sudden he up and ran for mayor of Universal City against Hugh Herbert and Joy Hodges. He pranced home the winner. Out of sportsmanship he made la Hodges the Chief of Police and then began worrying about funds to build a jail large enough to house the crime wave that was sure to result from this selection.

BEING Alcalde of Universal City is his pride and joy. He loves to talk of the Utopia he's "going to make" of the little community. He bustles around sporting the most outlandish badge of office you ever saw. He'll unbutton his coat at the drop of a hint so as to show it to people.

He's the interviewers' delight. He makes it his business to astonish them by hook or crook. He'll put on a show, if he has to.

"Auer may never inspire the press, but he'll never bore them," he told a paragrapher.

Once when he was being interviewed he decided on the spur of the moment to ring up his grandmother, Mrs. Leopold Auer. She kept him on the phone for almost an hour, while he groaned in his helplessness. When another writer, a lady this time, burst in she almost jumped out of her girdle. There was Mischa lying under the desk, tie akimbo



and feet sprawled over the radiator, and spouting Russian at his relative lickety-split. The reporters looked at each other in amazement and wondered when the man with the straight jacket was coming for his charge.

These same journalists get little information out of Mayor Auer. He's too busy entertaining them. If he does do any serious talking, he steers the conversation into the channel of the camera art, his favorite hobby. Then, what has started out as an inspection of the Auer life and personality degenerates into a volcanic monologue on the respective merits of the different kinds of film, a new filter that's just hit the market or, maybe, a nifty developing solution dreamed up by one of his cronies who has the same hobby.

The thought of an elf as a husband is inclined to take your breath away, but married he is. To a lovely non-actress, nee Norma Tillmann. He has a son and heir named Anthony, of whom he never tires of talking. They're pals, father and son. Every now and then he and Anthony take a long walk, climb atop a little green hill and there Auer pere chants wild Slavic songs to the accompaniment of a Russian balalaika.

At home he's a housewife's delight—ready to tackle anything from dishwashing to beating the rug, if need be. He's designed the wall-paper for his present home and equipped it with knick-knacks of his own creation.

In matters of dress he's as careful as a debutante dreaming of her coming-out party. Which is why he's one of the slickest figures in any formal gathering. He loves evening dress. No one in Hollywood looks jauntier in a white tie.

His hobby may be cameras and picture-taking but his passion is restrained roistering with fellow members of the old regime—and Hollywood has many of them. He and his playmates assemble at regular intervals dressed to the hilt. They dine sumptuously and then begin to tell sad stories of the deaths of kings and princes. They toast the glory that was old Raw-shya far into the night. Tears flow like rain upon the town when these sentimentalists start to relive the olden days.

When it gets threeish, the man with the baleful eyes straightens himself to his stiffest, clicks his heels, salutes and departs. Tomorrow is another day and somewhere on the Universal lot Baby Sandy may be waiting for a camera rendezvous with her goofy parent.



The latest addition to Wallace Beery's family is nine-months-old Phyllis Ann. She joins Carol Ann, eight, another adopted member of the household.

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# VIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

able Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. e picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by news- papers as we go to press.

General Rating	Picture	General Rating
es (20th Cent.-Fox) . . . 3★	Mickey, the Kid (Republic) . . . 2★	
... 2★	Midnight (Paramount) . . . 3★	
(Columbia) . . . 3★	Mikado, The (Universal) . . . C 3★	
ever (M-G-M) . . . C 3★	Million Dollar Legs (Paramount) . . . 2★	
i-M) . . . 2★	Miracles For Sale (M-G-M) . . . 2½★	
... C 3★	Missing Daughters (Columbia) . . . 2★	
... C 3½★	Missing Evidence (Universal) . . . 3★	
... 2★	Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (20th Century-Fox) C 2★	
... 3★	Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia) . . . 4★	
Century-Fox) . . . 3★	Mr. Wong in Chinatown (Monogram) . . . 2★	
(Mayflower) . . . 3½★	Muliny on the Blackhawk (Universal) . . . 2★	
mount) . . . C 3★	Naughty But Nice (Warners) . . . 2★	
(Columbia) . . . 2★	Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M) . . . 3★	
-G-M) . . . 2★	The Night of Nights (Paramount) . . . 2½★	
Up Baby (Columbia) . . . 2★	Ninotchka (M-G-M) . . . 4★	
Vacation (Columbia) . . . 2★	No Place To Go (Warners) . . . 2★	
d's Bride (Paramount) . . . 2★	North of Yukon (Columbia) . . . 2★	
(Universal) . . . 2½★	Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO) . . . 4★	
nes (Republic) . . . 2★	Oklahoma Frontier (Universal) . . . 2★	
sident (M-G-M) . . . 2★	Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners) . . . 3★	
... 2★	Old Maid, The (Warners) . . . 4★	
nary, The (Paramount) . . . 3½★	On Borrowed Time (M-G-M) . . . 3★	
at Treasure Island (20th Century-Fox) 2★	On Dress Parade (Warners) . . . 2★	
in Reno (20th Century-Fox) . . . C 2½★	One Hour to Live (Universal) . . . 2★	
Carthy, (Universal) . . . 3★	\$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount) . . . 2★	
d and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox) 2★	On Your Toes (Warners) . . . 2½★	
Over Europe (Columbia) . . . 2½★	Our Leading Citizen (Paramount) . . . 2½★	
uard (Columbia) . . . 2★	*Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount) . . . 1★	
Co-ed (M-G-M) . . . 2½★	Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox) . . . 2½★	
ers Courageous (Warners) . . . 3★	Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners) . . . 2½★	
the Bookies Wept, The (RKO) . . . 2★	Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox) . . . C 2★	
time Wife (20th Century-Fox) . . . 3★	*Raffles (United Artists) . . . 2★	
th of a Champion (Paramount) . . . 2½★	Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox) . . . 3★	
stry Rides Again (Universal) . . . 3★	Range War (Paramount) . . . 2★	
puted Passage (Paramount) . . . 3★	Real Glory, The (United Artists) . . . 2★	
ums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox) . 3★	Remember? (M-G-M) . . . 2½★	
st Be My Destiny (Warners) . . . 2½★	Reno (Universal) . . . 2★	
ch Dawn I Die (Warners) . . . 3★	Rio (Universal) . . . 2½★	
Elizabeth and Essex (Warners) . . . 4★	Roaring Twenties, The (Warners) . . . 3★	
Escape, The (20th Century-Fox) . . . 2½★	Rulers of the Sea (Paramount) . . . 3½★	
Espionage Agent (Warners) . . . 2½★	Sabotage (Republic) . . . 2½★	
Eternally Yours (United Artists) . . . 2½★	Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox) . . . C 3★	
Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox) 3★	Secrets of Dr. Kildare (M-G-M) . . . 3★	
Everything's on Ice (RKO) . . . 2★	She Married a Cop (Republic) . . . 2★	
Fast and Furious (M-G-M) . . . 2★	6,000 Enemies (M-G-M) . . . 2½★	
Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO) . . . 3★	Smashing the Money Ring (Warners) . . . 2½★	
First Love (Universal) . . . 3★	SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic) . . . 2★	
Five Came Back (RKO) . . . 3★	Spellbinder, The (RKO) . . . 2★	
Flight at Midnight (Republic) . . . 2★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal) . . . C 2½★	
lying Deuces (RKO) . . . 2★	Stagecoach (United Artists) . . . 4★	
Forgotten Woman, The (Universal) . . . 2★	Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox) . . . 3½★	
our Feathers (United Artists) . . . 3½★	Star Maker, The (Paramount) . . . C 2½★	
ur Wives (Warners) . . . 3★	Stolen Life (Paramount) . . . 2½★	
ntier Marshal (20th Century-Fox) . . . 2½★	Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox) . . . 2★	
Confession (RKO) . . . 2★	Stranger From Texas (Columbia) . . . 2½★	
ronimo (Paramount) . . . 3★	Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M) . . . 2½★	
from Rio (Monogram) . . . 2★	Sun Never Sets, The (Universal) . . . 2★	
Boy (Columbia) . . . 3★	Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox) . . C 3★	
ith the Wind (M-G-M) . . . 4★	*Swanee River (20th Century-Fox) . . . 3★	
ye Mr. Chips (M-G-M) . . . C 4★	Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M) . . . C 2½★	
Girls Go To Paris (Columbia) . . . 2½★	Television Spy (Paramount) . . . 2½★	
Allen Murder Case (Paramount) . . . 2½★	That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO) . . . C 3★	
Victor Herbert, The (Paramount) . . . 3★	These Glamour Girls (M-G-M) . . . 2½★	
ver's Travels (Paramount) . . . C 3★	They All Come Out (M-G-M) . . . 2½★	
aiian Nights (Universal) . . . 2★	They Asked For It (Universal) . . . 2★	
Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence (20th Cen.-Fox) 2★	They Shall Have Music (United Artists) . . . C 3½★	
Hell's Kitchen (Warners) . . . 2½★	Those High Grey Walls (Columbia) . . . 2½★	
Here I Am a Stranger (20th Century-Fox) . . . 2½★	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal) . . . C 3★	
Heroes In Blue (Monogram) . . . 2★	Three Sons (RKO) . . . 3★	
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners) . . . 2½★	Thunder Afloat (M-G-M) . . . 2½★	
In Name Only (RKO) . . . 3½★	Too Busy To Work (20th Century-Fox) . . . C 2½★	
Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists) . . . 3★	Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners) . . . 2½★	
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount) . . . C 3★	Tower of London (Universal) . . . 2★	
Irish Luck (Monogram) . . . 2½★	Tropic Fury (Universal) . . . 2★	
I Stole a Million (Universal) . . . 3★	20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox) . . . 3★	
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox) . . . 2★	Two Bright Boys (Universal) . . . 2★	
Jamaica Inn (Paramount) . . . 3★	U-Boat 29 (Columbia) . . . 3★	
Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox) C 3★	Undercover Doctor (Paramount) . . . 2½★	
Juarez (Warners) . . . 3★	Underpup, The (Universal) . . . C 3★	
*Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M) . . . C 3★	Unexpected Father (Universal) . . . 2★	
Kid From Kokomo, The (Warners) . . . 2★	Union Pacific (Paramount) . . . 3½★	
Kid Nightingale (Warners) . . . 2★	Wall St. Cowboy (Republic) . . . 2½★	
Lady of the Tropics (M-G-M) . . . 2★	Waterfront (Warners) . . . 2★	
Light That Failed, The (Paramount) . . . 3★	We Are Not Alone (Warners) . . . 3½★	
Little Accident (Universal) . . . 2½★	What a Life (Paramount) . . . 3★	
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount) . . . 2★	When Tomorrow Comes (Universal) . . . 2½★	
Main Street Lawyer (Republic) . . . 2½★	Winter Carnival (United Artists) . . . 2½★	
Maisie (M-G-M) . . . 3★	Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M) . . . C 4★	
Man About Town (Paramount) . . . 3★	Wolf Call (Monogram) . . . 2★	
Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists) . . . 3★	Woman Is the Judge (Columbia) . . . 2★	
Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M) . . . C 2½★	Women, The (M-G-M) . . . 3★	
Meet Dr. Christian (RKO) . . . 2½★	You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners) . . . 2½★	
	Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox) . . . C 3½★	

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SHAMPOO**



## HIGH SCHOOL SIREN

(Continued from page 35)

one-story building with nine rooms, and now Jane's apartment perches majestically atop it. The bedroom is a melody of soft pastels. In the game room are all the things youngsters love.

Away from the main building is the playhouse where Jane's collections—dolls, stamps, knives and pennants—are kept. There's also a guest apartment and, on the main floor, dressing-rooms for boys and girls. Last year, Jane's parents gave her a swimming pool and there, through the warm months, she spends her leisure hours with young friends. There are even barbecue ovens for roasting hot dogs. These are all part of the scheme to make Jane happy at home, since she isn't permitted to go out much with other girls. She can have crowds at all reasonable times in her own domain. Every Saturday night, she's at the movies, and she thrills at everything from Spencer Tracy in an historic role to Mr. Autry riding the plains.

ON the grounds are her six dogs. Blue Boy, an English sheep dog, is one of the specially favored. She has two pointers which Leo Carrillo gave her, a Pekinese named Suzie-Q, a Chihuahua and a Spitz. She has all sorts of cats from a red Persian named Blinker to a tortoise-shell she calls Jitterbug. Then there are parrots, rabbits, pheasants, red squirrels and turtles. She even had goats until the neighbors complained.

Jane was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and was acting on the stage when she was three years old. Seven years ago mama and daughter entrained for California, reassured by Father Withers that at least they would eat, because he would send them money every week.

For two years they knocked at the studio gates, begging for screen tests. In that period, they pocketed their pride and compromised temporarily with extra parts, which came none too often at first.

"That extra work was grand for me," Jane remembers. "It taught me a lot and I'm grateful for it."

Later, Jane appeared in radio skits in Los Angeles. Then one day Mrs. Withers heard that Fox was testing children for the second lead in Shirley Temple's "Bright Eyes." They weren't deterred by the fact that two hundred girls had already been tested. Jane and her mother managed an audience with Jim Ryan, the casting director. Before he could protest, Jane went into her impersonations. She did them for bigger executives that same day at Mr. Ryan's request, and was signed for the part without facing a test camera. Until the first shots were taken, mother and daughter lived in mortal terror that Jane might not screen well.

Before the picture had been completed, she was signed to a seven-year contract. The rest is movie history. Her income would make a piker out of some industrial moguls today, and her popularity is something for adult stars to envy.

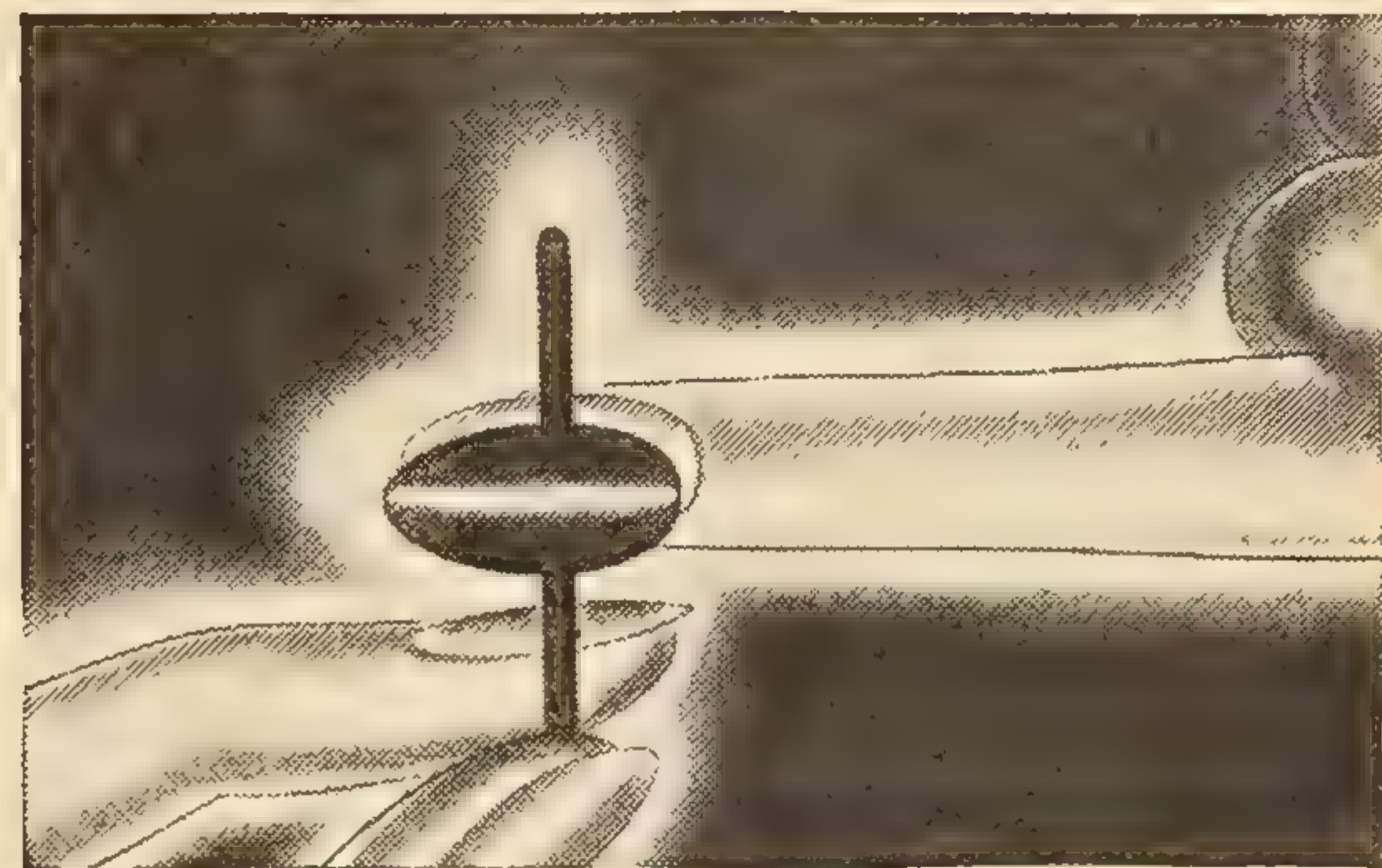
Recently a blue note crept into the Withers career, and \$75,000 flew out the window. That was the figure offered Jane by a cereal company for twenty-six weeks on the radio. The producers decided it wasn't a good idea and Jane couldn't accept.

"Do you always enjoy your work?" Jane was asked.

"What work?" she answered. "You mean acting? Oh, that—it's wonderful!"

*Lady Esther says*

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**A BERNHARDT IN PIGTAILS**

(Continued from page 6)

and lapsed into unhappy silence. She rescued me, bless her heart.

"We've made a swimming pool," she announced, gravely.

"Who's we?" I asked in my best un-Chesterfieldian English.

"My brothers and sisters and I. It's thirty-six feet by eighteen. It cost seventy-two dollars. Everybody told us it would collapse right away, but it hasn't. You know, swimming pools are awfully expensive things,—the ones that don't collapse." She seemed to feel at home on this subject, even if I didn't. But I'm sure she felt she was putting me at my ease. And so she was. I felt much better. "We did a great deal of digging, and we bought things second hand, like bricks, and one of my brothers found a used electric pump. We swim in it almost every day."

"In the pump?" I asked, thoughtlessly. Virginia looked at me with pity in her eyes. I didn't blame her. I hastened to reclaim myself, and kept her on outdoor activities.

"Well," she went on, forgivingly, "we have five horses, and I love to ride. And I like to play volley-ball, football and baseball. And I have a bicycle, too, and when . . . ." At this point, a smiling lady put her head through the door. The sparkle went out of Virginia's eyes. She turned to me. "I've got to go to my class now," she murmured, miserably, and as I watched the little pantalettes follow the teacher, I felt a surge of resentment against the Board of Education which insisted upon such things. Her mother smiled at me.

"I wish I could get her more interested in her school work," she told me, not plaintively, but calmly. "I tried giving her lessons on the violoncello, but she didn't show any more enthusiasm for music than she does for her school work." I would have sympathized with Mrs. Weidler if she had looked as though she wanted to be sympathized with. But

she didn't. She didn't seem at all worried. She seemed to feel that everything was working out all right.

"What are her other enthusiasms, apart from swimming pools, games, and things?" I asked.

"I think her greatest enthusiasm is acting. She wants to become a really great actress. When it comes to acting, she is never satisfied with herself. She is always moaning, 'Oh, if only I could do that over again, I know I could do it better.' Well, maybe she will be a great actress. Who knows? She was tremendously thrilled when she was allowed to curl her hair as Norma Shearer's daughter in 'The Women.' Her looped-up pigtails had become, more or less, a trade-mark, and here she is, today, working once more with her trade-mark. But I've heard no word of regret. It's part of 'the role,' and 'the role' is as important to Virginia as a first party dress to another little girl. It transcends trifles like pigtails."

I BEGAN to think Virginia was too good to be true, despite her aversion to readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic. I think all children must misbehave sometimes, and when you consider that little Virginia made her picture debut at the age of two, with John Barrymore in "Moby Dick," and has left behind her a whole string of successful parts, you must forgive me if I tried to find out what kind of a little girl she was to live with.

There are, it appears, six young Weidlers, ranging in age from twelve (Virginia) to twenty. They all live with their mother, a former European opera star, in a small white ranch house, surrounded by two acres of fruit and nut trees (and the aforementioned swimming pool with electric pump.) There are no servants. Yes, you heard me the first time; there are no servants. I thought, at first, that I hadn't heard aright. For after all, this is Hollywood, and Virginia is doing fairly



Paw and Maw Gable just don't like to be separated. When Clark was planning a short flying trip, the studio asked Carole to stay home. But that's Mrs. G. seated beside her husband in the plane! They recently announced that if any little Gables appear on the scene, they will be their own and not adopted children.



# HEADACHE?

well in pictures, to put it conservatively.

Anyhow, the children take care of the house, the garden, and the live stock. Each has his or her appointed tasks. There is a head gardener, a master of the house, a cook, a second maid, and so forth. I suppose Mrs. Weidler could be called a major-domo. Virginia, it develops, is the second maid. She takes care of her own room, dusts the living-room, and dries the dishes. She doesn't like it a bit better than she likes her lessons at M-G-M or playing scales on the violoncello. But that's her job. And when she dawdles (as she often does) she is treated to the dread but well-known sound of the raspberry. "Yah!" her brothers and sisters shrill, as only brothers and sisters can. "Cut out that movie stuff! Come out from behind those eyelashes. We know you!" So Virginia dries the dishes. And dusts.

I think I love Virginia.

THE live stock on the "ranch" consists of the five saddle horses, three dogs (two thoroughbreds—a Great Dane and an Irish Setter, and a mutt which looks like nothing in particular) and a rooster named, strangely enough, Marylin-Madeline, who hates to be separated from the dogs. "He's a strange rooster," Virginia confided to me later. "He doesn't crow, and he's always pecking on the door, wanting to come inside with the dogs and the rest of us, and he looks puzzled when he can't."

I asked Mrs. Weidler to tell me about how Virginia reacted to the attention of her fans when she went out in public.

"For a long time, she was painfully shy," Mrs. Weidler told me. "She would enter a theatre hiding behind my skirts, for all the world like a baby chick running to its mother when it has seen a cat. The rest of the family would troop in, looking cocky. Stories began to get about that Virginia was a silly little girl who was playing shy because success had gone to her head. The fact was that she was frightened stiff and didn't have enough poise to hide it.

"She has conquered that now and she can walk in with her head up and even manage to smile at the crowds—although I must admit that she turns a most unbecoming shade of pale green, even now. The sequel to all this is. . . ." Mrs. Weidler paused to twinkle, "her brothers and sisters won't enter a theatre with her any more. They say, with great disgust, 'Everyone knows the kid. And it's all so silly. Virginia, you can just go to the show with someone else. We want a little peace.' You see," Mrs. W. wound up, "there isn't much danger of Virginia getting a big head—at least not at home."



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**AT ALL DRUG STORES**

On the far side of the big outdoor set, which was a replica of part of an American village of the 1850's, the little ruffled pantalettes twinkled and the pigtailed bobbed. Virginia had finished a lesson and was hurrying back. But the bogeys, the "still men," snatched her before she could reach us. There was a "layout" to be taken, with a rural background. Watching the proceedings, I began to realize what a true trouper this wisp of a child is.

She posed in an old fashioned buggy, holding the lines over a placid, fat horse. She was very solemn until the photographer called "Ready!" Then she gave him a smile as professionally brilliant as anything a Norma Shearer could have achieved. I almost laughed aloud at the expertness of this pig-tailed tyke. When she posed with a monumental bicycle, she begged to be allowed to try to ride it. It would have taxed the muscles of Tony Galento. She cheerfully wielded a small hammer on an anvil in the village blacksmith shop, turning the expert smile on at exactly the right moment. Work was disrupted for everyone when she discovered that she could play a gay little tune by tapping the hammer on various available surfaces.

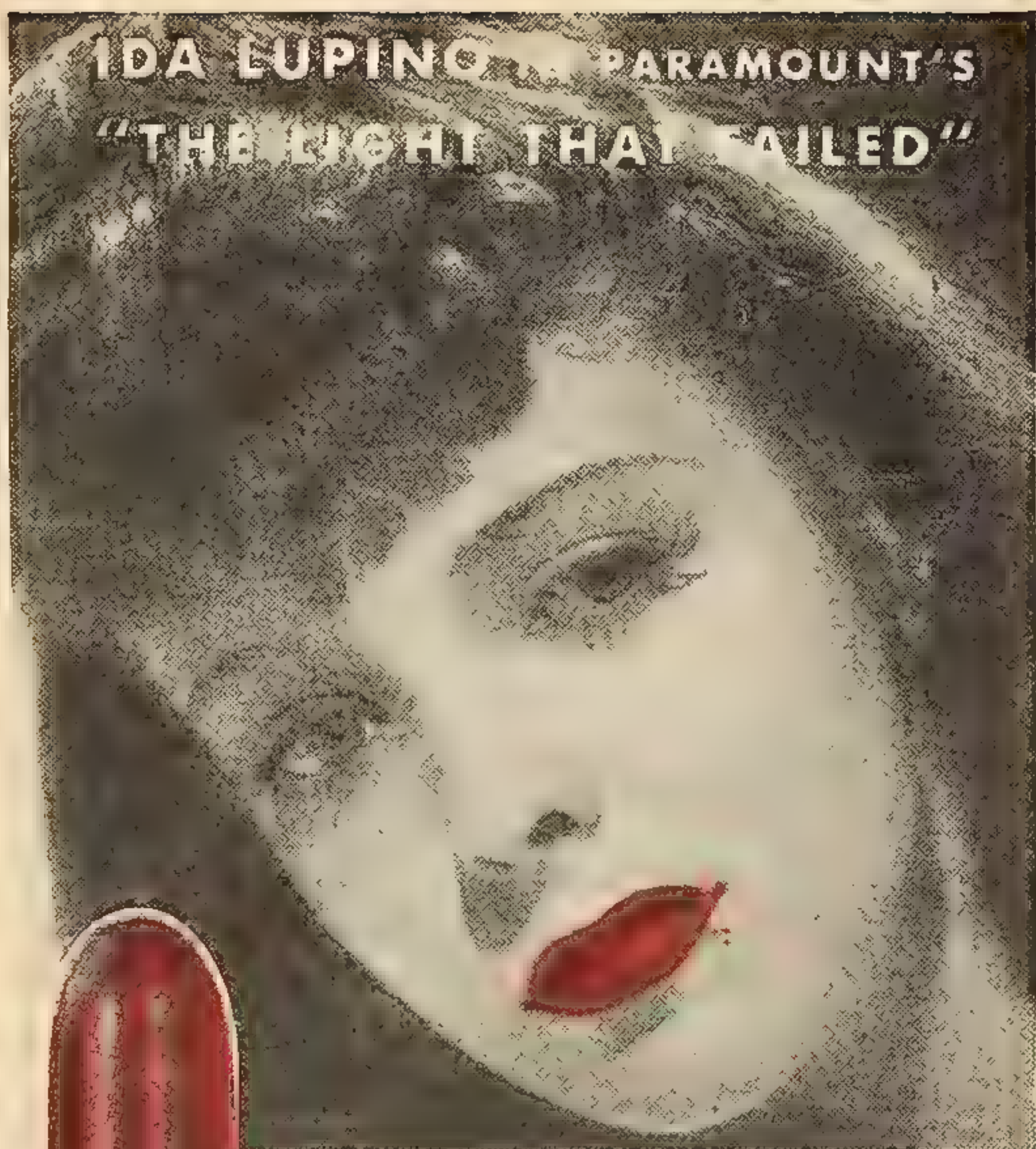
(I whispered to her mother just here that perhaps the xylophone would be Virginia's instrument. Her mother replied, quite seriously, that she hadn't thought of that but that maybe I had something there. . . . If Virginia turns out to be a xylophone player in some future picture, please don't forget I told you!

BUT Virginia's real moment came when they asked her to pose with an old fashioned coffee mill on the platform in front of the general store. It was a real mill and it worked, and the little Weidler found a bag of peanuts which she joyously ground to a fine powder while the photographers snapped and flashed like everything.

The real little girl, you see, is all child. Fascinated with a new toy, interested in any novelty. But the actress is there, too. Conscious of her duty, trying hard to do that duty intelligently, anxious to give her best to the job at hand. A funny little tyke. A Bernhardt in pigtails.

I don't know whether Virginia knows it or even whether her placid mother knows it, but M-G-M thinks it has starring material in this round-eyed child. She is being carefully groomed, gently developed, deftly handled, all according to well-formulated plans in the big Front Office, to the end that there may be a new little girl star in pictures before the end of 1940. Wait and see!





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Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check lips and hair <input type="checkbox"/>
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	

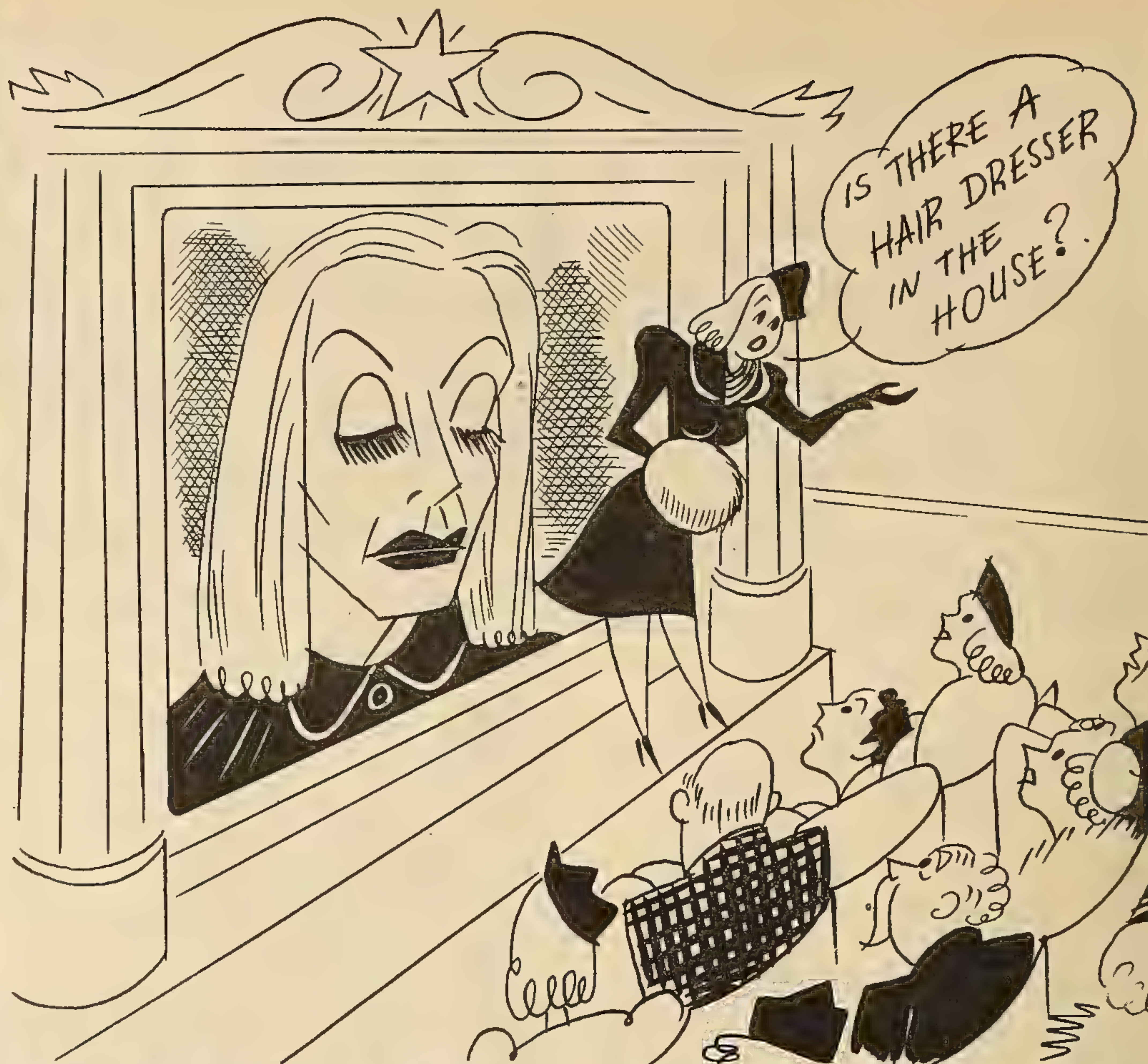
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## A Permanent, Please!

Garbo's "Ninotchka" was such a smartly turned out comedy that why she wasn't as well turned out still remains a mystery to me. It was all right for her to be unbecomingly dressed at the beginning of the picture, but why, when she did blossom forth, wasn't something done about her hair? I heard many people around me at the theatre grumbling about the same thing.

When she could look so lovely with her hair curled and waved softly in a long bob, it is a crime to have to see her with a long, straggly, straight coiffure (?) throughout a whole picture. What's glamorous about that? Nothing! I thought Hollywood was the land of beauty and hair-style experts. So they concentrate on Ina Claire's hair throughout the picture, and leave Garbo, the star, looking as though she needed a permanent!

Anyway, it was great fun to see her in a picture worthy of her sense of humor and talents. Let's hope her next is as clever, and that the coiffure artists give her a much-needed break!—Jean Wood, Oakland, Calif.

## Candid Criticism

I rise in indignation to avow and to declare

That these candid-camera maniacs are getting in my hair;  
Their so-called works of art appear in every magazine,  
And the way those guys de-glamorize the ladies of the screen!

I thought all movie heroines were lovely as a dream

Till these lens-lads gave us the low-down—that Stars aren't what they seem.

The candid camera gives us proof we simply can't deny—

My glamour queen has bow legs and I know the lens can't lie;

The ladies I once looked upon with wistful envious sigh,

I find, in off-guard moments, are e'en as you and I.

—Willie Mae Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.

## One-Role Kelly

I object to putting an actress in a single type of role to the exclusion of all others. The girl in question is Nancy Kelly, the actress I consider on the road to greatness exceeded only by Bette Davis, Helen Hayes and Katherine Cornell.

Miss Kelly is a real actress, that is certain. More than that, she is one whose emotions come from the heart, not the mind—from this real and poignant thing called life, not merely from an author's pen.

Yet I think the studio is making a big mistake to cast her in dramatic parts alone. After all, she is still young, and she is alive to the interests and passions of youth. She should be allowed to play light comedy and purely romantic roles, as well. It is wrong to age her before her years, worse still to type her as a one-role actress. She is a beautiful girl who should be allowed to be herself, to laugh, and love her way into her audience's heart.—Jack Miller, Oak Park, Ill.



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## THOUGHTS

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### There's Much In a Name

In fairness to the supporting cast of pictures I think that, after the screen story is finished, the list of players should be repeated. Many times there's been some marvelous acting by a bit player whose name I'll never know. I think we often give credit to the stars when it was really a "little miss nobody" who put the show over.

You know how a machine wheel revolves around and around. The little gadgets responsible for the turning of the wheel are somewhere in the background, out of our view. So it is with bit players. Perhaps, if we knew their names, we could sort of make our own "discoveries."—Jeanne A. Coggins, Upper Darby, Penna.

### Fair Enough

Thank you M-G-M for "The Women." Personally, I think it drew more women than men. When I saw the picture, the theatre was packed with women. Curiosity, of course! The men more or less thought they knew us without seeing it. Rosalind Russell surely stole the show. I sat on edge during the entire picture, waiting for her appearances.

Now, M-G-M, if you want to please the women tremendously, why not give us, "The Men?" Most men try to convince us they never think of women, much less talk about them to each other. We know better, and so do you. It will draw every wife, husband and sweetheart. Come on M-G-M, please!—Mary Fansler, Knoxville, Tenn.



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## War Films

Your January issue carried a reader's viewpoint on war films. I'd like to answer that letter.

I think Hollywood is doing the right thing by showing war films. If we had always kept the true picture of things before us, sentiment would now have had war whipped at its own game.

I was just a youngster during the World War, and due to all the glorious things I learned about war—in speeches, song and story—I thought it would be great stuff to wear a uniform, carry a gun and fight for glory. I wasn't shown torn bodies, blinded eyes, diseased forms, the creeping death of gas, and the insane minds of men who knew the horror. I, and men everywhere, felt the poison of the propaganda seep into our systems and then suddenly we, too, were shouting, flag-waving lunatics in the maelstrom.

Now we know better. Realism of modern thought in story and film shows us Truth. Enough of that and some day war will become the outlaw it should be. Yes, Hollywood certainly is doing the right thing in showing us what we should fear so we can take steps to ward it off.

Maybe it wouldn't be so pleasant to see Lew Ayres shot down by a machine gun; but even so, you know it's only a story. In real warfare, it might be your boy or mine.—Clyde J. Ogden, Martins Ferry, Ohio.

## Pet Peeves

When I attend a movie play  
These are the pests I want to slay:  
The girlies who attend the shows  
To talk about their latest beaux;  
The one who saw the show twice through  
And tells you what everyone's going to do;  
The giggly little star-eyed dear  
Who pops her gum right in your ear;  
The man who hums all through a song—  
He ought to get the Major's gong!  
The pest who wriggles like a worm  
And blocks your view at every turn;  
The girl with Fiji Island hair  
(Thank goodness for the heads grown bare!)  
The kid with gooey lollipop  
Who parks it in your curly mop;  
The ice cream smackers, candy crunchers,  
Popcorn crackers, peanut munchers.  
Please tar and feather all these bores—  
And don't forget the man who snores!  
—Cora May Preble, Compton, Cal.

## Here's To Youth!

Let Hollywood concoct all of the socially significant sagas and elaborate extravaganzas it can afford, I'll still contend that the often "under-publicized" films that gayly portray youth at its merriest really provide the best entertainment.

After all, youth must have its fling, and a picture that portrays the young things as they really are, is as priceless as the rarest gem. In this supposedly wonderful world of ours, why should all the modern screen fare be devoted to the struggles and hardships of life, omitting all its gayety? Everyday troubles are abundant enough without accentuating them on the screen.

And what cinematic years these are for the younger generation! With such a variety of youthful, vibrant personalities as Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Robert Stack, Ann Rutherford, Lana Turner, and others to

carry you gayly through a mad-cap mix-up of first loves and college romances, you just can't become bored—that is, if you've ever been young, yourself.

So here's to youth and wholesome entertainment!—Chan Clarkson, Portland, Ore.

## Drums Along the Mohawk

Two weeks have passed and I'm still thinking of "Drums Along The Mohawk." It impressed me so greatly because it was true to fact. I have seen and enjoyed many historical pictures, but this one I lived.

I actually felt cold and tired when the couple arrived at their cabin (for once the heroine's hair really looked a mess). The light and humorous parts made this serious story seem even more realistic. As a study of early American furniture alone, it would be worth seeing again.

I think people welcome the historical pictures, as they not only offer good entertainment but a better understanding and appreciation of life today. Seeing the struggles of the past makes the problems of this age mean a great deal more.—Mrs. Don E. Sears, Ashland, Ore.

## That Turner Girl

I was getting so fed up with glamour girls that sometimes I was tempted to do like the ostrich and bury my head in the sand. But I'll have to eat my threat now because I've been jolted out of my boredom by a pretty lass who has, besides beauty and talent, an exhilarating freshness that comes from within. Her name is Lana Turner and if ever a star deserves orchids, she's one.

She has glamour but it's the youthful, natural type (Allah be praised) and not the heavy-lidded, slinky type.

The top of the ladder of fame shouldn't be far away for lovely Lana Turner. She positively sparkles!—Mrs. Sterling Pelfrey, Frankfort, Ky.

## WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

So you've just left a movie and are bursting to tell the world about it! Fans, take pen and paper and speak your piece! Was it the best one you've ever seen? Was it the poorest you've ever sat through? Did some newcomer give you the thrill of "discovering a star?" Was it a supporting role of a veteran that entranced you? All the fans in the country are curious to know what you're thinking. You have your favorites and pet peeves and so have they. They'll argue with you, but that's the fun! Then, too, there's the chance of winning a \$1.00 prize awarded each month to ten writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



## IT'S NO FUN KISSING

(Continued from page 27)

"I wasn't afraid of the other scenes. The character I was playing was a pretty average guy, who did pretty average things. If I was myself as much as possible, I might look natural enough to get by. But the love scenes scared me stiff. I couldn't see myself looking natural in those.

"Director Wesley Ruggles began to give up hope, too, after about the fifth take on the first one. He said, 'Let's try it sitting down on a bench, instead of standing up.' That helped a little; I didn't feel so overgrown, sitting down. But I still didn't know what to do with my hands. He sent out for some popcorn and told me to dive into it. Maybe you remember the scene. I proposed to Claudette between mouthfuls of popcorn.

"It turned out all right. I've taken a cue from that. I've eaten my way through love scenes ever since, any time I could. If I can hold hands with the heroine across a table, I can be sure of one thing—nobody can see my knees shaking."

**H**E'S kidding, saying his self-consciousness, now, is the knee-shaking kind. But it's still pretty bad. Do the glamour girls make it so difficult to relax in their company?

"The girls don't make life difficult. I get along with them all right. The only person I've ever had trouble with is myself. This guy MacMurray just won't let me enjoy getting emotional in public. Even though I'm paid right handsomely for it, it's no fun kissing—on the screen.

"Of course," Fred adds, "some of the girls make life easier than others. Claudette, for example. I went into those first love scenes, frozen with fright. She went to the trouble of trying to thaw me out. It probably would have been simpler to get a new leading man—one, for example, who knew where to place his hands in an embrace, without being shown. To give you an idea of how practically hopeless I was, she started one rehearsal by giving me a good-natured shake. 'Fred,' she said, 'you've got to give more. You're in the movies now.' I don't know if I did any acting or not. But with Claudette putting so much feeling into the scenes, I at least did some reacting.

"Claudette believes in realism. She likes to be held the way a man really in love with her would hold her. Some of the other girls—I won't mention names—are cooler in the clinches. They're worrying more about their wardrobe than they are about realism. Either way is all right with me—just so long as I get it over with in one take. I'm One-Take-MacMurray, if possible, when it comes to love scenes."

"Kissing Joan Bennett is something like kissing your first girl. You don't crush her in your arms. You're gentle with her. She brings out the protective instinct. Maybe intentionally; maybe not; I don't know. All I know is that she is inclined to be passive. Between scenes, she knits by the hour. And when you hold her in your arms, you have the feeling that she's hoping she can get back to her knitting soon.

"Katharine Hepburn is supposed to be difficult to work with. I didn't find her difficult. I simply found her more analytical than any other star I've worked

(Continued on page 94)

## It's a "Green" Girl . . .

. . . at winter sports who bundles up in clothes as thick as a mattress! Those who *know* wear outfits that aren't hampering...choose clothes expertly designed to protect, without being bulky!

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# MODERN SCREEN

(Continued from page 12)

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Joyce, Brenda	Graftina Leabo	Kansas City, Mo.	Feb. 25, 1916	5' 4"	112	Brown	Blonde	Univ. of So. California
Karloff, Boris	Charles Pratt	Dulwich, England	Nov. 23, 1887	6' 0"	175	Grey	Brown	King's College, Eng.
Kelly, Nancy	Nancy Kelly	Lowell, Mass.	Mar. 25, 1921	5' 5"	113	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Kelly, Patsy	Veronica Kelly	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Jan. 12, 1910	5' 4"	134	Brown	Brown	St. Patrick's School
Kelly, Paul	Paul Kelly	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Aug. 9, 1902	5' 11"	165	Brown	Brown	Public School
Kent, Robert	Robert Blackley	Hartford, Conn.	Dec. 3, 1912	6' 0"	170	Blue	Brown	High School
Kibbee, Guy	Guy Kibbee	El Paso, Texas	Mar. 6, 1883	5' 10"	200	Grey	Grey	Public School
Kilburn, Terry	Terry Kilburn	London, England	Nov. 25, 1926	4' 8"	95	Grey	Brown	Studio School
Korjus, Miliza	Miliza Korjus	Warsaw, Poland	Aug. 18, 1902	5' 8"	130	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Kruger, Otto	Otto Kruger	Toledo, Ohio	Sept. 6, 1885	5' 9"	130	Grey	Brown	Univ. of Michigan
Lake, Arthur	Arthur Silverlake	Corbin, Kentucky	Apr. 17, 1914	6' 0"	169	Blue	Brown	Private Tutors
Lamarr, Hedy	Hedwig Kiesler	Vienna, Austria	Nov. 9, 1915	5' 7"	130	Blue	Black	Private Schools
Lamour, Dorothy	Dorothy Slaton	New Orleans, La.	Dec. 10, 1914	5' 5"	117	Grey	Black	High School
Lane, Lola	Dorothy Mullican	Macy, Indiana	May 22, 1912	5' 3"	117	Violet	Brown	Simpson College
Lane, Priscilla	Priscilla Mullican	Indianola, Iowa	June 12, 1917	5' 2½"	102	Blue	Blonde	High School
Lane, Rosemary	Rosemary Mullican	Indianola, Iowa	Apr. 4, 1916	5' 4"	106	Violet	Blonde	Simpson College
Laughton, Charles	Charles Laughton	Scarborough, Eng.	July 1, 1899	5' 10½"	190	Grey	Brown	Royal Academy
Lederer, Francis	Frantese Ornstein	Prague, Czech.	Nov. 6, 1906	6' 0"	170	Brown	Brown	Prague Academy
Lee, Carolyn	Carolyn Copp	Columbus, Ohio	June 5, 1935	3' 2½"	36	Hazel	Brown	
Leeds, Andrea	Antoinette Lees	Butte, Montana	Aug. 18, 1914	5' 4"	112	Brown	Brown	Univ. of California
Leigh, Vivien	Vivien Hartley	Darjeeling, India	Nov. 5, 1913	5' 3"	102	Green	Brown	Private Schools
Linden, Eric	Eric Linden	New York, N. Y.	Sept. 15, 1909	5' 9"	140	Brown	Brown	Columbia University
Lindsay, Margaret	Margaret Kies	Dubuque, Iowa	Sept. 9, 1910	5' 5"	110	Hazel	Brown	National Park Sem.
Litel, John	John Litel	Albany, Wis.	Dec. 10, 1894	5' 11"	180	Hazel	Brown	Univ. of Pennsylvania
Livingston, Bob	Robert Randall	Quincy, Ill.	Dec. 8, 1908	6' 0"	180	Green	Black	High School
Lockwood, Margaret	Margaret Lockwood	Karachi, India	Sept. 15, 1914	5' 5½"	121	Green	Brown	Royal Academy
Logan, Ella	Ella Logan	Glasgow, Scotland	Mar. 6, 1913	5' 0"	105	Brown	Black	Public School
Lombard, Carole	Jane Peters	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Oct. 6, 1909	5' 4½"	112	Blue	Blonde	High School
Lorre, Peter	Peter Lorre	Rosenberg, Hungary	June 26, 1904	5' 5"	160	Brown	Brown	High School
Louise, Anita	Anita Louise Fremalt	New York, N. Y.	Jan. 9, 1915	5' 3½"	106	Blue	Blonde	Private School
Lowe, Edmund	Edmund Lowe	San Jose, Cal.	Mar. 3, 1895	6' 0"	165	Blue	Brown	Santa Clara Univ.
Loy, Myrna	Myrna Williams	Helena, Montana	Aug. 2, 1905	5' 6"	110	Green	Titian	Private Schools
Lugosi, Bela	Bela Lugosi Blasko	Lugos, Hungary	Oct. 20, 1888	5' 1"	167	Grey	Brown	Private School
Lukas, Paul	Paul Lukas	Budapest, Hungary	May 26, 1891	6' 2"	182	Brown	Brown	Colleges in Hungary
Lundigan, William	William Lundigan	Syracuse, New York	June 12, 1914	6' 2"	170	Blue	Brown	Syracuse University
Lupino, Ida	Ida Lupino	Brixton, England	Jan. 1, 1914	5' 6"	110	Violet	Blonde	Royal Academy
Lynn, Jeffrey	Ragnar Godfrey Lind	Auburn, Mass.	Feb. 16, 1909	6' 0"	158	Blue	Brown	Bates College
Lynn, Leni	Angelina Ciofani	Waterbury, Conn.	May 3, 1925	5' 1"	100	Brown	Brown	High School
Lys, Lya	Natalia Lescht	Berlin, Germany	May 18, 1913	5' 4"	108	Blue	Blonde	Sorbonne Lyceum
MacDonald, Jeanette	Jeanette MacDonald	Philadelphia, Pa.	June 18, 1907	5' 5"	120	Green	Red	Public School
MacMurray, Fred	Fred MacMurray	Kankakee, Ill.	Aug. 30, 1908	6' 3½"	185	Brown	Brown	Carroll College
Mahan, Billy	William Mahan	Port Townsend, Wash.	July 9, 1930	4' ½"	48½	Blue	Blonde	Public School
March, Fredric	Frederick Bickel	Racine, Wis.	Aug. 31, 1897	6' 0"	175	Brown	Brown	Univ. of Wisconsin
Marshall, Brenda	Ardis Ankerson	Isl. of Negros, Phil. IIs.	Sept. 29, 1915	5' 3"	108	Hazel	Brown	Texas State College
Marshall, Herbert	Herbert Marshall	London, England	May 23, 1893	5' 10"	155	Brown	Black	St. Mary's College
Martin, Mary	Mary Martin	Weatherford, Texas	Dec. 1, 1914	5' 4½"	112	Brown	Brown	Univ. of Texas
Martin, Tony	Alfred Morris	Oakland, Calif.	Dec. 25, 1912	6' 0"	175	Brown	Black	St. Mary's College
Marx, Chico	Leonard Marx	New York, N. Y.	Mar. 22, 1891	5' 6"	135	Brown	Brown	Public School
Marx, Groucho	Julius Marx	New York, N. Y.	Oct. 21, 1895	5' 7"	155	Brown	Black	Public School
Marx, Harpo	Arthur Marx	New York, N. Y.	Nov. 23, 1893	5' 7"	140	Brown	Brown	Public School
Massen, Osa	Osa Massen	Copenhagen, Den.	Jan. 13, 1916	5' 4½"	116	Green	Brown	High School
Massey, Ilona	Ilona Haymassey	Budapest, Hungary	July 5, 1912	5' 6"	122	Blue	Blonde	High School
Massey, Raymond	Raymond Massey	Toronto, Canada	Aug. 30, 1896	6' 2"	158	Brown	Black	Oxford University
McCrea, Joel	Joel McCrea	So. Pasadena, Cal.	Nov. 5, 1905	6' 2"	185	Blue	Brown	Pomona College
McHugh, Frank	Frank McHugh	Homestead, Pa.	May 23, 1899	5' 7"	147	Blue	Brown	High School
McLaglen, Victor	Victor McLaglen	Tunbridge Wells, Eng.	Dec. 11, 1886	6' 3"	225	Brown	Brown	Public School
McPhail, Douglas	Douglas McPhail	Los Angeles, Cal.	Apr. 16, 1910	6' 0"	170	Blue	Blonde	Santa Monica Jr. Col.
Menjou, Adolphe	Adolphe Menjou	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Feb. 18, 1890	5' 9"	153	Blue	Brown	Cornell University
Meredith, Burgess	Oliver B. Meredith	Lakewood, Ohio	Nov. 16, 1908	5' 8½"	135	Blue	Brown	Amherst College
Merkel, Una	Una Merkel	Covington, Ky.	Dec. 10, 1903	5' 4"	112	Blue	Blonde	High School
Milland, Ray	Ray Mullane	Neath, Wales	Jan. 3, 1907	6' ½"	170	Hazel	Brown	King's College
Miranda, Isa	Ines Sampietro	Milan, Italy	July 5, 1915	5' 6"	121	Brown	Blonde	High School
Montgomery, Douglas	Douglas Montgomery	Los Angeles, Cal.	Oct. 29, 1908	5' 11½"	176	Brown	Brown	High School
Montgomery, Robert	Henry Montgomery, Jr.	Beacon, N. Y.	May 21, 1904	6' 1"	165	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Moore, Constance	Constance Moore	Sioux City, Iowa	Jan. 18, 1920	5' 4"	110	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Moore, Victor	Victor Moore	Hammonton, N. J.	Feb. 24, 1876	5' 7"	190	Brown	Brown	Public School
Morgan, Dennis	Stanley Morner	Prentice, Wis.	Dec. 20, 1910	6' 2"	195	Blue	Brown	Carroll College
Morgan, Frank	Francis Wupperman	New York, N. Y.	June 1, 1890	6' 1"	190	Grey	Brown	Cornell University
Morris, Chester	Chester Morris	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 16, 1901	5' 9"	155	Green	Black	High School
Morris, Wayne	Bert DeWayne Morris	Los Angeles, Cal.	Feb. 17, 1914	6' 2"	190	Blue	Blonde	Los Angeles Jr. Col.
Mowbray, Alan	Alan Mowbray	London, England	Aug. 18, 1896	6' 0"	158	Grey	Brown	Public School
Muni, Paul	Muni Weisenfreund	Vienna, Austria	Sept. 22, 1897	5' 10"	165	Black	Black	Public School



# MODERN SCREEN

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Murphy, George	George Murphy	New Haven, Conn.	July 4, 1903	5' 11"	178	Blue	Brown	Yale University
Nagel, Anne	Ann Dolan	Boston, Mass.	Sept. 30, 1912	5' 6"	112	Blue	Brown	Private Schools
Naish, J. Carrol	J. Carrol Naish	New York, N. Y.	Jan. 21, 1900	5' 9½"	152	Brown	Black	Private Schools
Neagle, Anna	Marjorie Robertson	London, England	Oct. 20, 1908	5' 5"	120	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Niven, David	David Niven	Kirriemuir, Scotland	Mar. 1, 1909	6' 0"	170	Blue	Brown	Royal Military Acad.
Nolan, Lloyd	Lloyd Nolan	San Francisco, Cal.	Aug. 11, 1904	5' 10½"	184	Brown	Brown	Stanford University
Oakie, Jack	Leis D. Offield	Sedalia, Mo.	Nov. 12, 1903	5' 11"	170	Blue	Brown	High School
Oberon, Merle	Estelle Thompson	Tasmania, Australia	Feb. 19, 1911	5' 2"	112	Green	Brown	La Martimere College
O'Brien, George	George O'Brien	San Francisco, Cal.	Apr. 19, 1900	6' 1"	200	Brown	Brown	Santa Clara College
O'Brien, Pat	William O'Brien	Milwaukee, Wis.	Nov. 11, 1899	5' 11"	199	Blue	Brown	Marquette University
O'Keefe, Dennis	Bud Flannigan	Fort Madison, Iowa	Mar. 29, 1912	6' 2"	175	Blue	Blonde	High School
Olivier, Laurence	Laurence Olivier	Dorking, England	May 22, 1907	5' 10"	165	Brown	Brown	St. Edward's School
O'Neil, Barbara	Barbara O'Neil	St. Louis, Mo.	July 10, 1910	5' 6"	125	Brown	Brown	Private School
O'Sullivan, Maureen	Maureen O'Sullivan	Boyle, Ireland	May 17, 1911	5' 3½"	116	Blue	Brown	Private School
Overman, Lynne	Lynne Overman	Maryville, Mo.	Sept. 19, 1887	5' 11½"	142	Blue	Blonde	University of Missouri
Page, Gale	Sally Perkins Rutter	Spokane, Wash.	July 23, 1913	5' 5"	116	Brown	Brown	Private Schools
Parker, Cecilia	Cecilia Parker	Fort William, Can.	Apr. 26, 1905	5' 3½"	108	Hazel	Blonde	Private Schools
Parker, Jean	Mae Green	Deer Lodge, Mont.	Aug. 11, 1916	5' 3"	105	Green	Brown	High School
Parrish, Helen	Helen Parrish	Columbus, Ga.	Mar. 12, 1923	5' 3"	110	Green	Brown	High School
Patrick, Gail	Margaret Fitzpatrick	Birmingham, Ala.	June 20, 1912	5' 7"	120	Brown	Black	Howard College
Payne, John	John Payne	Roanoke, Va.	May 28, 1912	6' 2"	175	Green	Brown	Columbia College
Pendleton, Nat	Nat Pendleton	Davenport, Iowa	Aug. 9, 1899	6' 0"	200	Hazel	Brown	Columbia College
Pidgeon, Walter	Walter Pidgeon	East St. John, Can.	Sept. 23, 1898	6' 2"	190	Grey	Black	Public School
Powell, Dick	Richard Powell	Mt. View, Ark.	Nov. 14, 1904	6' 0"	172	Blue	Brown	Little Rock College
Powell, Eleanor	Eleanor Powell	Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 21, 1913	5' 5¾"	122	Blue	Brown	Public School
Powell, Lee	Lee Powell	Long Beach, Cal.	May 15, 1908	6' 2"	190	Hazel	Black	Long Beach Jr. Col.
Powell, William	William Powell	Pittsburgh, Pa.	July 29, 1892	6' 2"	168	Brown	Brown	Public School
Power, Tyrone	Tyrone Power	Cincinnati, Ohio	May 5, 1914	5' 11"	155	Brown	Brown	Public Schools
Preston, Robert	Robert Meservey	Newton, Mass.	June 8, 1917	6' 0"	175	Brown	Brown	High School
Price, Vincent	Vincent Price	St. Louis, Mo.	May 27, 1911	6' 4"	180	Blue	Brown	Yale University
Prouty, Jed	Jed Prouty	Boston, Mass.	Apr. 6, 1886	5' 6"	170	Brown	Black	Public School
Quinn, Anthony	Anthony Quinn	Chihuahua, Mexico	Apr. 21, 1915	6' 2"	192	Brown	Brown	Public Schools
Raft, George	George Raft	New York, N. Y.	Sept. 27, 1904	5' 10"	155	Brown	Black	Private School
Rainer, Luise	Luise Rainer	Berlin, Germany	Jan. 12, 1910	5' 3"	102	Brown	Black	Private School

(Continued on page 89)

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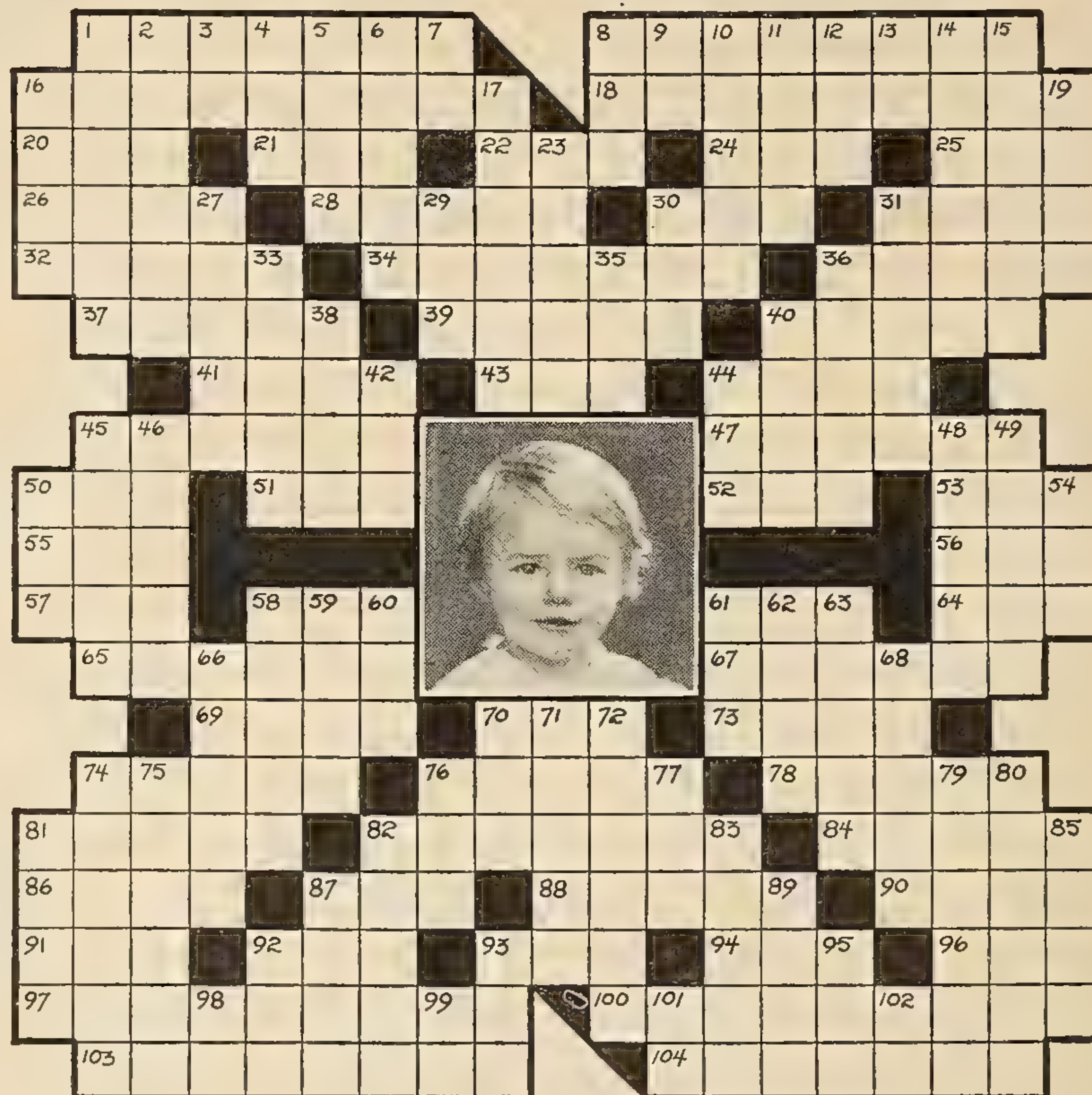
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**FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR**

MODERN SCREEN

# OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 100

## ACROSS

- 1 & 8. Star of this puzzle
16. Gene Raymond's wife
18. Jane Wyman's job in the "Torchy Blane" series
20. Kind of movie light
21. "---ie Oakley"
22. Self
24. --- Rogers
25. Our English stars' favorite beverage
26. Any article used in a film
28. Atmosphere
30. Star of "Hollywood Cavalcade"
31. Opposite 1 across in "Remember The Night"
32. Dorothy Lamour is one
34. Japanese stringed instrument
36. Chills
37. Male lead in "On Your Toes"
39. Devil
40. Star of "Our Leading Citizen"
41. Eager
43. Dolores --- Rio
44. Starlet: Veda Ann ---
45. Garden plant
47. First name of our star's husband
50. Depressed
51. By birth
52. Corrects
53. Diving bird
55. Ornamental spire
56. Femme lead in "Adventure In Diamonds"
57. Mary M --- in
58. The reel McCoy
61. Circle
64. Heaven
65. Male lead in "Vigil In The Night"
67. Daughters of one's brother or sister
69. Resounded
70. Priest's vestment
73. West Indian plant
74. Executioner in "Tower of London"
76. Deanna's aspiration
78. Small insects
81. Slave

82. Our star's real name: Ruby ---
84. "Ninotchka"
86. Very first male Academy Award winner
87. Exclamation of disgust
88. Concluded
90. Adrienne ---
91. Fifty-four: Rom. num.
92. B --- ara O'Neil
93. Color of our star's hair
94. Wrath
96. Olympe Bradna's father in "Happy Ending"
97. Heroine of "The Roaring Twenties"
100. Wife of Tyrone Power
103. That which gives comfort
104. Small stones

## DOWN

1. Heroine of "The Saint Strikes Back"
2. Concede
3. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips": init.
4. Serpent
5. Our star's daughter in "Stella Dallas"
6. Raves
7. Ritz brother in "Pack Up Your Troubles"
8. Standing Room Only
9. "In --- rnes Can't Take Money"
10. Protective garment against grime
11. Midday
12. Twisted
13. Chemical symbol for yttrium
14. Tropical fruit
15. Bends down
16. Charts
17. Considered
19. Runs about
23. Soot
27. Foot lever
29. Possessed
30. "Gol --- Boy"
31. Falsify
33. Leading man in "Raffles"
35. --- Lesser
36. Restrains
38. Ireland: var.
40. Volume
42. Tint
44. "---ther Rat And A Baby"
45. Director of "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington."
46. Girl in "Pride Of The Blue Grass"
48. Elevate
49. Elephant's teeth
50. "Rulers Of The ---"
54. Orchestra leader in "That's Right, You're Wrong"
58. Feature
59. Hotels
60. "Little Women" character played by Frances Dee
61. Belle Watling in "Gone With The Wind"
62. Circular band
63. Mortal life
66. Hero of "Elizabeth And Essex"
68. Famed "It" girl
70. Imitate
71. An assemblage of guests
72. She's in "Here I Am A Stranger"
74. Soil with mud
75. Melanie in "Gone With The Wind"
76. "His Br --- er's Wife"
77. She was also in "The Plough --- The Stars"
79. Star of "The Bluebird"
80. Takes by stealth
81. Aid
82. Fur bearing animal
83. Fishing net
85. Dog in "Another Thin Man"
87. "The Bad Man Of --- stone"
89. Colorless
92. Playing card
93. Rodent
95. "--- Tide"
98. "Me --- age To Garcia"
99. Actor in "The Magnificent Fraud": init.
101. Notary public: abbr.
102. Swedish comic



(Continued from page 87)

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Rains, Claude	Claude Rains	London, England	Nov. 10, 1899	5' 10½"	165	Brown	Black	Private School
Randall, Jack	Jack Randall	San Fernando, Cal.	May 12, 1902	6' 1½"	170	Hazel	Black	Kemper Mil. School
Rathbone, Basil	Basil Rathbone	Johannesburg, S. Afr.	June 13, 1892	6' 1½"	174	Hazel	Black	Repton School
Ratoff, Gregory	Gregory Ratoff	Petrograd, Russia	Apr. 20, 1897	5' 11"	200	Blue	Brown	Private School
Raye, Martha	Martha Reed	Butte, Montana	Aug. 27, 1916	5' 4½"	116	Blue	Brown	Private School
Raymond, Gene	Raymond Guion	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 13, 1908	5' 10"	165	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Read, Barbara	Barbara Read	Port Arthur, Can.	Dec. 29, 1917	5' 4"	108	Blue	Brown	High School
Reagan, Ronald	Ronald Reagan	Tampico, Ill.	Sept. 1, 1914	6' 0"	170	Grey	Brown	Eureka College
Rice, Florence	Florence Rice	Cleveland, Ohio	Feb. 14, 1911	5' 4½"	108	Blue	Brown	Dwight School
Ritter, Tex	Ritter Nederland	Panola City, Texas	Jan. 12, 1907	6' 0"	165	Grey	Sandy	Northwestern Univ.
Robinson, Edward G.	Emanuel Goldenberg	Bucharest, Roumania	Dec. 12, 1893	5' 8"	158	Brown	Black	Columbia University
Robson, May	May Robison	Melbourne, Australia	Apr. 19, 1865	5' 2"	105	Grey	Brown	Private Schools
Rogers, Ginger	Virginia McMath	Independence, Mo.	July 16, 1911	5' 5"	115	Green	Blonde	Public School
Rogers, Roy	Roy Rogers	Cody, Wyoming	Nov. 5, 1912	5' 10¾"	155	Blue	Blonde	Public School
Romero, Cesar	Cesar Romero	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 15, 1907	6' 2"	170	Brown	Black	Private Schools
Rooney, Mickey	Joe Yule, Jr.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Sept. 23, 1921	5' 2"	128	Blue	Blonde	Studio School
Ross, Shirley	Bernice Gaunt	Omaha, Nebraska	Jan. 7, 1915	5' 4"	118	Grey	Red	Uni. of California
Ruggles, Charles	Charles Ruggles	Los Angeles, Cal.	Feb. 8, 1890	5' 6"	145	Grey	Brown	High School
Russell, Rosalind	Rosalind Russell	Waterbury, Conn.	June 4, 1912	5' 5"	120	Black	Black	Columbia University
Rutherford, Ann	Ann Rutherford	Toronto, Canada	Nov. 2, 1920	5' 3½"	105	Brown	Black	High School
Scott, Randolph	Randolph Crane	Orange, Virginia	Jan. 23, 1903	6' 2"	190	Hazel	Blonde	Georgia Tech
Shearer, Norma	Norma Fisher	Westmount, Can.	Aug. 10, 1904	5' 1"	117	Grey	Brown	Public School
Sheridan, Ann	Clara Lou Sheridan	Dallas, Texas	Feb. 21, 1915	5' 5"	120	Hazel	Brown	N. Texas Teachers' Col.
Shirley, Anne	Dawn Evelyn Paris	New York, N. Y.	Apr. 14, 1918	5' 2"	100	Amber	Gold	Public School
Sidney, Sylvia	Sylvia Krakow	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 10, 1910	5' 4"	104	Blue	Brown	High School
Singleton, Penny	Mariana McNulty	Philadelphia, Pa.	Sept. 15, 1912	5' 3"	118	Green	Brown	Columbia University
Skipworth, Alison	Alison Skipworth	London, England	July 25, 1870	5' 5"	160	Blue	Auburn	Public School
Sothorn, Ann	Harriette Lake	Valley City, N. D.	Jan. 2, 1909	5' 1½"	112	Grey	Brown	Univ. of Washington
Stack, Robert	Robert Stack	Los Angeles, Cal.	Jan. 13, 1919	6' 1"	175	Blue	Blonde	Univ. of So. California
Stander, Lionel	Lionel Stander	New York, N. Y.	Jan. 10, 1908	6' 0"	160	Brown	Brown	New York University
Stanwyck, Barbara	Ruby Stevens	Brooklyn, N. Y.	July 16, 1907	5' 5"	120	Blue	Auburn	Public Schools
Starrett, Charles	Charles Starrett	Athol, Mass.	Mar. 28, 1904	6' 2"	180	Brown	Brown	Dartmouth College
Stewart, James	James Stewart	Indiana, Pa.	May 20, 1908	6' 3"	160	Grey	Brown	Princeton University
Stone, Lewis	Lewis Stone	Worcester, Mass.	Nov. 15, 1879	5' 10½"	160	Hazel	Grey	High School

(Continued on page 95)

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**VIVIEN LEIGH:** Thoroughness appears to be the keynote to the character of Vivien Hartley of Darjeeling, India; London, England; Paris, France and Hollywood, California.

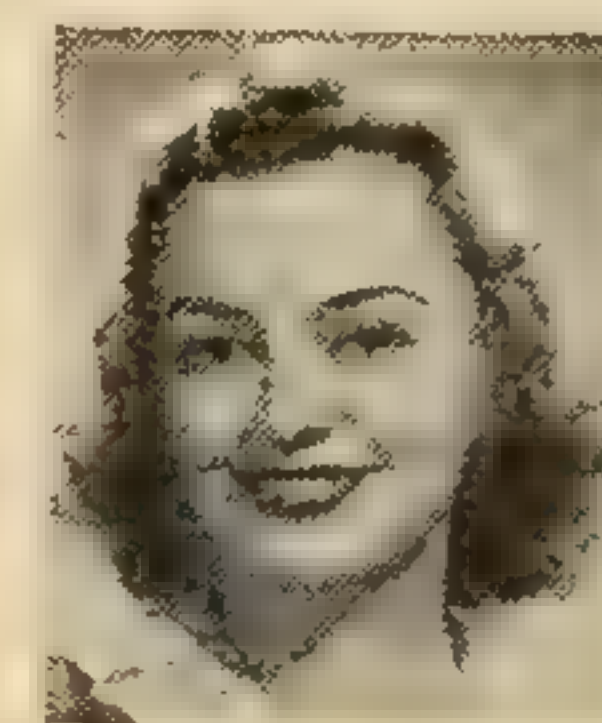
And her success, past and present, is the result of years of study and careful planning. It was after her first theatrical performance that she decided to become an actress. The place was The Sacred Heart Convent; the play, "Midsummer Night's Dream"; the time, 1921. Her career determined, she undertook its inception in a manner most characteristic of the present Miss Leigh. When the final curtain came down on her formal education, Vivien entered the Academy of Dramatic Art in London. Studying diligently, undertaking any part that was thrown her way, she waited for a chance to succeed. In the meantime, she married Leigh Holman, a noted English barrister. But that fervent urge to act, though dormant for a few years, became increasingly difficult to ignore. Back to the stage, this time to small character parts and finally to overwhelming success in "The Mask of Virtue." Though movie offers were plentiful, Vivien was reluctant to retire from the stage. She accepted parts in several outstanding plays, "Henry VIII" among others, and not until she had acquired a liberal training would she consider the screen bids. Ultimately, she signed a five-year contract with Alexander Korda and next became a resident of Hollywood. That brings us up to the present and since her excellent performance in "Gone With The Wind" her future here is assured. Miss Leigh is twenty-seven years old, five feet, three inches in height and weighs one hundred and two pounds. She is the mother of one child, Suzanne, aged six. You can write her in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. For a review of "Gone With The Wind," turn to page 8.



**RONALD COLMAN'S** screen success has remained unbroken these many years because, besides being a joy to the eyes, he is an unfailing joy to the ears. His voice,

probably the most compelling in pictures, was first heard on the morning of February 9, 1891 when he entered the world as Charles Colman's fifth child. The elder Colman was a mildly prosperous silk importer

who would occasionally allow Ronnie to travel up to his London office in the hope that the boy would find his father's business talents contagious. The only thing Ronald developed was an urge to captain one of the ships which brought the silks in from the Orient. Ronald was sixteen when his father's death necessarily shot him into the business world. He was a \$2.50-a-week clerk for the British Steamship Co. at the time the war broke out. He enlisted the first day, not because of a scorching desire to defend his country but because the army offered an escape from the murderous monotony of his job. A fractured ankle brought him back from France and a chance meeting with an old friend brought him into the theatre. In 1919, he met and married Thelma Raye, an actress from whom he was later divorced. In 1920 he came to America and two years later a movie director who had seen him on the stage sent him to Italy to play opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." Sam Goldwyn was responsible for his return to this country and for his earliest movie triumphs. Today, Ronald is happily wed to the lovely British actress, Benita Hume. Address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. "The Light That Failed," his newest vehicle, is reviewed on page 8.

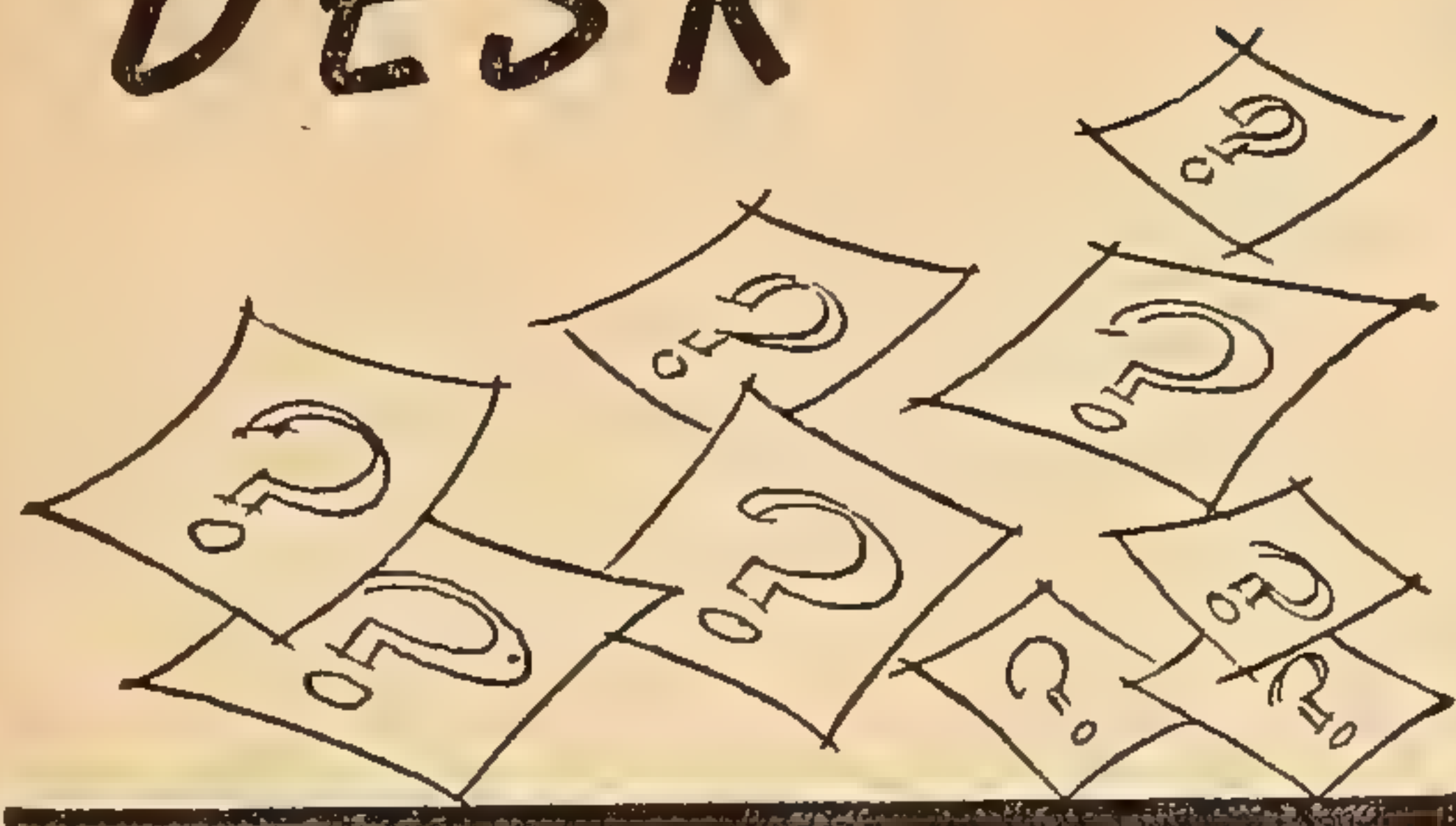


**ANDREA LEEDS'** new husband, Bob Howard, says she may continue to work. He really doesn't need her weekly salary but he believes she's too good an actress to retire from the

screen. Fans everywhere have written ditto to his sentiments so we may expect Andrea's brown eyes to twinkle in the movies for years to come. The new Mrs. Howard was born in Butte, Montana and is the daughter of a mining engineer whose work often had to be done in exciting and out-of-the-way places. Wherever his work brought him, he brought his family and that's how Andrea happened to spend so much of her childhood in Mexico. When an attempt was made to kidnap her, Mr. Lees (Andrea's real surname) sent her up to California to receive her education. She graduated from a Long Beach high school and then entered U.C.L.A. where she majored in philosophy and English literature. After receiving her Bachelor of Arts degree, she returned to Mexico, intending to get started as a writer. Daddy Lees welcomed her tenderly but seven months later, scent-



## DESK



## for a personal reply

ing trouble in the district, sat her in an airplane and had her flown back to the security of Los Angeles. She was busily knocking on studio doors looking for a writing job when an amateur movie film in which she had appeared in college was unreel before the eyes of Director Howard Hawks. He promptly sat Sam Goldwyn down—the same Mr. G. who was responsible for Ronald Colman—and made him look, too. Goldwyn said Okay—and Andrea was a screen star! Andrea can be reached at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal. A review of her latest picture, "Swanee River," appears on page 8.

**C. Johnson**, Chicago, Ill. Irving Thalberg passed away in 1936. Norma Shearer has two children: Irving, Jr., who is nine years old and Katharine, who is four. You're right, Norma made only "Idiot's Delight" and "The Women" in 1939. So far she has not been cast in a new picture. The other information you wish is found on page 89 of this issue.

**Aurelia Dysert**, Ferndale, Michigan. Tyrone Power's sister's name is Ann. The four men in "Four Men and a Prayer" were David Niven, George Sanders, Richard Greene and William Henry. Paul Muni married Bella Finkel in 1921. Martha Raye divorced Buddy Westmore in 1938 and then married David Rose. Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall were the stars of "Always Goodbye."

**Joan Hart**, San Francisco, Calif. Basil Rathbone was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. Here he spent his boyhood, until he was sent to England to attend Repton School. Tennis is his favorite recreation. He has six dogs and collects sculptured hands. (Cont'd on next page)

## Dear Readers:

You've been swamping us with requests for information on the leading stars appearing in ★★★ and ★★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. Therefore, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Russell Getz, Williamsport, Penna. Gene Autry was born in September, 1907—on the 29th, to be exact. He and his wife, Ina, have a house in North Hollywood and a twenty-five acre farm at Burbank, Calif. Write him at Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

May Flor, Staten Island, N. Y. Charles Bickford's last picture was "Of Mice and Men" for United Artists. His four most recent pictures, prior to this one, were "Mutiny in the Big House," "Our Leading Citizen," "Stand Up and Fight," and "Romance of the Redwoods."

Patsy Enoch, Columbus, Ohio, Brown-haired, blue-eyed Alan Curtis was born in Rogers Park, a suburb of Chicago, Ill. As Harry Uberroth he was educated at Northwestern University and later became a commercial model. He is six feet, one inch in height and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His marriage to Priscilla Lawson is in the process of being terminated.

June Koch, Peoria, Ill. Jack Randall was born May 12, 1902 in San Fernando, California. He is six feet, one and a half inches in height and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He loves open cars, premieres, animals and bright colors. He can also sling a "delish" dish of spaghetti—it's his favorite fruit! You ask whether he is married. He married Louise Stanley, an actress, in 1938 and though divorce proceedings were once started, it's one of those off-again, on-again affairs and at present writing, nothing definite has happened. His latest picture is "Pioneer Days"; his address: Monogram Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. If you write the studio and enclose twenty-five cents for postage, they will be glad to send you a photograph.

Betty Sharpe, McKees Rocks, Pa. We can think of four actors who have become directors. They are William Dieterle, Ricardo Cortez, Gregory Ratoff and Eddie Buzzell. The four inveterate cigar smokers are Groucho Marx, Edward G. Robinson, Jack Benny and Pat O'Brien.

R. Egidio, Buffalo, N. Y. Yes, your friend is right. Ingrid Bergman is an accomplished pianist and she had ample opportunity to utilize this talent in "Intermezzo, A Love Story," her first role of accompanist to a violin virtuoso, played by Leslie Howard. She was born in Stockholm in 1917, has blonde hair, hazel eyes and is five feet, six inches tall. You can write her in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Wharton, Brooklyn, N. Y. George Sanders was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, under the protection of the English Embassy and is an English citizen. He prepared at the Dunhurst and Bedales schools and attended college at Brighton. Later, he switched to Manchester Technical school, where he specialized in textiles. After finishing school, Sanders went to work in technical textile research. He gave this up to go to Argentine and Brazil, where he experimented in a tobacco venture. The depression came along and Sanders returned to England. At the suggestion of an uncle, he took vocal lessons and six months of rigorous coaching miraculously produced a rich baritone. He was heard by a producer who gave him a spot in the revue, "Ballyhoo," and, before long, was noticed by an ever-peering talent scout who awarded him a role in "Strange Cargo." He is not married and his favorite type of woman is the demure sort.

Frances Weimer, Columbus, Ohio. If you will write Gene Autry in care of his studio—Republic Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.—you should receive a reply, if your letter warrants it. We never under any circumstances are allowed to give out home addresses of the stars. If you send twenty-five cents to any player or to his studio requesting a picture, you should receive it.

Bill Morrison, Woodridge, N. Y. Here are the ten biggest moneymaking stars of 1939: Mickey Rooney, Tyrone Power, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Shirley Temple, Bette Davis, Alice Faye, Errol Flynn, James Cagney and Sonja Henie. These players were selected because their pictures drew the greatest number of



Love in all its poetic beauty is revealed in this scene from "My Little Chickadee," the movie which unites Mae West and dashing W. C. Fields.



patrons to the theatres from September 1, 1938, to September 1, 1939, without regard to age of picture, net profit, length of run, nature of competition or other conditions (weather, etc.) during exhibition.

**Carl Schneider**, Indiana Harbor, Ind. She was originally named Myrna Williams, became Myrna Loy for the movies and on June 27, 1936, became Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. As Myrna Williams, she was born in Helena, Montana, where her father was the owner of a ranch. When she was of high school age her parents brought her to Los Angeles. There she attended the Westlake School for Girls and later an art school. Myrna's ability as a sculptress attracted the attention of Rudolph Valentino and his wife, who gave her a part in "What Price Beauty?" in 1925. She was given other small roles and worked in the stage prologues at Grauman's Theatre in Hollywood, and as a dancer. Her first leading role was in "Renegade" in 1931. That was during her "vamp" days. Things began to look up when Myrna was assigned to "Animal Kingdom," and since that time she has risen to great popularity in straight acting roles. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has titian hair and green eyes. She loves dancing, collects paintings and sculpture, swims, plays tennis and rides. She is under contract to M-G-M, Culver City, Calif. Her last picture was "Another Thin Man."

**Frances Hyden**, Brooklyn, N. Y. For anyone who definitely made up his mind that he did not want to be an actor, Brian has done very well. He made his stage debut when he was three and continued to play boy parts until, when he was ten, his



The perky coronet tops the head of Irina Baronova, star of the Ballet Russe who debuts as an actress-dancer in "Florian," with Bob Young.

family sent him to London. Here he attended a theatrical training school for a year. Rebelling, he refused to go back. He wanted to be educated for a business career. At eighteen, he entered mercantile work, but after two years over a ledger, decided he wasn't getting anywhere and quit his job. Down to his last five shillings, Brian remembered acting—but only as a temporary means of earning a living! Well, you know the rest of the story; he's been at it ever since. His stage successes took him to Australia, then to Broadway and finally to Hollywood. His latest picture is "Vigil in the Night" with Carole Lombard. Brian has recently left the bachelor ranks for Joan Fontaine. You can write him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

**Jean Mack**, Buffalo, N. Y. Robert Shaw played the part of the ranger in the Jones Family picture, "Quick Millions." His address is Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Calif.

**Frances Modrak**, Elizabeth, N. J. Since "A Midsummer's Night Dream," Olivia de Havilland has made these pictures. In 1935: "The Irish in Us," "Captain Blood." In 1936: "Anthony Adverse," "Charge of the Light Brigade." In 1937: "Call It a Day," "It's Love I'm After," "The Great Garrick." In 1938: "Gold Is Where You Find It," "Robin Hood," "Four's a Crowd," "Hard to Get." In 1939: "Wings of the Navy," "Dodge City," "Gone With the Wind," "Elizabeth and Essex," "Raffles."

**Mary Carson**, New York, N. Y. Zorina's first picture since "On Your Toes" is "I Was An Adventuress" for Twentieth Century-Fox. Her leading man is Richard Greene. Yes, she was a ballerina of the famous Ballet Russe for two years. She is a Norwegian.

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THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY  
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CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY  
THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH...  
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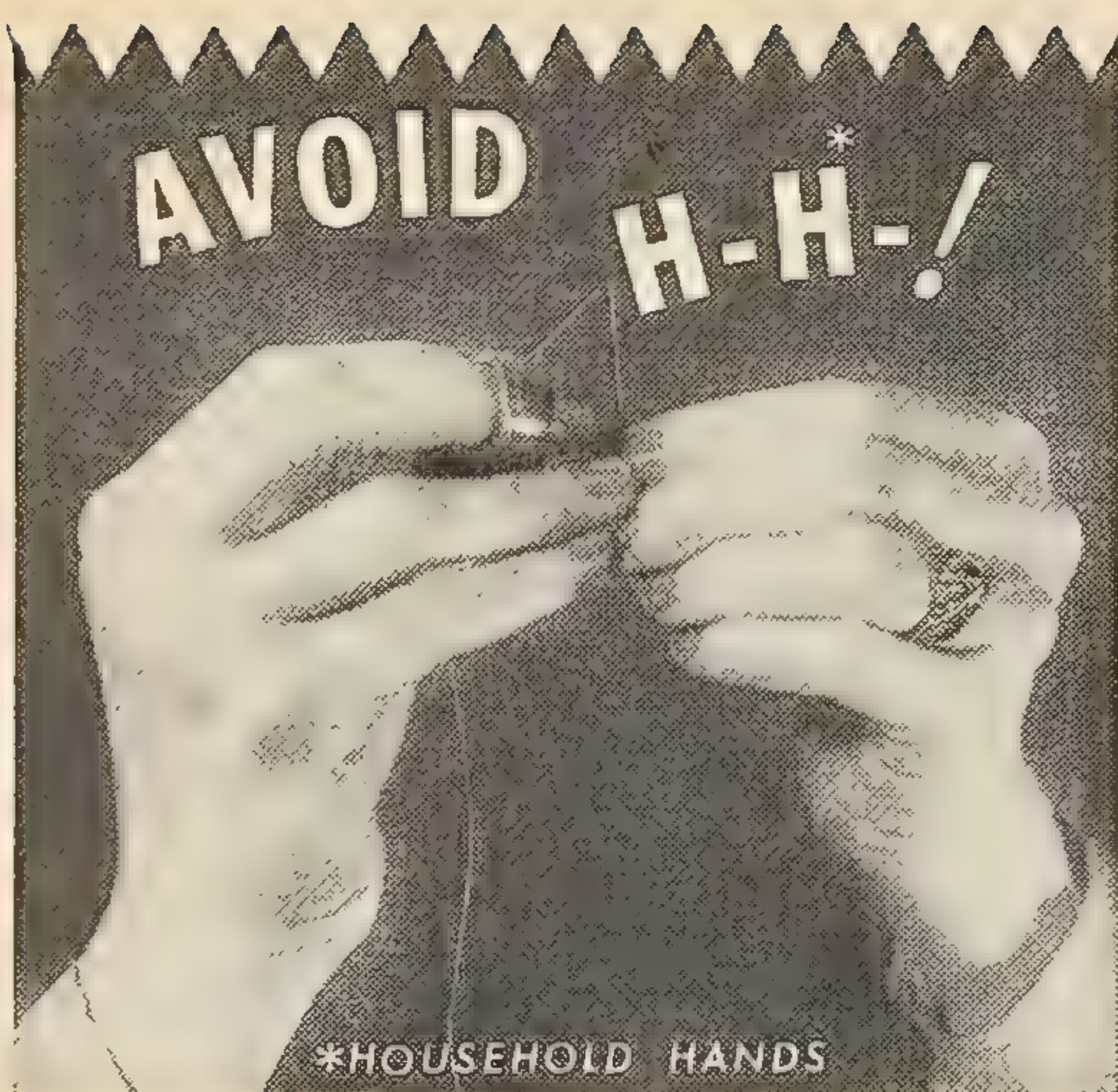
YOU REALLY ARE A DARLING, MARY, TO TELL  
ME HOW YOU KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION SO  
LOVELY! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR ADVICE AND  
MAKE PALMOLIVE MY BEAUTY SOAP, TOO!



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(Continued from page 85)



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with. She makes love in a business-like manner, and expects you to do likewise. She visualizes a scene as the camera will see it, in every last detail; she asks herself if this or that can't be improved; then she rehearses each voice inflection, each gesture, each movement. A love scene, with Hepburn, isn't so much a matter of emotion as craftsmanship.

"Irene Dunne is business-like, too—only in a different way. She makes you feel that love scenes don't mean any more to her than any other scenes. They're all in the day's work. She approaches them all the same way, staying in her dressing-room till the last possible moment. You never have a chance to become intimately acquainted with her. She doesn't discuss scenes in advance, and doesn't expect you to discuss them. All that she expects is that you will be as prepared for them as she is. She doesn't have to know you well to be able to look at you with lovelight in her eyes when the script says she should. You feel that she is a bit distant. You also have the feeling that she prefers love scenes that keep you about three feet apart. We got along fine. We spent most of our time together in 'Invitation to Happiness' with tables between us. And you know how I prefer sitting-down-at-a-table love scenes.

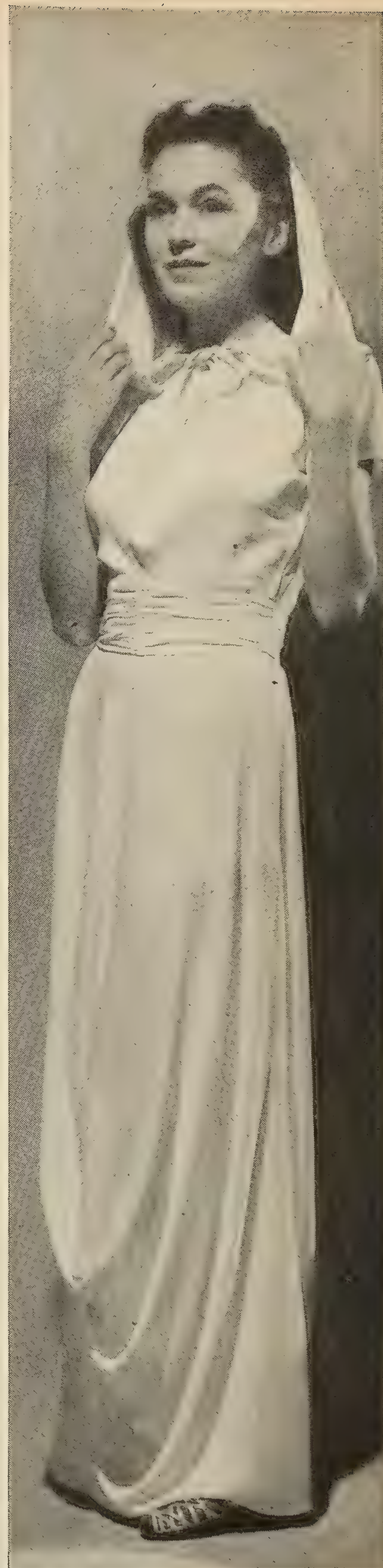
**B**EFORE 'Cafe Society,' the director said to Madeleine Carroll, 'We've got a problem in this fellow MacMurray. He's bashful. I'm relying on you to put some "oomph" in the love scenes.' Madeleine looked at him and said, 'Sa-a-y! I'm a bit bashful myself!' She is another of these girls who stay a bit remote between scenes. But she isn't that way when the camera starts turning. She gives you the surprising feeling—it's surprising because it's uncommon—that she wants to be kissed. I don't know how she does it. But she does it.

"Carole Lombard puts love scenes on a kidding basis. The only difficulty, working with Carole, is that you never know where her sense of humor is going to lead her. She has a mania for trying to break you up. In your tenderest scene, she's as apt as not to mutter crazy things under her breath, while she looks at you beatifically. Then there was the time she tried to knock me out with some perfume she put on. She almost succeeded, too.

"The closest I've come to having fun in love scenes is with Barbara Stanwyck. She puts it all on a friends-shouldn't-be-embarrassed-about-kissing basis. We've known each other for years. Bob and Barbara, and Lillian and I, get together for dinner fairly often, bump into each other at parties, take in the same previews, see each other all the time. So I didn't have to pretend much to look as if I liked her in 'Remember the Night.' Barbara is a girl who goes in for a lot of laughs between scenes—and a lot of sincerity in her work. She puts everything she has into every scene."

One of the actresses Fred has played with prides herself on her appeal to male co-stars between scenes. After working with Fred, she confessed to an intimate, "He didn't seem to see me. But some day I'll play with him again. And then—"

It might be well to warn her that she will only be wasting her time. Fred—the normal and natural—isn't going to be interested in any girl but Lillian Lamont MacMurray. Kissing is fun only when it's serious. And the only girl Fred kisses seriously and will continue to kiss seriously is Lillian Lamont MacMurray.



Maureen O'Sullivan looks more like an Arabian Nights illustration than a dinner hostess, but her white crepe gown is one she wears when entertaining in her own home. A harem-drape effect marks the skirt, while the neck is shirred with a white cord bow.



(Continued from page 89)

SCREEN NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR	EDUCATION
Stuart, Gloria	Gloria Stuart	Santa Monica, Cal.	Apr. 4, 1911	5' 5"	118	Hazel	Blonde	Univ. of California
Sullivan, Margaret	Margaret Sullivan	Norfolk, Va.	May 16, 1911	5' 2"	109	Grey	Brown	Sullins College
Talbot, Lyle	Lysle Hollywood	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Feb. 8, 1904	5' 11"	172	Blue	Brown	High School
Tamiroff, Akim	Akim Tamiroff	Bakow, Russia	Oct. 29, 1898	5' 8"	180	Green	Brown	Public Schools
Taylor, Robert	S. Arlington Brough	Filley, Neb.	Aug. 5, 1911	6' 0"	165	Blue	Brown	Pomona College
Temple, Shirley	Shirley Temple	Santa Monica, Cal.	Apr. 23, 1929	4' 10"	69	Hazel	Blonde	Studio School
Terry, Ruth	Ruth McMahon	Benton Harbor, Mich.	Oct. 21, 1920	5' 3"	102	Blue	Blonde	Private Schools
Toler, Sidney	Sidney Toler	Warrensburg, Mo.	Apr. 28, 1898	6' 0"	190	Brown	Brown	University of Kansas
Tone, Franchot	Franchot Tone	Niagara Falls, N. Y.	Feb. 27, 1905	6' 0"	160	Hazel	Brown	Cornell University
Tracy, Spencer	Spencer Tracy	Milwaukee, Wis.	Apr. 5, 1900	5' 10"	165	Blue	Brown	Ripon College
Treacher, Arthur	Arthur Treacher	Brighton, England	July 21, 1893	6' 4"	182	Brown	Brown	High School
Trent, John	Laverne Browne	Orange, Cal.	Dec. 5, 1906	6' 0"	180	Hazel	Brown	Hancock College
Trevor, Claire	Claire Trevor	New York, N. Y.	Mar. 8, 1912	5' 3"	112	Hazel	Blonde	Columbia University
Turner, Lana	Judy Lana Turner	Wallace, Idaho	Feb. 8, 1921	5' 4"	109	Blue	Brown	High School
Ware, Linda	Beverly Stillwagon	Tarentum, Pa.	May 29, 1925	4' 11"	90	Blue	Blonde	Studio School
Wayne, John	Marion Morrison	Winterset, Iowa	May 26, 1907	6' 2"	198	Grey	Brown	Univ. of So. California
Weaver, Marjorie	Marjorie Weaver	Crossville, Tenn.	Mar. 2, 1913	5' 4"	107	Brown	Brown	University of Indiana
Weidler, Virginia	Virginia Weidler	Hollywood, Cal.	Mar. 21, 1927	4' 4"	60	Brown	Brown	Studio School
Weissmuller, Johnny	John Weissmuller	Chicago, Ill.	June 2, 1905	6' 3"	190	Brown	Brown	University of Chicago
West, Mae	Mae West	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Aug. 17, 1900	5' 4"	116	Violet	Blonde	Public School
Whelan, Arleen	Arleen Whelan	Salt Lake City, Utah	Sept. 16, 1916	5' 4½"	112	Green	Auburn	Private Schools
William, Warren	Warren Krech	Aitken, Minn.	Dec. 2, 1896	6' 1"	170	Blue	Brown	High School
Wilson, Marie	Marie Wilson	Anaheim, Cal.	Aug. 19, 1916	5' 5"	104	Brown	Blonde	Private School
Withers, Jane	Jane Withers	Atlanta, Ga.	Apr. 12, 1926	5' 3½"	115	Blue	Brown	Private School
Witherspoon, Cora	Cora Witherspoon	New Orleans, La.	Jan. 5, 1892	5' 7½"	135	Green	Brown	Private Schools
Wong, Anna May	Wong Lu Tsong	Los Angeles, Cal.	Jan. 3, 1907	5' 6"	115	Brown	Black	Public School
Wray, Fay	Vina Fay Wray	Alberta, Canada	Sept. 12, 1912	5' 3"	110	Blue	Auburn	High School
Wyman, Jane	Sarah Jane Folks	St. Joseph, Mo.	Jan. 4, 1914	5' 0"	118	Brown	Brown	Columbia College
Young, Loretta	Gretchen Young	Salt Lake City, Utah	Jan. 6, 1913	5' 3"	107	Blue	Brown	Private School
Young, Robert	Robert Young	Chicago, Ill.	Feb. 22, 1907	6' 0"	170	Brown	Brown	High School
Young, Roland	Roland Young	London, England	Nov. 11, 1903	5' 7"	142	Blue	Brown	University College
Zorina, Vera	Brigetta Hartwig	Berlin, Germany	Feb. 1, 1917	5' 5"	110	Blue	Blonde	High School



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IT'S EASY WITH THIS FACE POWDER  
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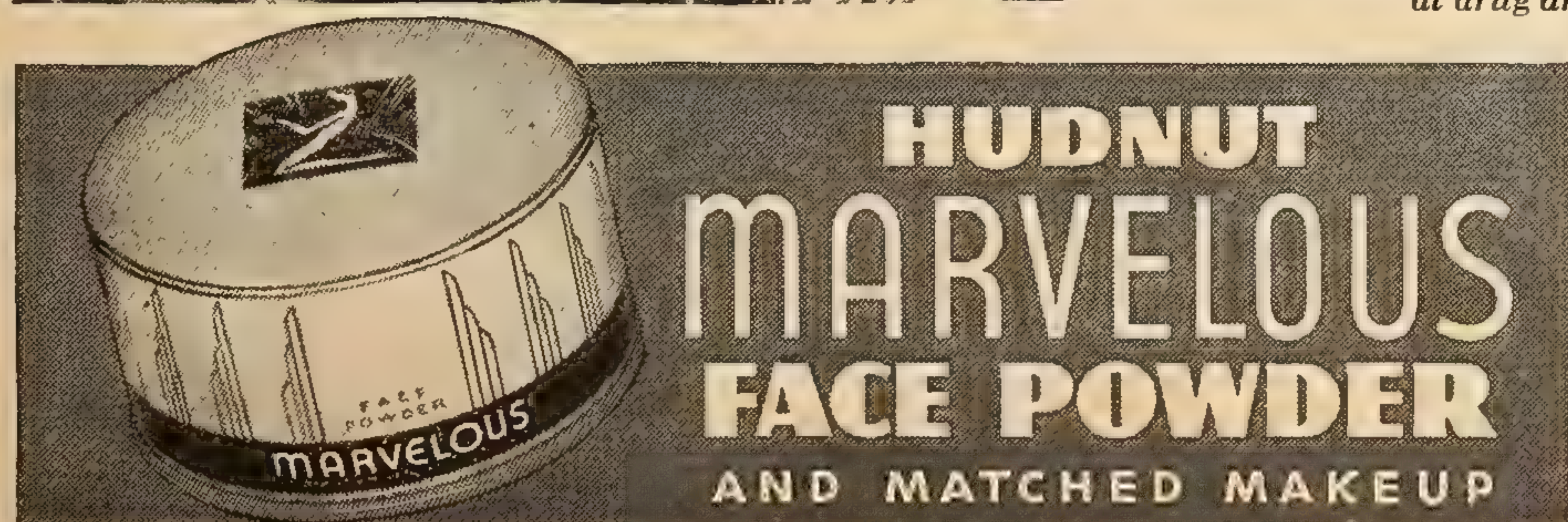
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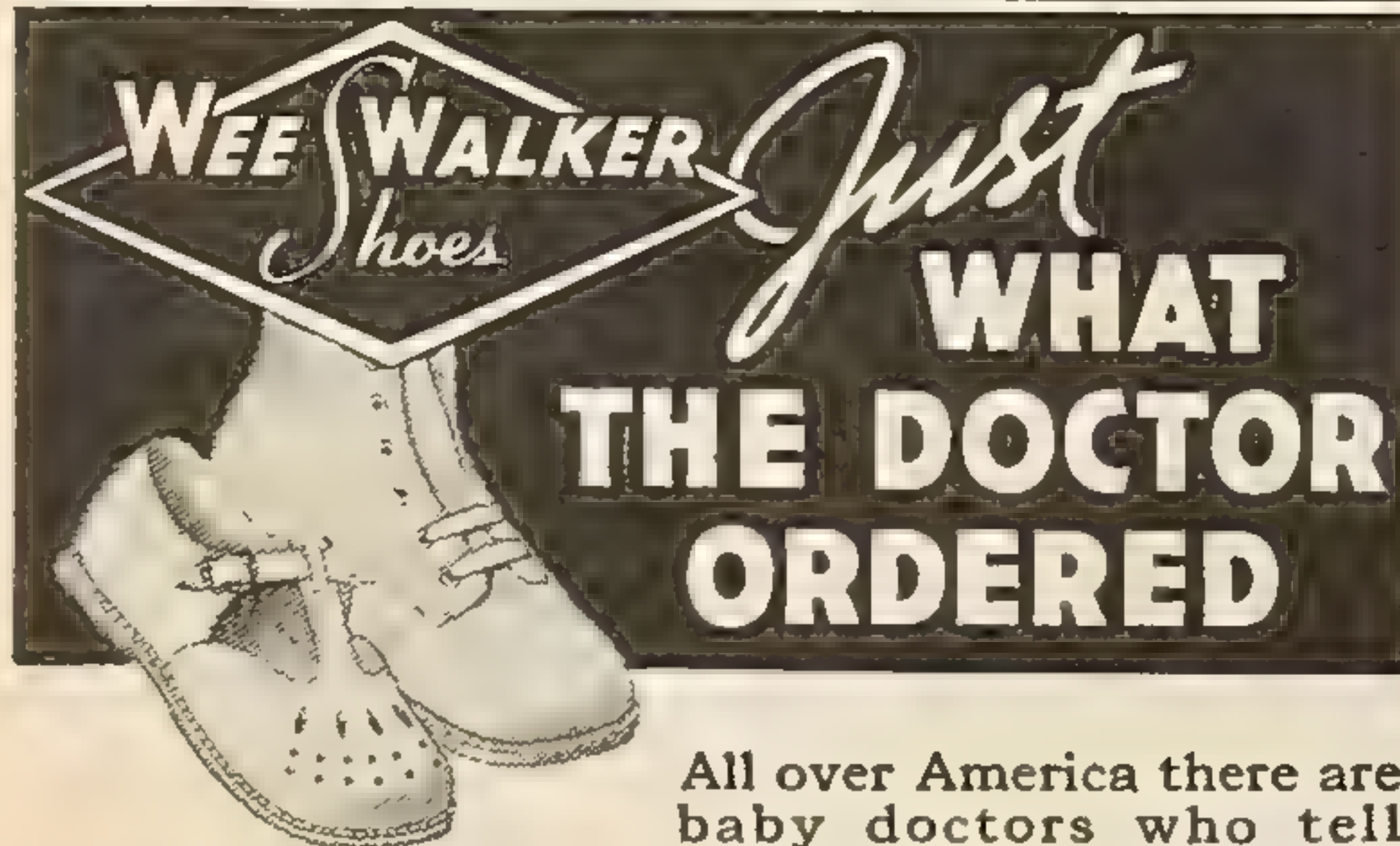
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MORAN SHOE CO. • CARLYLE, ILL.

**WEE WALKERS** for the wee walker

## A FIELD WHO CONQUERED

(Continued from page 51)

She practised a thousand smiles, took her voice up and down the range of tones and nuances. She was sleepless over the problem of timing her entrance, of giving the right emphasis to her line.

On opening night, Betty answered her cue and was out on the stage with a crowded house watching her. She'd never heard of the star's propensity for ad libbing. Betty smiled and waited.

"And how are you today?" Miss Reed spoke in her deep stirring voice. She went on too quickly for Betty, "But I can see that you're wonderful—you look that way." There was nothing left to Betty's part except the exit.

THE Newark experience fired Betty's imagination. She persuaded her mother to send her to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. On the spring day in 1934 when diplomas were handed out, Betty was absent. She was working! The first girl in her class to get a job! It was in "Sing and Whistle" with Ernest Truex as the star. The show didn't last long and Betty held the job to the end, but never appeared on the stage because she was only an understudy.

On her sixteenth birthday, she was sent to England for a role in "She Loves Me Not." For Betty, the experience was love on a dime, and the play suffered a quick demise. In spite of dark, jobless days, Betty remembers London pleasantly. But she can do without Englishmen. She thinks American boys are so much nicer.

When Betty arrived in London for rehearsals, she and another American girl in the show took a swanky apartment in one of the smart sections of the British capital. They had a huge bath, two fireplaces and even gleaming mahogany antiques. They were all set for a pleasant winter.

But the day after the play's opening, Betty read the newspapers and packed

her three dresses. The critics used their heaviest hammers and the production died of box office anemia in two weeks. She moved into a seven-dollar-a-week furnished room. Breakfast was included in the rate and during her English sojourn, breakfast was her principal meal.

On the boat going over, Betty visioned herself walking down Bond Street, buying British tweeds. Her London shopping, after the play's fiasco, was limited to things that didn't cost over fifty cents. She still yearns for some of those nice English sports clothes she used to see on other girls.

When she came back to America, Betty went through that difficult time which stage people grandly call, "between engagements." Betty's word for it is "jobless" and she didn't like the experience. She was later given a part in "Page Miss Glory," but her speeches were shortened at every rehearsal and when the play opened, there were only three lines left.

Then along came a succession of healthy leading women whom Betty understudied. Not one of them ever became indisposed, fought with the manager or quit the show. Betty began to believe that her career was to be a series of dressing-room sitdowns. She feared she'd grow old wearing greasepaint that nobody but stagehands would see. She was frightened then, too!

Her break came when George Abbott engaged her for the roadshow lead in "Three Men on a Horse." Betty actually saw the ticket buyers in Boston and they liked her as the young wife of the greeting-card poet. When the New York lead left the cast, Miss Field was called in from the road. This career business was getting to look like something, now! She was a leading lady on Broadway.

Afterwards, Betty played the girl in "Boy Meets Girl" for a month in New York and for a whole season on tour.



Bedimpled Ruth Terry, star of Walter Wanger's "Slightly Dishonorable," was a professional singer at the age of twelve. She says her favorite orchestras are Glenn Miller's and Tommy Dorsey's, and her favorite boy friend is "just a nice college boy, not a big success."



Her subsequent roles were in "Room Service," "Angel Island" and "What a Life." While she was appearing in "The Primrose Path," Director Ted Reed thought she'd be good for the picturization of "What a Life." That's how she went to Hollywood.

While Betty was playing in "The Primrose Path," she was considered for "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," but she couldn't get out of her other stage obligation. When she was signed for a long term by Paramount, she heard her studio had bought film rights to "Kiss the Boys Good-bye."

Betty dreamed again of playing the Southern girl in that biting satire. It was while we were having luncheon in New York that Betty heard for the first time that Mary Martin was to have the part in the screen version. Betty smiled, said, "That's nice for Miss Martin" and changed the subject. No regrets, no commiserations for Betty Field. She hasn't use for them—yet.

Betty's been so busy being an actress since she was fourteen that she hasn't had any time for hobbies, except horseback riding and beaux. She likes horses and good-looking young American men. She never rode in Hollywood and if there are fascinating males in the movie capital, Betty's only read about them. The ones at the studio are only actors to her. Jackie Cooper was the one she really got to know and he's too young for any romantic angle.

"It's wonderful," said Betty, "the way Jackie minds his mother. He's always phoning her when he's working and he does everything she tells him to do. If he wants to go some place and Mrs. Cooper says 'no,' Jackie hurries home. He asks her advice about everything."

Betty's different that way. She's a self-sufficient young woman. She knew



Ona Munson, "Gone With The Wind's" lady of ill repute, is a 31-year-old blue-eyed blonde from Portland, Oregon. Her real name is Wolcott.

what she wanted when she was twelve. She's been working hard at getting it ever since. Even when she's in New York, she lives at an apartment hotel and spends only her week-ends in Westfield, New Jersey, where her mother lives.

Mrs. Field never interferes with her daughter's career. She didn't go to Hollywood with her and she won't live there now, though Betty will be residing permanently on the west coast. Betty has a small furnished apartment and she's doing no shopping for a movie house, even with her contract all signed and delivered.

Being frightened about the failure tomorrow may bring, remaining somewhat leery of today's success—that's how Betty Field reacts to finding herself a movie star. What's more, she hopes she can stay that way. Being frightened, she says, is wonderful for her; it makes her give just a bit more than her best.

Betty's story ought to be balm for other young girls who are willing to work hard at the exciting career of acting. She never had any "pull," nor any connections that would help her. She wasn't one of the beautiful stage sensations who leave the New York columnists breathless. Her romances didn't land her on the front pages nor did one stage role open all doors as it did in the case of Mary Martin.

She decided early in her teens she was going to be an actress. She trained as well as she could for her life work and took what jobs were offered. In Hollywood it was the same story. She didn't care whether it was a Class B or a Class A picture. She gave her best. The fact that she's called a star by her bosses doesn't mean a thing to Betty. All she wants to know is, "When do I report for work, and where's the script?"

## IF NURSES COULD ONLY TELL!



HERE'S ONE STORY YOU MIGHT HEAR...

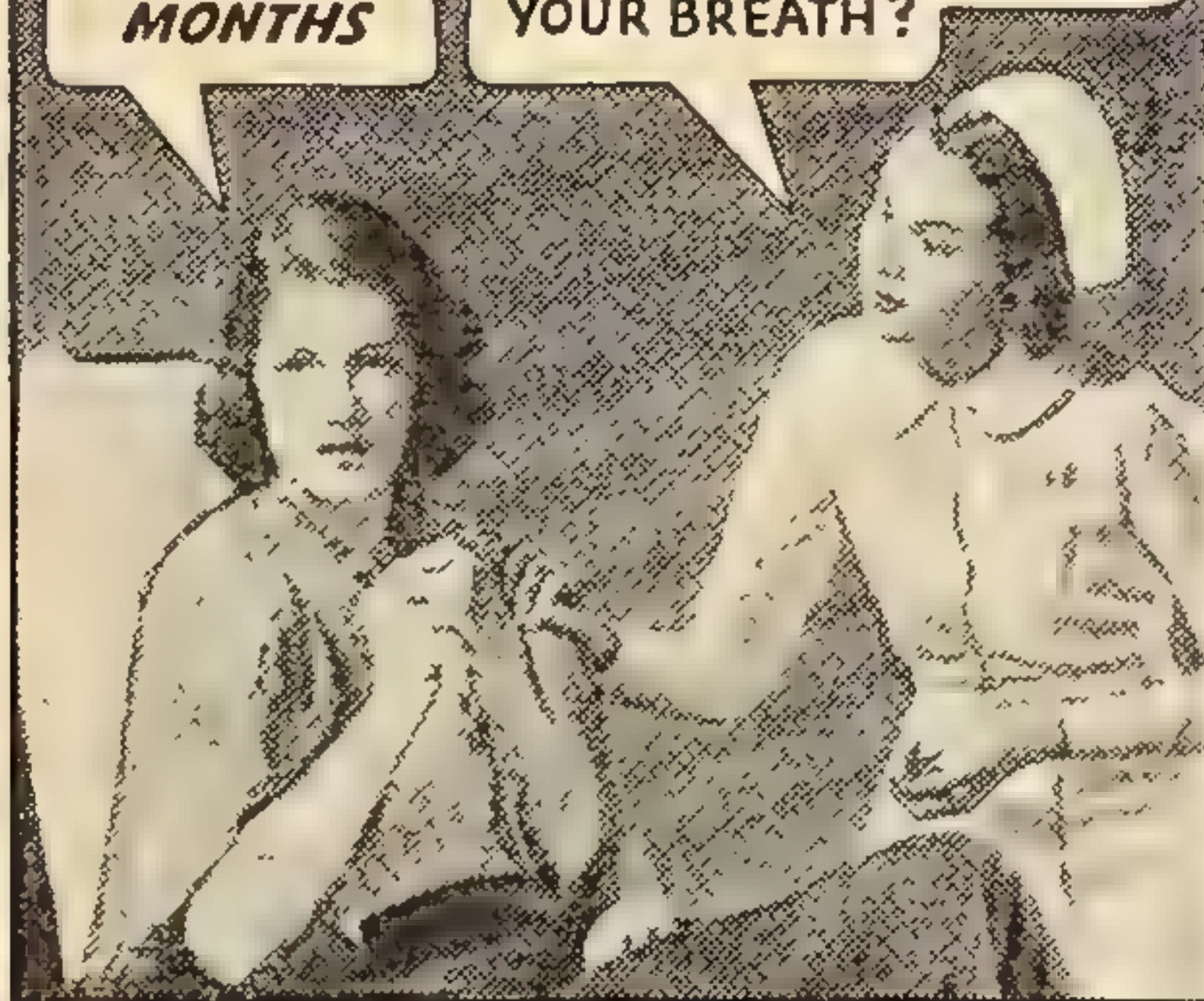
IT WAS YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. STEELE. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE YOU TONIGHT

I THOUGHT MY ILLNESS MIGHT CHANGE THINGS...



BUT HE'S STILL NEGLECTING ME—AS HE HAS FOR MONTHS

MRS. STEELE, I'VE SEEN BAD BREATH BREAK UP SO MANY MARRIAGES THAT—WELL, WON'T YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?



MRS. STEELE'S DENTIST TOLD HER...

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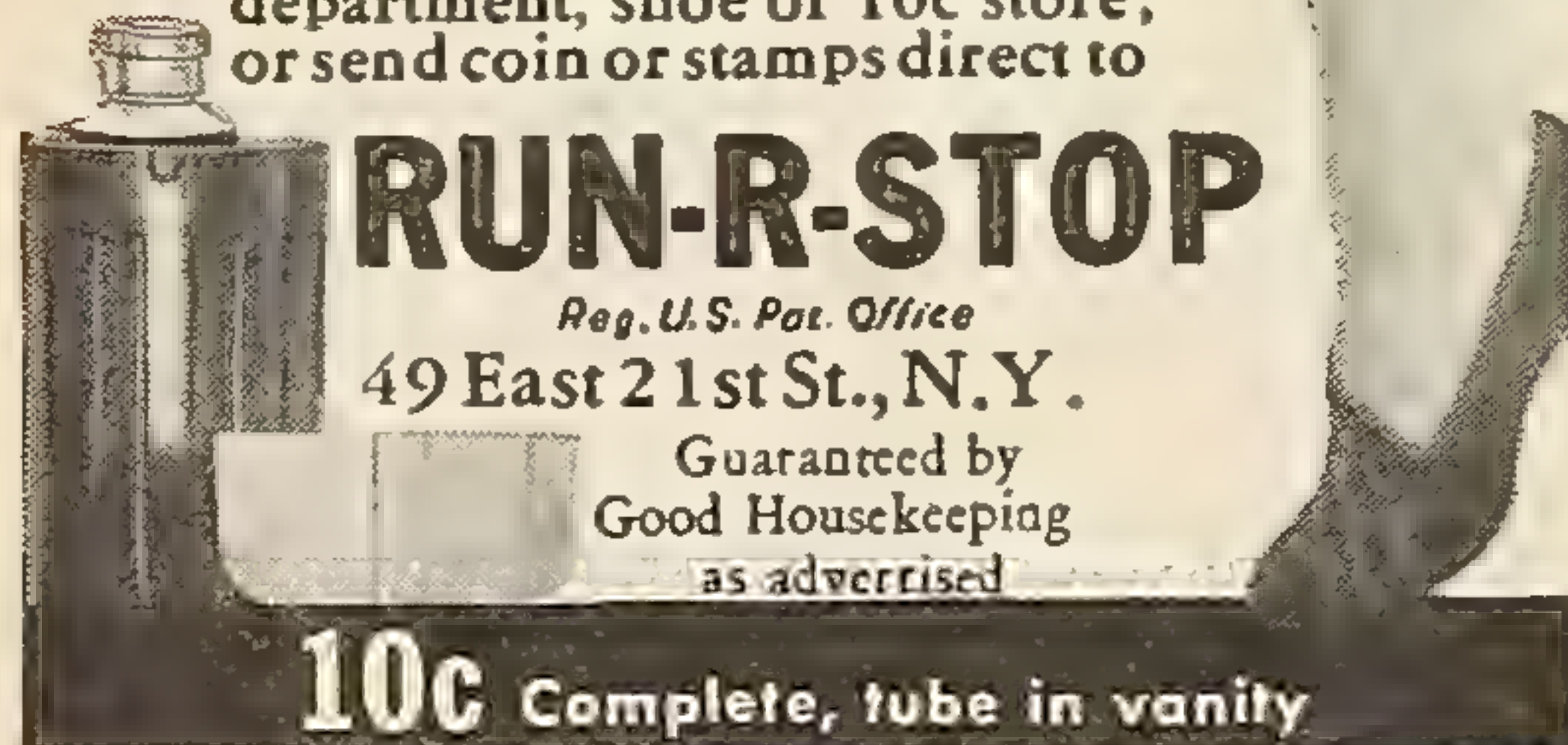


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I enclose 10c for each. (Canada 15c.)

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## TWO WEEKS—WITH PAY

(Continued from page 31)

bed at all. When dawn broke they left their companions and ambled along the streets, watching Paris wake up.

At noon, having waved her husband off on the boat-train, Mrs. Douglas stumbled back to the hotel and slept round the clock. Douglas was back in Hollywood precisely two weeks after the day he'd left. "I'd have gone," he says, "just for the walk."

**L**AST summer it looked for a while as if he might get a month between "Ninotchka" and "The Amazing Mr. Williams." Mrs. Douglas—who is Helen Gahagan, the actress and singer, as I'm probably wasting space in telling you—had been playing summer stock in the east. He was to join her there, grab a boat and spend two weeks abroad. This time he had neither theatres, restaurants nor Parisian jaunts on his mind. He had pored over all the books, studied all the reports, questioned all the people from whom he could get a glimmer of information about Europe. "There's something rotten in the air, like a pact between Germany and Russia, God forbid," he had said to his wife. "I want to get a first-hand smell of what goes on there." They had phoned back and forth to make arrangements. At the last minute, Columbia advanced its shooting schedule, and the plan fell through.

Every now and then Mrs. Douglas will spur him to action. "Stand up and scream, Mel! Get yourself a vacation."

That's as far as it goes. He can't work up any real enthusiasm for himself as a man with a grievance. He sees the point of the executive who yelped: "These actors make me sick. They sign contracts for forty weeks, they get paid for

forty weeks, then they yap like hell because they have to work forty weeks."

"Of course," says Douglas mildly, "there's a fallacy there. Unless your contract specifically states that you're to get your three months in a lump—which mine doesn't—you get them any old way, three days here, five days there. What with costume tests, retakes and standing by, you don't get much chance at relaxation. I'm under contract to two studios. As a rule, the moment Columbia's through with me, Metro's on the phone, or one of the two has made a deal for a loanout.

"There's another thing that keeps you on tenterhooks. You never know what's coming next. The studios are playful that way. They don't tell you, they tell the columnists. Bella Spewack, the playwright, was working for the bill to permit the entry of refugee children. She asked me to fly to Washington. I said I would if the studio didn't need me. I phoned the studio. 'How can you fly to Washington,' they said, 'when you're starting in "Ninotchka?"' 'Am I?' 'Sure. You'll see it in all the papers tomorrow.'

"Anyway, let's be honest. In the final analysis, it's often my own fault. I act for a living. I'm eager to get good parts, which are rare. I threw away a perfectly good vacation to make the Deanna Durbin picture. Metro was through with me and Columbia wasn't going to be ready for four or five weeks. Joe Pasternak phoned that he'd like to see me, and came up to the house one night. I hadn't met him before, but I'd liked everything he'd done. He told me about this picture. It sounded amusing, and he sounded like a reasonable and pleasant



Pretty little Penny Singleton, who's been having some off-screen marital trouble, finds that her movie husband, Arthur Lake, can be a bit trying, too. The lovable Mr. and Mrs. Bumpstead—and Baby Dumpling—will next appear in "Blondie on a Budget."



person to work with. I'm susceptible. The actor in me got pepped up and said, 'Hang the vacation.'

"As for 'Ninotchka,' nothing short of paralysis could have kept me from it. The script was delightful. I'd worked with both Garbo and Lubitsch before and liked them both. Lubitsch is a peach. He was an actor himself, and is sensitive to the actor's viewpoint.

"Garbo? You couldn't find anyone more pleasant. There's been such nonsense written about her. All right, she's shy, she's scared of people, she's uneasy with strangers around—excessively so, if you like. But there's no fakery in her. She's honest to the marrow. And a very exciting person to work with, because—well, how shall I put it without sounding stuffy?

"Acting is to her what a piece of marble would be to a sculptor, even though this self-consciousness of hers makes it an extraordinarily difficult process. In nine pictures out of ten, you walk onto the set, the director says, 'Well, do we know our lines?' If you know them, you start, and after a minor bit of mechanical rehearsing, you shoot the scene.

"With Garbo and Lubitsch, there's no such thing as tossing off a scene. You sit down, you talk it over, you find out what it's about, you play around with it, dig into it, and keep on digging till everyone's satisfied that he's exhausted its utmost value. In other words, you go through the process of chipping and hewing and shaping and studying and improving which results in the best piece of work you know how to fashion. Garbo can't function under any other conditions. It's part of her honesty."

Though he doesn't admit it, he has certainly given up vacations for other

than movie activities. He is deeply concerned with the betterment of living conditions in California. Many stars lend the use of their names to adorn a letterhead. Douglas has put his heart and back into the work.

He's on the Motion Picture Democratic Committee. Not that he gives a hang about party politics but because he believes that with the right men in office the right laws will be enacted. He is flooded with requests to speak, and meets as many as he can handle. His membership in the State Relief and State Welfare Commissions, entails monthly meetings and a voluminous correspondence. He sits on the Commissions' Board of Appeals, which must balance heart-breaking drama against a limited budget.

**N**OTHING depresses him and his wife more than the wall of indifference or misunderstanding thrown up by some in self-defense against the misery of others. Mrs. Douglas personally runs a committee for the relief of those migrants whose plight Steinbeck set forth in "The Grapes of Wrath."

Several months ago, with a few unexpected days off, Douglas took his family to Carmel, which has the charm of a little English town and the best air in California. Six-year-old Peter fell in love with it. He was enchanted by the smallness of the house they lived in, by the fact that his parents got up when he did at six, and then spent the whole day with him.

After breakfast, they'd walk to the village to do their shopping. While his father read the paper, Peter helped his mother put up a picnic lunch. Then they'd be off to the Point, off to adventure. At Carmel, you not only had the ocean, but sand dunes to dig in, great

rocks to climb over, strange woods to explore. The word "vacation" began to hold magic for Peter, too. "Why do we have to leave?" he wailed in Carmel. "When are we going back?" he demanded in Hollywood.

But with time, came wisdom. There had been a particularly satisfactory day. He'd come home from school to find his father at home—a treat to begin with. Melvyn was working in the garden that afternoon. Peter proffered aid. Then they swam together. Then mother joined them, and they listened to a symphony on the radio. Peter has inherited a feeling for music from both his parents—the whole family is music minded.

Later they went out to visit baby Mary Helen, who spends the major share of her day sleeping or babbling agreeably in the patio. She lay on her back in the crib, with Deedee, the setter, on guard beside her. Deedee had never shown symptoms of being a watchdog. But the day the infant's crib was first taken outdoors, she flopped down beside it, and still refuses to be budged from her self-appointed job.

"Diya-diya-buh—" said Mary Helen, or words to that effect. Peter contemplated her. After fifteen months, the novelty of his sister has worn off to a degree, but she still provided him with food for thought.

"What d'you s'pose she's saying all the time when she talks like that?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. That she's happy, I hope. That she likes it here."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Peter slowly. "I like it, too." He lifted his eyes, wide with the wonder of discovery. "You know, father, just living up here is sort of like a vacation, isn't it?"

And his father agreed that it was.

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## BETTE'S NEW ENGLAND FAVORITES

(Continued from page 15)

Sometimes, during the season when cranberries are available, Bette's dessert will be a steaming hot Cranberry Cobbler. However, this dish should be reserved for those occasions when you can start the dessert a few hours before meal time. Though even here you can save time by preparing the dough and leaving it in the refrigerator for a lengthy chilling which will assure a flakier crust.

### CAPE COD COBBLER

**Pastry:**

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup lard or vegetable shortening
- 1/3 cup butter
- 4 to 5 tablespoons ice water

**Filling:**

- 1 pound (4 cups) cranberries
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/4 cup melted butter

Sift flour, measure. Add salt and sift again. Add the lard (or vegetable shortening) and cut it into flour mixture with pastry blender or 2 knives. When thoroughly distributed throughout the flour, so that the mixture is that of coarse meal, add butter. Cut in butter so that it remains in large flakes—which assures a particularly flaky crust. Add just enough ice water, a tablespoon at a time, to have the dough hold together. Roll dough into 2' balls, one considerably larger than the other. Wrap these in wax paper and chill in refrigerator for 1 hour or longer. Roll out the larger portion of dough, on lightly floured board, slightly thicker than for pie crust. Line bottom and sides of a small square or oblong baking dish with this. Wash, drain and chop cranberries. Combine sugar, salt and cornstarch, mix with cranberries. Turn cranberry mixture into pastry-lined pan, sprinkle with lemon juice. Roll out second portion of dough and fit it over top of berries; this dough being rolled thin, as for pie crust. Cut several V-shaped slits in top crust to allow steam to escape during baking. Bake for 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.), then pour melted butter over the top of cobbler, reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 25-30 minutes longer. Serve hot with hard sauce or whipped cream, or with Fluffy Lemon Sauce on page fifteen.

### Solution To Puzzle On Page 88

B	A	R	B	A	R	A	S	T	A	N	W	Y	C	K
M	A	C	D	O	N	A	L	D	R	E	P	O	R	T
A	R	C	A	N	N	E	G	O	R	O	Y	T	E	A
P	R	O	P	E	T	H	E	R	D	O	N	F	R	E
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E	A	S	E	M	E	N	T							

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# GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

arrived just as the two teams were coming onto the field and blithely thought all the cheering was in her honor . . . That Dorothy Lamour has a new bathing suit made of spun glass, and it's frosted . . . That Sonja Henie is really serious about taking aviation lessons and her studio is frantic . . . That Judy Garland and Bob Hope always flip a coin to see who gets to talk about their precocious children? "Judy," year-old niece of the young star, and four-months-old "Linda," adopted daughter of the Hopes, are the topics of conversation . . . That the Doug Fairbanks Jr.s are going to be papa and mama next summer . . . That Charlie Chaplin's sets are always closed to visitors . . . That Brenda Joyce got the enviable role of feminine lead in "Brigham Young" . . . That Richard Dix's children think Chester Morris the cleverest guy in the world after seeing him do his magic tricks . . . That Joan Blondell nixed an offer for her four-year-old son, "Normie" Powell, to act in pictures?

## HALE, THE INVENTOR

Alan Hale has invented so many things that off-hand he can't remember them. So the other day on the set when he looked dreamy-eyed, someone inquired if he was pondering another invention. "Might be, might be," murmured Hale. "In fact, think I'll get to work on a twenty-foot pole. Handy, don't

you think, for those people you can't touch with a ten-foot pole?"

## GARBO'S FOLKS

The Gustafsons are just one big happy family since they've joined Greta in Hollywood. The Silent One's mother, brother and sister-in-law are planning to make this their home until the European troubles are settled. From the looks of things, they're "going Hollywood" with enthusiasm, for almost every evening since their arrival they have been seen around the popular restaurants and night clubs watching the stars with obvious enjoyment. No, Garbo is not along on these tours. Only time the four have been seen together was one evening in Jones' Health Cafe, where Greta had ordered a round of spinach juice cocktails. She was downing hers with an enjoyment which obviously was not shared by the other three members of her party.

## JIMINY WHISKERS!

During "Gone With the Wind" Clark Gable often remarked that nothing could give him greater pleasure than a hair-cut. But since "Strange Cargo" has been before the cameras, the actor has decided a shave can mean more to a guy than a hair-cut. Relating his miseries over the nine-day growth of beard which his role requires, Gable said he was awfully tired of being hailed as Mr.

Zola. "And worse than having someone ask you why you don't get a hair-cut or a violin," he said, "is to have someone ask why you don't get a snood for the whiskers!"

## THE QUIET TEMPO

Errol Flynn's seemingly gone in for the contemplative life. On the set he spends all his spare time scribbling and has turned down invitations right and left with the explanation that he can't afford the time away from his writing. Further proof that Flynn's giving up the more tempestuous pleasures of life for the quiet tempo is the fact that he's sold his plane (which gave the brothers Warner more than one grey forelock) and also has put his yacht, the *Sirocco*, on the market. Flynn's present writing task is a scenario, called "Wings in the Dark," and the studio has promised to give it a look when it's completed.

## PHOTO PHOBIAS

For "informals" Errol Flynn won't pose with any woman but his wife. Mickey Rooney won't pose with a cigaret. Eddie Robinson always arranges his face by taking the cigar out of it and putting on a genial look. Shirley Temple won't pose without a smile—she can't, because it's a natural. Priscilla Lane moistens her lips and fluffs up her long bob with both hands. Margaret Sullavan always gave the photogs the cold shoulder until they

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Lunch at Brown Derby

Dine at Coconut Grove

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ganged up on her and gave her colder shoulders. Now you can see the Sullavan smile for a mile—if there's a cameraman in sight. Tyrone Power won't pose until he's made sure his tie is straight. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck always grin infectiously when asked to pose, then gaze into each other's eyes for the shot. Freddie Bartholomew blushes. May Robson strikes a pose with a sparkle in her black eyes that leaves no doubt about the kick she's getting out of having her "pitcher took." When asked to pause for a pose, Mischa Auer always bugs his eyes and stutters, "Who—me?" Norma Shearer turns on the charm for the camera boys since discovering that all the flash bulbs went off in Joan Crawford's face at the preview of "The Women." Wally Beery hisses, "I'll push that camera down your throat" when a camera sleuth tries to get a picture of him and a date. But when girl friend Carol Ann is along, Beery is all smiles. Bing Crosby won't willingly pose without a hat. Fred Astaire positively won't pose without a hat. Franchot Tone puts a ban on shirt-sleeve poses. Norma Shearer prefers a profile shot. Hedy Lamarr refuses to be photographed in shorts, or short dresses. Madeleine Carroll insists on a fresh dab of lipstick before the cameras snap. Deanna Durbin won't smile unless coaxed. Jack Benny won't pose without that cigar. Garbo won't pose at all.

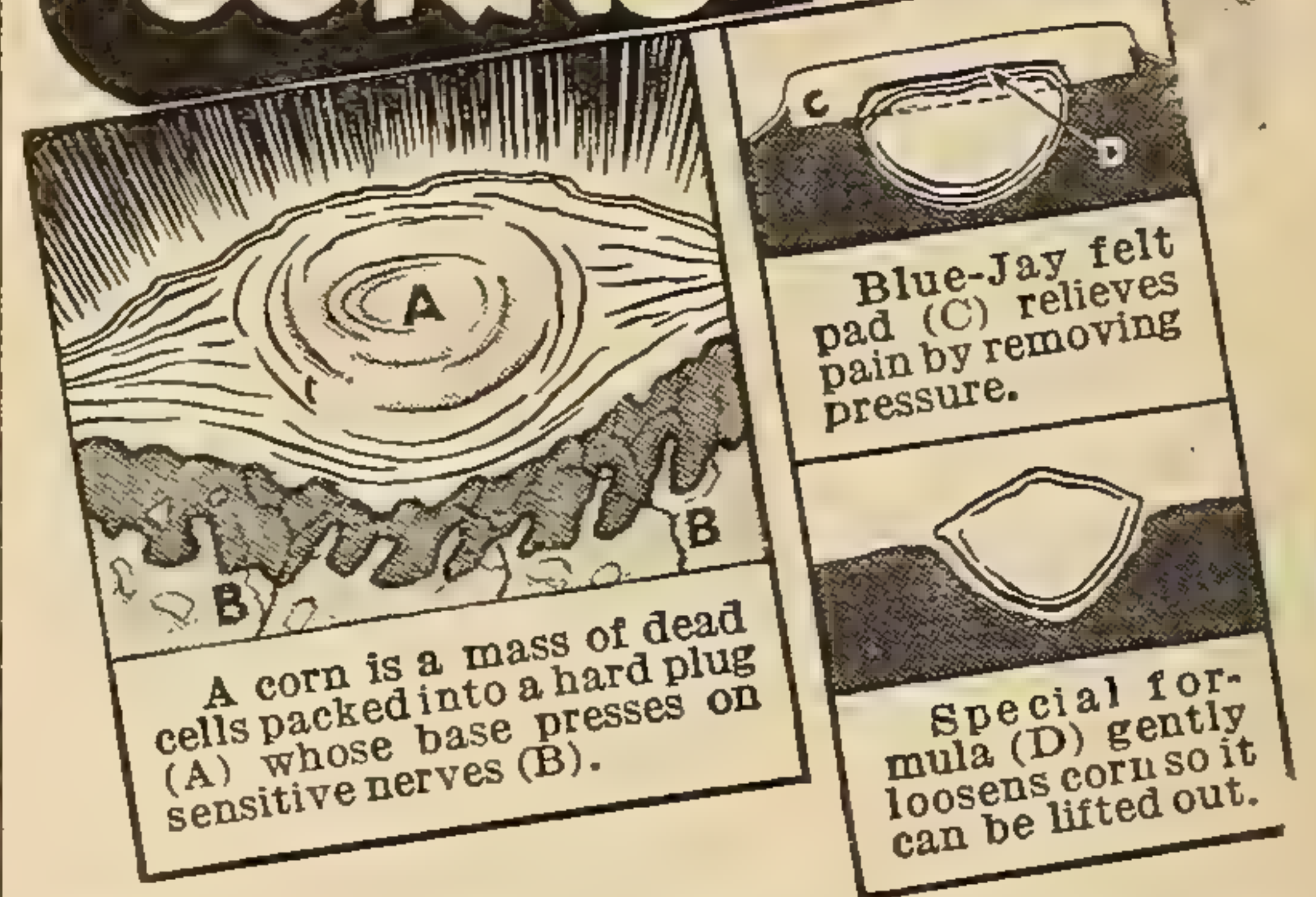
## A TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

Jean Arthur's habit of keeping everyone on the set waiting for her has made many a director speechless with rage. But on her recent picture she reckoned without Frank Capra. That director arrived for the nine o'clock call and asked why Miss Arthur was not on the set. Miss Arthur, he learned, hadn't arrived. Come 9:30 and she still hadn't. But on the dot of ten the star wandered on the set and headed for her dressing-room. Mr. Capra tapped her on the shoulder before Jean had reached the door of her sanctum sanctorum. "And why, Miss Arthur," he said pleasantly, "are you an hour late?" "I simply overslept," said the surprised actress. "I, too, like to oversleep," said Mr. Capra. "But," he added even more pleasantly, "you must remember that you and I are making a picture together. And you must remember, too, that I have managed to turn out one or two pictures in the past with fair success—without you." P. S. Miss Arthur turned up next morning on the dot of nine.

## JANE PULLS A FAST ONE

From now on, it's free ice cream sodas and cold cream for Janie Bryan. In Chicago, in a New Year's Eve ceremony that completely surprised the film colony, she became the bride of Justin W. Dart, general manager of the Walgreen Company drug store chain. The groom is thirty-two-years old, a former Northwestern football star, and was once the son-in-law of Charles W. Walgreen, the founder of the \$27,500,000 business. Dart and Ruth Walgreen met in college and were married in 1929. Their divorce a few months ago paved the way for his wedding with the adorable movie actress. Though he and Jane were spotted as a duet a few weeks earlier, no one suspected his influence. Now, says he, "My wife will give up her professional career." Says Warner Bros., "Not if we can help it!" Says Jane—nothing.

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## MASSEY TAKES MANHATTAN

(Continued from page 39)

your head back to see the pictures, it gets cheaper and cheaper."

"Where did you sit?"

"In my sister's lap."

"And where did she sit?"

"In the very first row. We had to put our heads back like birds drinking." And she illustrated, laughing.

Ilona has been an ardent movie fan ever since she can remember. Her first big crush was on Rudolph Valentino. When he died, she was broken hearted, for she felt that she knew him from having seen him on the screen so often. "A group of us girls in school decided we would go into mourning for him. We would wear black socks. But I didn't have any black socks—only white ones. So I dipped them into the inkwell. My mother didn't like that so much!"

WHEN school days were over, Ilona had to look for a job. The theatre being her second love (movies were her first, but she felt that she could never rise to such grandeur), she went to a local theatre where a musical show was being put on and sought out the manager. Of course, she had had no experience. "What can you do?" was his first question.

"I can't do anything," she replied. (We told you she was frank). Then he volunteered some advice, saying, "Run along home and forget about the stage."

But Ilona really needed that job, and was never the sort who is easily discouraged. She argued and argued, and when she added two years to her age which was really sixteen, he agreed to let her come in and watch the rehearsals for two weeks, after which period he promised to give her a tryout in the chorus.

"There were three rows," Ilona recalled. "The best dancers were in the front, naturally, the next-best dancers in the second row, and the worst ones in the third."

"Where did they put you?" we asked.

"In the third row, of course," she laughed.

The show ran three months and was followed by another which also ran three months.

Her next work was as cashier in her brother-in-law's combination beauty parlor and barber shop. There was no regular salary, but she was allowed a tiny percentage of all the money the store took in. She contributed to her family's support, yet managed to save a few pengoes each week to spend on vocal lessons. But business slacked off, and soon she was pounding the pavement again.

This time she got a job behind the stocking counter in a specialty shop. "I was the worst salesgirl in the world," she says. "I was so sure the customer was always right that when a woman would look at the stockings and say she didn't think they were very nice, I would agree. But I was there a month before they fired me."

All this time she had been taking singing lessons with Dr. Laszlo Geza and Revere Gyula. They weren't the most expensive teachers, but they must have been good, for now she was able to find work singing in a church choir. And, after four months, she was made a soloist.

This experience, although it helped develop her fine dramatic soprano, almost ruined her for motion picture work. She had to develop great volume to fill the huge basilica with sound, and such voice



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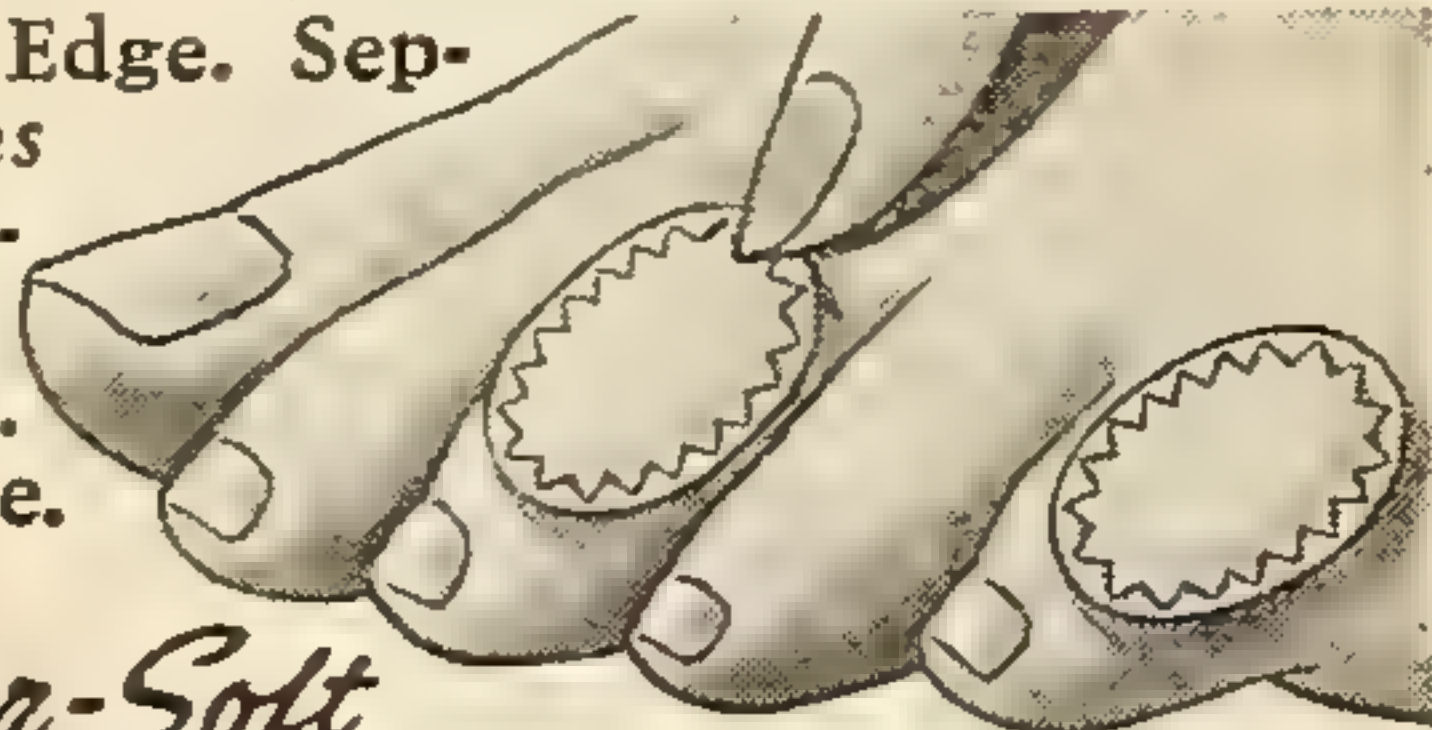
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production is a hard habit to break. "In singing for pictures," she explains, "you sound best if you sing softly, close to the microphone. When I sing, they have to push the microphone to the other end of the studio!" She is trying to develop lower volume for her next picture, and works at it four hours a day: two hours practising scales, and two hours rehearsing selections. "As long as you live, you never finish learning to sing," says she.

After a year in church, she went to the director of the Hungarian Opera House and asked for a tryout. "I'm sorry," he told her, "but we don't need any sopranos."

Persistent Ilona begged him to let her do just one song, confident her voice would induce him to give her at least a small part. We asked her if that wasn't what happened.

"He heard my song," she told us. "Then he said, 'We still don't need any sopranos!'"

Nothing daunted, she went on to Vienna and secured a job at the Volkes opera.

Her debut was made in the most important role in "La Tosca," and the next day critics were saying she had a voice like Jeritza's. But there was one sour note. A wise reviewer said it was unheard of for a newcomer to step right into leading roles. Miss Massey read and agreed; she applied for small parts at the Staats Opera, and was engaged. After a few months, she was singing leads there, too—and it was the most important opera house in Vienna.

**B**UT while she had attained artistic triumphs, financial success was still a long way off. The only amusement she could afford was reading movie magazines and going to the pictures. Her eyes grew even larger as she told us of it.

"I feel so at home in America. I had read all about New York in the magazines, and knew it was the city where everybody wants to live. And I had read about Hollywood, too; I knew it was tops."

"When I went to the movies, I used to sit there looking at the actors on the screen and hope that I, too, might be there some day. Then, while I was watching a musical picture—I think it was "Maytime"—I thought, 'I can sing. Maybe I might have a chance.'"

Timidly, despite her operatic success, she went to a noted Viennese agent, with some photographs she had had taken for the occasion. She asked him to send them to Hollywood. He refused. "Of course you are a pretty girl and have a good voice, Miss Hajmassey," he told her, "but Hollywood is full of pretty girls with good voices. You'd be out of luck."

However, he did not forget her, and it was indirectly through him that she got her chance. When two representatives of M-G-M came to Vienna to sign up Rose Stradner, he gave them a party, and invited Ilona. The men wanted to hear her sing, so she told them of a charity concert she was giving. They attended, and were around backstage with a contract and a pen before she finished her selection.

Living in Hollywood and starring in pictures hasn't made any change in Ilona.

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She was amazed when Sherman Billingsley, of the famed Stork Club, recognized her in his restaurant and gave her a bottle of perfume. She thought it was "so sweet" of him, and got the bottle to show us how nice it was. In fact, she was still so pleased and excited with the gift that she dropped the box top into her teacup. And then not even a single solitary "damn!"; she simply giggled, fished it out, and dried it with her napkin.

SHE also told about going to the Cotton Club for the midnight show—which she loved. She is enthusiastic about swing in particular and Negro entertainment in general.

When we asked her whether a photograph had been taken in any of the places she had visited she seemed surprised. "Of course not; why should they want to take my picture? There were lots of big celebrities there."

This is not a pose. She really is unspoiled—goes to college shops for her dresses and buys simple ones for daytime wear. The one she had on when we saw her cost exactly \$12.50. In Hollywood, she lives in a little four room cottage with her Aunt Terese, who does most of the housework while Ilona works at the studio. Aunt Terese draws the line at cleaning the garage, though, so Ilona does it herself on her day off. It must be quite a sight to see this perfectly gorgeous bit of femininity in overalls, and with crankcase oil on that cameo-like face. We'll bet she retains her glamour even then, too.

Ilona doesn't even consider herself pretty and tries to make excuses for her success. She says, "If you are born in comfortable circumstances, you may not feel that you have to work so hard—so maybe you take it a little bit easy. But if you have been very poor, you work and work and work until you get some place."

Which may explain why Ilona labors so hard she's glad to fall into bed at nine o'clock every night, while making a picture, and why there's no favorite man in her life—at least not right this minute!

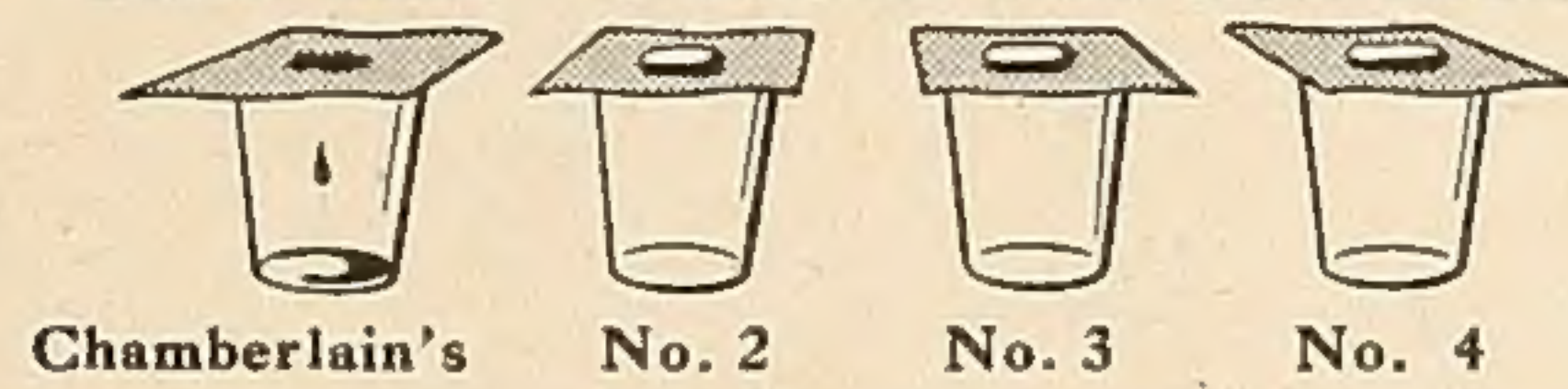


The "words fail us" beauty of Ilona Massey will make fans swoon with joy.

# FLASH! HERE IS A LOTION WHICH DRIES QUICKLY— IS NEVER STICKY OR GUMMY

A few drops of Chamberlain's Lotion leave hands feeling smooth, soft and refreshed. Leaves no sticky, syrupy film. Will not dull your manicure. The Orange Blossom bouquet perfume gives it a fragrance which does not conflict with your favorite perfume scent.

## "DRIP TEST" PROVES THE DIFFERENCE



Laboratory tests show this clear, golden lotion flows more readily. This is why its skin-softening qualities are carried into the cracks and "valleys" of the skin. When a half teaspoonful each of the four leading lotions is dropped on a piece of cleansing tissue or filter paper, three lotions will not even filter through. Yet Chamberlain's drips through very rapidly! Get Chamberlain's today. Use the "DRIP TEST" to compare it with your present lotion... and learn why women everywhere are turning to Chamberlain's for the soft, lovely hands all men admire. WRITE TODAY to Chamberlain Laboratories, Dept. 203, Des Moines, Ia., for generous FREE sample.



Get Chamberlain's at all toilet goods counters. 10c, 50c and \$1.00 sizes. Also handy NEW 25c size.

# Chamberlain's LOTION



CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES • Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLES

offers you many hours of entertaining relaxation for only 10c. Get a copy at your nearest newsstand or 10-cent store.

## OATMEAL CLEANSER HELPS REMOVE BLACKHEADS

For blackhead conditions consider your skin cleansing method! Lavena is pure Oatmeal Powder specially refined and processed for regular daily cleansing in place of soap or creams. Get Lavena today at leading 10c stores. For free information write Lavena Corporation, Dept. 108, 141 W. Jackson, Chicago.

**Lavena OATMEAL SKIN CLEANSER**

## Really KNOW Your Movie Stars!

with the amazing new MOTION PICTURE TEL-A-FAN for 1940—the almost magical device that tells you INSTANTLY!—the Real Name, Height and Weight, Coloring of Hair and Eyes, married or Single state, Birthplace and Birth Year of 264 of the World's greatest screen players. Just a simple twist of an alphabetically-arranged dial, and all of this information is yours—AT ONCE! There is nothing else like this copyrighted new TEL-A-FAN, yet no really informed fan need be without one. For—remarkable though the ingenious device is—it is mailed to you for only 25c in coin, (30c in Canada). Think of it! Send for yours at once, while you remember it, wrapping your quarter securely, (no stamps accepted), and PRINTING your name and address.

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**30¢ BUYS A CLASS or CLUB PIN!**  
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# ALL JOKING ASIDE

BY JACK BETTS



MARLENE DIETRICH BUYS HER HOSE BY THE GROSS...THEY'RE ONE THREAD AND SO FRAGILE SHE HOLDS THEM UP WITH ADHESIVE TAPE AND USES ALCOHOL TO REMOVE THEM AT NIGHT!

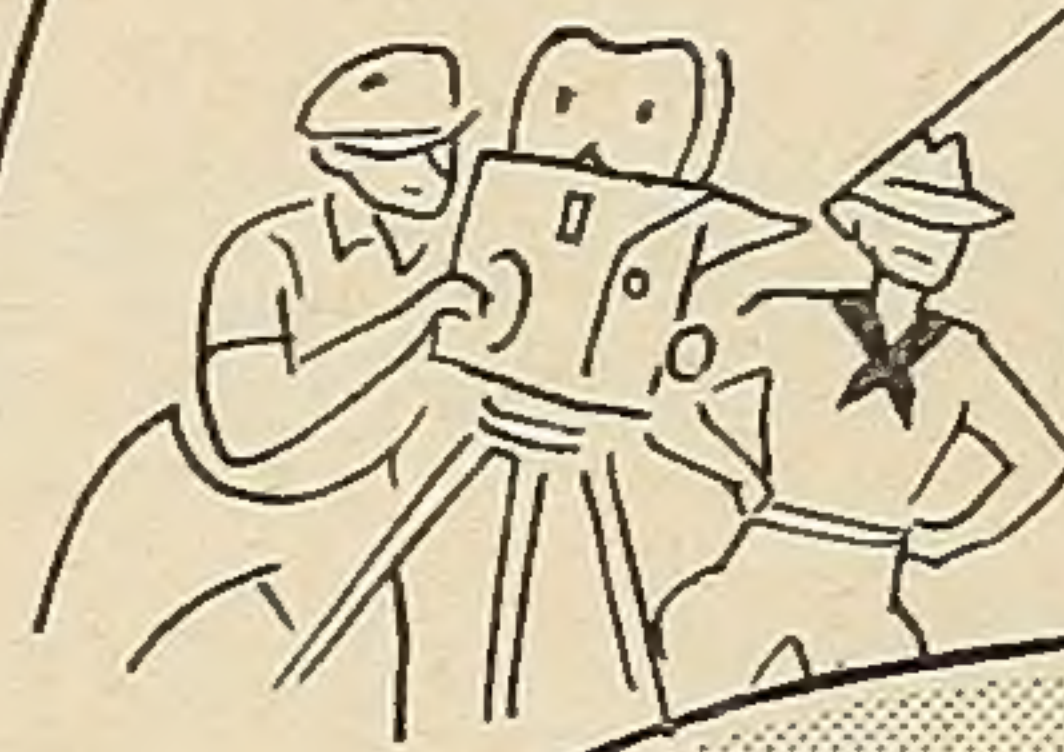


NEARLY A QUARTER OF HOLLYWOOD'S LEADING MEN WEAR ARTIFICIAL HAIR.



O.K. COME ON OVER...I CAN USE A MAN LIKE YOU!

Walt Disney ADDED ANOTHER NAME TO THE PAY ROLL, MAKING EXACTLY **1001** PEOPLE WORKING FOR BOSS MICKEY MOUSE.



A STUNT MAN IS PAID \$75. FOR GETTING HIT OVER THE HEAD WITH A STICK... \$125. FOR A PARACHUTE JUMP AND, FOR PLUNGING OFF CLIFFS, THE RATE IS \$1. A FOOT UP TO THIRTY-FIVE FEET.

GOT 'CHA, GRETA



Claudette COLBERT IS A CANDID CAMERA ENTHUSIAST. SHE HAS A DARK ROOM AND PHOTOGRAPHIC 'LAB' IN HER HOME, AND WITH THE SHOTS SHE TAKES, DECORATES MENU AND PLACEMENT CARDS FOR HER INFORMAL DINNERS.



*Betts*



## PERSONAL

Jim: What is the trouble? I've tried to be a perfect wife and mother. Where have I fallen down? At least be fair enough to talk things over. Your silence is cruel. Please phone. Love. Margaret



# To Jim—with Tears

Domestic tragedies may often be caused by

## ONE NEGLECT

that destroys Romance

"LYSOL" helps avoid this

YOU'VE often read those little messages in the "Personal Notice" columns which tell of once-happy marriages that have "gone on the rocks".

It's a sad fact that a woman can be above reproach as a homemaker—and still be guilty of the one neglect that may kill a husband's love. More women ought to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

"Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Using it regularly for intimate personal hygiene will give you a sense of immaculate cleanliness that adds greatly to your charm.

If you are in doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Today (and for more than 50 years) "Lysol" enjoys the confidence of hospitals,

clinics, doctors, nurses. Here are 6 good reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

### 6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

**1. Non-Caustic**... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness**... "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

**3. Spreading**... "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy**... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor**... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability**... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

### What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.

Dept. M.S.-403, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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FLORENCE DORNIN  
DANA DALE

Chesterfield Girls for March



*Smart Girls*

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

When you ask for Chesterfields  
the dealer will say with a smile...*They Satisfy.*  
You will find that Chesterfields smoke cooler,  
taste better and are definitely milder...*for*  
Chesterfields have the right combination of the  
world's best cigarette tobaccos.

*Make your  
next pack*

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